

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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Parody-oxical Tournament.

Some miserable, dried up, attenuated, Heaven-forsaken, good-for-nothing, ugly, rejected old bachelor, found somebody easy enough to print for him the annexed wicked Parody on CHARLES MACKAY'S celebrated "Tell me, ye winged Winds." Just read it, to see how the disappointed chap feels after his "proposals" were "respectfully declined."

Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my parlor roam,
Do ye not know some spot
Where women fret no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some "holier" in the ground,
Where ladies never spoil,
And cradles are not found?
The lone wind blew the snow into his face,
And snatched at it as a morsel—"Nasty piece."

Tell me, thou misty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary men may find
A place to smoke in peace,
Where cradles are not found,
And hoops are not of date?
The lone wind blew the snow into his face,
And snatched at it as a morsel—"Yeasty git out."

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place,
From sorrow, grief and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where husbands are not lost,
Where females never grieve,
And men may sleep and rest?
Faith, Hope and Love—best boons to mortals given—
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—"Yes, in Heaven!"

Well.....that raised some "commotion," "motion, the country through." One maiden lady responded, that there were many places on earth—not exactly the most respectable or desirable—where women were not. Not a few thousand men fell at that shot.—Another lady in the Geneva Gazette turns the table upon the bachelor "poet," by parodizing his parody, with good effect—Witness:

Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my parlor roam,
Do ye not know some spot
Where women fret no more—
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some "holier" in the ground,
Where ladies never spoil,
Where long-suffering husbands never come
Ourselves and fun between?
There's a morsel—'twixt the wind and I—
A low, sad tone, which whispered—"No, Sirree."

Tell me, thou misty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary men may find
A place to smoke in peace,
Where cradles are not found,
And hoops are not of date?
From that misty deep, ye answer give,
By murmuring, "Not while brassy snappers live."

And thou, secret soul,
What language dost thou utter,
When you see the poet in error,
Whose head is in the gutter?
Say, hast thou in thy ground,
Some lone and pleasant spot,
Where husbands are not lost,
Where women never grieve,
And men may sleep and rest?
Faith, Hope and Love—best boons to mortals given—
Waved their bright wings and whispered—"Only Heaven!"

The two classes of combatants, seem to leave Heaven rather sparse of population!

Rot in Clearfield County.

On Friday last, a desperate affray took place between the raftmen and log floaters engaged in their different vocations on Clearfield Creek. It occurred at a point called Driftwood Island, and resulted in the severe wounding of five logmen and the destruction of a quantity of provisions, tools, &c. The following persons were injured:

Geo. Chandler, shot in the back. J. F. Parsons, shot in both legs. David Cameron, shot in both legs. Geo. Miller, shot in forehead and hands. A Frenchman, name unknown, was also shot.

The logmen were completely routed, the raftmen being well supplied with firearms, and nerve to desperation by long suffering, having resolved to win the field or die. Immediate routing after of their adversaries, the victors betook themselves to the destruction of their property, tearing down their cabin, destroying their boats, three in number, and throwing their provisions into the Creek. They then burnt the tools of the logmen, throwing the iron portions into the water. None of the raftmen were injured so far as we have heard.

This outbreak was not unexpected, but has long been feared by the peace-loving citizens of Clearfield. The two parties have long maintained a threatening position towards each other, and the affair we have recorded is but the natural consequence of long standing animosity. The raftmen have suffered great inconvenience from the running of loose logs, and have made repeated efforts to prevent it; while the log floaters, deeming their pursuit perfectly legal and honest, have persisted in their course. But the matter has now come to a crisis, and the time has arrived when the strong arm of the law must interfere to prevent the recurrence of such scenes hereafter. The contest of physical strength has now commenced, and until the difficulty is finally settled, Clearfield will be a miniature Kansas, and the fights between the opposing parties will be as frequent and sanguinary as the feuds with which that Territory was recently distracted.

A bill to prohibit log-floating has been for some time before the Legislature, and we hope some definite action will soon be taken on the subject. As the case now stands, neither party understands their real position, each deeming the other wrong, and looking upon themselves as much aggrieved and injured. This state of affairs should no longer be permitted to exist, and the only way to end it is to dispose of the bill now pending at Harrisburg.—*Tyrone Herald of May 8.*

A SWEDISH TALE.

In Falun, a mining town in Sweden, a hundred years or more ago, a young miser kissed his fair bride, and said to her, "On St. Lucia's day, our love will be blessed by the priest's hand. Then we shall be husband and wife, and we will build us a neat little nest of our own."

"And peace and love shall dwell in it," said the beautiful bride, with a sweet smile, "for thou art my all in all, and with out thee I would choose to be in my grave."

But when the priest, in proclaiming their banns in the church for the second time before St. Lucia's day, said, "if, now, any one can show reason why these persons should not be united in the bonds of matrimony," death was at hand. The young man, as he passed her house next morning in his black mining garb, already wore his shroud. He rapped upon her window and said "good morning"—but he never returned to bid her "good evening." He never came back from the mine, and all in vain she embroidered for him a black cravat, with a red border for the wedding day. This she laid carefully away, and never ceased to mourn or weep for him.

Meanwhile, time passed on; the Seven Years' War was fought; the partition of Poland took place; America became free; the French Revolution and the Long War began; Napoleon subdued Prussia, and the English bombarded Copenhagen. The husbandman sowed and reaped, the miller ground and the smith hammered, and the miners dug after the veins of metal in their subterranean workshops.

As the miners of Falun, in the year eighteen hundred and nine, a little before or after St. John's day, were excavating an opening between two shafts, fall three hundred eils below the ground, they dug from the rubbish and vitriol water, the body of a young man, entirely saturated with iron vitriol, but otherwise undecayed and unaltered—so that one could distinguish his features and age as well as if he had died only an hour or two before, or had fallen asleep for a little while at his work. But when they had brought him out to the light of day, father and mother, friends and acquaintances, had long been dead; no one could identify the sleeping youth, or tell anything of his misfortune, till she came who was once the betrothed of that miner who had one day gone to the mine and never returned! Gray and shrivelled, she came to the place, hobbling upon a crutch, and recognized her bridegroom, when more in joyful ecstasy than pain, she sank down upon the beloved form. As soon as she recovered her composure, she exclaimed, "It is my betrothed, whom I have mourned for fifty years, and whom God now permits me to see once more before I die. A week before the wedding time, he went under the earth, and never returned."

All the bystanders were moved to tears, as they beheld the former bride, a wasted and feeble old woman, and the bridegroom still in the beauty of youth; and how, after the lapse of fifty years, her youthful love awoke again! But he never opened his mouth to smile, nor his eyes to recognize; and she, finally, as the only one belonging to him, and having a right to him, had him carried to her own little room till a grave could be prepared in the churchyard. The next day, when all was ready, and the miners came to take him away, she opened a little drawer, and taking out the black silk cravat, tied it around his neck, and then accompanied him in her Sunday garb, as if it were their wedding day, and not the day of his burial. As they laid him in the grave in the churchyard, she said, "sleep well, now, for a few days, in thy cold bridal bed, and let not the time seem long to thee. I have now but little more to do, and will come soon, but then it will be day again." As she was going away, she looked back once more and said, "What the earth has once restored, it will not a second time withhold."

ENDORSED BY HIS ENEMIES.—A better ticket than that nominated at Harrisburg on the 26th ult., has never been presented for the suffrages of the People. The candidates are men of the highest character in private walks of life. The Unionist, Fayette county Genius, (Democratic) thus endorses one of our candidates:

"James Veach, Esq., one of the opposition candidates for the Supreme Bench, our readers all know. Against him, personally, we have no word to utter. He is an able lawyer, and has the qualifications to make a good Supreme Judge in every respect except his politics. If he were the Democratic nominee, he would be elected, and would be no discredit to the Supreme Bench."

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.—Not far from the probable site where the Sermon on the Mount was delivered, our guide plucked two flowers, supposed to be of that species to which our Lord alluded, when he said, "Consider the lilies of the field." The calyx of this joint lily resembled crimson velvet, and the gorgeous flower was of white and lilac, and truly no earthly monarch could have been "arrayed" more gloriously than "one of these." Such is the testimony of nature to the words spoken by our Lord.—*Travels in Palestine.*

Central Africa.

The work on Central Africa, by Rev. T. J. Bowen, has met with general favor, and the first edition was speedily exhausted. Mr. Bowen's visit to this country has resulted in great good, and is calculated not only to promote missionary operations in Africa, but also to enlarge the commercial relations between the United States and Africa. Mr. Bowen was an officer in the Texan war, but has spent many years in the interior of Africa as a Missionary. He speaks of African commerce as destined to become a powerful instrument in the civilization and conversion of the continent. "The single article of palm oil, has no assignable limit, as regards either the production or consumption." But the internal wealth of Africa is vastly superior to that of the coast. In every thing, except rice and palm oil, Sudan has the advantage of Guinea. The air is more salubrious; the people are more civilized, and are superior as a race. "Here are millions of people, every one of whom may have something to sell, and desire something to buy. The caravan trade across a thousand miles of desert, is computed at several millions of pounds sterling."

Mr. Bowen assures us that in Central Africa, "the industry of the people is one of the most remarkable facts which have been brought to light" by his acquaintance with the country. "It is a land without vagrants," "The blacksmith, the weaver, the farmer, in short, every body, male and female, has something to do, and their markets are always abundantly supplied with every home production."

The Majestic Niger, "the Mississippi of Africa," flows through the heart of Sudan. The Delta is sickly, but may be passed in a short time by a steamer.

Mr. Bowen says: "We have lived in unlooked houses and have traveled far and near through the country, and have ever felt as secure in our persons and property as if in America."

The missionary operations in Central Africa, in connection with the "Board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention," are full of promise. Rev. W. H. Clarke writes: "Yoruba, in its moral aspect, presents a field truly interesting. We have heathenism here in many forms, but it seems to be a peculiar heathenism. Idols, sacrifices and charms, are the consoling hope and support of every class. The peculiarity of their heathenism is, that it places every idol in a subordinate position to the Deity, who uses them as mediators, to reconcile a sin-avenging God. The account given by them of their idols is, that God made them in the beginning, with their mediatorial position, as being suitable to the black man, while another dispensation has been conferred on the white man. In their confessions, whatever may be their practice, they acknowledge the impotency of their false deities, that they have no saving power, and ascribe to God the creation of all things, and all perfection. Numerous are the idols worshipped. Orisha seems to be both a general and specific name for idol, so that nearly all their worship may be denominated Orisha worship."

The Supreme Being occupies an important position in their religious creed. It is astonishing to hear some of their remarks while speaking on this subject. Their own language would stamp them as peculiar heathen.

Altars of stone are to be seen in places where parts of sacrifices are deposited. They seem to think these sacrifices have an atoning merit. Hence it will be perceived how similar their creed to the Jewish ceremonial. An acknowledgment of sin is common. Here are idolatry and the corrupted truths of religion, both operating on the same minds. No wonder, then, that from one standpoint, we feel cheered and elated, while we see the omission of some true light like fire struck from the flinty rock, while at another view, the soul sinks as it beholds the corruption of depraved nature. Such commingled results may be seen in social, domestic and civil life.

Mr. Bowen says he has "met with several in Yoruba, who declared that they had never worshipped an idol. Every body in that country believes in one true and living God, of whose character they entertain surprisingly correct notions."

LIBERIA.—Advices from the west coast of Africa, report the arrival of the new ship Mary Caroline Stevens, of Baltimore, at Monrovia. The Cape Palmas colonists had fought another battle with the natives, when over twenty of the colonists were killed. One hundred and sixty men had sailed from Monrovia in the Stevens to Palmas to aid the settlers. A union of the Cape Palmas colony—now independent—with Liberia was proposed, and Ex-President Roberts had sailed for the former place, in order to advocate the measure before the people.

ILLINOIS.—The Icarian community at Nauvoo, having proved a disastrous experiment, have petitioned the Illinois Legislature to repeal the act of incorporation, in order that the stock, now amounting to \$45,000, may be divided.

"The World owes me a Living."

That's false, sir! It doesn't owe you a farthing. You owe the world for the light of its days, the warmth of its sunshine, the beauty of its earth and sky, and for its love, affections, and friendships, clustered around and clung to your worthless trunk. For all these, and other blessings of countless numbers, you are a debtor. You have never even thanked God for health and life. You have never made the world better for your living. You have nothing to your credit on the day book or ledger of life—not a cent. You have never taken a dollar stock in Heaven. You are a miserable, aimless, indolent bankrupt. You float down the stream of your lazy existence like floodwood on water. Were you to sink to-day to oblivion, you would not leave a bubble.

The world owes you a living! Where is there a manly thought uttered, or a noble deed performed? Where are there evidences of your labor? Nowhere. You are lounging through life with your hands in your pockets, an indolent loafer, swearing and slandering nonsense. A pile of lumber would be of more account, for that could be worked into forms of usefulness and beauty; but you will not make anything of yourself, or allow society to do it. A world of such as you would be the place to live in, indeed! You have degraded our common manhood, instead of ennobling and elevating it, and in nothing but form and vulgar speech are you above the brutes that perish. And because you are too lazy to work, you claim that the world owes you a living!

Don't tell that lie again, you sluggard! Were you treated as drones are treated in the hive, you would have been kicked out of creation long ago. You are a sponge, swelled with what you have absorbed from society. You dwarfed the intellect given you, and neglected the endowment it would have brought you. So effectually have you wasted the boon of life, that unless your bones shall get to the dissecting room, and your picked carcass as a fertilizer upon some God forsaken spot, you have passed through life to no purpose. The tobacco you have chewed, has only defiled everything around you and the liquor you have drank, has only been adulterated by your miserable and vile nature turned into rowdiness and profanity. You contaminate everything you touch, and even those like you will keep their children from the leprosy of your teaching and example.

No, sir, you owe the world a better life. You never can pay all the debt, but you can do better, and commute for twenty-five cents on the dollar. Do and say something noble and manly! and for some honorable purpose, and not inhale God's pure air for nothing, and grunt through existence like a hog, having only two aims in life—to reach the bar, and dinner table; and only two attributes—to eat to gluttony, and drink to drunkenness. The world owes no such a man a living.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—A murder recently committed at Newburg, in the State of New York, has developed some extraordinary circumstances tending to discredit the reliability of circumstantial evidence. The body of a young woman, stripped of all but the under clothing, evidently murdered, was found in an open field. It was recognized as that of Sarah C. Bloom, by several persons, among whom was her own sister, who identified it by several marks and physical peculiarities. On the strength of this identification, a young man named Jenkins, who had last been seen in the company of Miss Bloom, was arrested, and suspicion was already building up against him a charge of murder, founded upon what appeared to be pretty conclusive evidence. But, at this crisis, Miss Bloom appeared herself, and of course put an end to the supposition that she had been murdered. The most curious part of the case was the remarkable resemblance between Miss Sarah Bloom and the body supposed to be hers. The points of resemblance are described as follows:

"The body had a scar on the left eyebrow precisely where Sarah has one; the body had a cut on the main finger of the left hand precisely where Sarah has one of the same character; the body has a small black mole about half way between the ankle and the knee, on the shin bone, exactly where Sarah has one; but, strangest of all, the body has two toes of the left foot grown together, precisely like Sarah's, except that Sarah's are not grown together so far down on the joint; the toes of both feet of the body, like Sarah's were pressed together from wearing tight shoes, and Sarah wears a coral ring on just the finger from which on the corpse a ring had been stripped. These facts, connected with Sarah's absence, the curious story of Jenkins as to where he had left her, the incident of her going in a direction where she did not bear of the discovery of the body, and was not herself heard from for four days, combined to make probably one of the strongest cases of circumstantial evidence against Jenkins that could well be conceived."

THE BIBLE.—More than ten times as many Bibles have been issued since the year 1800, as had ever been issued in the whole world previous to that time.

The Queen and the Quakers.

In the summer of 1818, her late majesty, Queen Charlotte, visited Bath, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth. The waters soon effected such a respite from pain in the royal patient, that she proposed an excursion to a park of some celebrity in the neighborhood, then the estate of a rich widow lady belonging to the society of Friends. Notice was given of the Queen's intention, and a message returned that she would be welcome. Our illustrious traveler had, perhaps, never before any personal intercourse with a member of the persuasion whose votaries never voluntarily paid taxes to "the man George, called King by the vain ones." The lady and gentleman who were to attend the royal visitants had but feeble ideas of the reception to be expected. It was supposed that the Quaker would at least say "Thy Majesty," "Thy Highness," or "Madame."

The Royal carriage arrived at the lodge of the park, punctually at the appointed hour. No preparation appeared to have been made; no hostess or domestic stood ready to greet the guests. The porter's bell was rung; he stopped forth deliberately, with his broad brimmed beaver on, and unbendingly accosted the lord in waiting with, "What's thy will, friend?"

This was almost unreasonable. "Surely," said the nobleman, "your lady is aware that Her Majesty goes to your mistress, and say that the Queen is here."

"No, truly," answered the man, "it needeth not—I have no mistress or lady, but my friend Rachel Mills expects thee. Walk in."

The Queen and the Princess were handed out and walked up the avenue. At the door of the house stood the plainly attired Rachel, who, without a courtesy, but with a cheerful nod, said, "How's thee do, friend? I am glad to see thee and thy daughter. I wish thee well. Rest and refresh thee and thy people, before I show thee my grounds."

What could be said of such a person? Some condescension was attempted, implying that her majesty came not only to view the park, but to testify her esteem for the Society to which Mistress Mills belonged. Cool and unswayed, she answered, "Yes, thou art right there. The Friends are well thought of by most folks; but they need not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity, by going over this place, and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore I will do the like by thee, friend Charlotte. Moreover, I think well of thee, as a dutiful wife and mother. Thou hast had thy trials, and so has thy good partner, I wish thy grand child well through hers." [She alluded to the Princess Charlotte.]

It was so evident that the Friends meant kindly, may respectfully, that no offence could be taken. She escorted her guests through her estate. The Princess Elizabeth noticed in the hen-house a breed of poultry hitherto unknown to her, and expressed a wish to possess some of these rare fowls, imagining that Mrs. Mills would regard her wish as law; but the Quakeress merely remarked with her characteristic evasion, "They are rare, as thou sayest; but if they are to be purchased in this land or other countries, I know of few women likelier than thyself to procure them with ease."

Her Royal Highness more plainly expressed her desire to purchase some of those which she beheld.

"I do not buy and sell," answered Rachel.

"Perhaps you will give me a pair?" persevered the Princess.

"Nay, verily," replied Rachel Mills, "I have refused many friends—and that which I denied to my own kinswomen, Martha Ash, it becometh me not to grant to any. We have long had it to say that these birds belong only to our house; and I can make no exception in thy favor."

This is a fact.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—A professor of the dead languages, at Cambridge, a few days ago, received some Greek lines professing to have been communicated through a spiritual medium for Theognis, a Greek poet, who has been dead at least two thousand years. The poetry was veritable Greek, with the exception of a single word, which the professor supposed was a misprint. While wondering at this remarkable fact, he picked up a reprint of the Edinburgh Review, and there he found published, as an extract from Theognis, the very words in his spiritual communication, with the typographical error and all. Comment, as the newspapers say, is unnecessary.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.—We rejoice to know that Mr. Spurgeon's health has been restored, and that he often preaches to ten thousand persons. His church in London numbers nearly nine hundred communicants. About \$20,000 has been subscribed towards his tabernacle. On a recent Sabbath, Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham, Lord Stanley, and other members of Parliament were among his hearers.

Kansas Affairs.

[The Lawrence Herald of Freedom of the 18th, has come to hand. In an editorial, it admits that a pro-slavery constitution will be adopted for Kansas; but declares that slavery will never exist there. That adopting a pro-slavery constitution will be the death-knell to Southern politicians. In regard to the Convention to form a constitution, it says:]

"To show how much voice the people are to have in the convention, we will state a fact, that in Johnson county, embracing the Shawnee reservation, which is not open to settlement by the whites, and in which fifty bona fide settlers do not reside, some three thousand names are registered. These names are the members of a secret lodge in Missouri who have banded together for fraudulent purposes, and who have pretended to take claims on the Shawnee reservation, continuing their actual residence all the time in Missouri, and are carrying on business there as if they never had been in Kansas, as nine-tenths of them never have, save when here on their plundering or voting expeditions. These non-residents form the basis of representation in the Constitutional convention, and are entitled to one delegate in that body for each sixty registered voters. The 8,000 names will entitle them to fifty representatives. With the view of silencing the Lawrence district, it is said we were detached from Douglas County on the eve of the session of the bogus Legislature, and attached to Johnson County, of which the reserve is composed, with the design of neutralizing our votes by non-residents from Missouri."

[The Leocompton correspondent of the St Louis Democrat, writing under date of April 15th, says:]

"Great efforts are being made, to buy up a few selfish Free State men to vote and legalize the bogus election. Several of these have been promised office in this and one or two other counties, if they will thus join. The pro-slavery party boasts that there are three parties in Kansas, and trying to corrupt all the office-seekers amongst the Free State men, to form this so-called third party, and thus ruin the Free State cause. The third party is so small that it is just no party."

The census lists are not published yet, and it is not supposed that they will be. The county court was to have been in session, so that fraudulent lists could be contested, but it is not. There is no intention to make, or allow to be made, any change in the lists. There are only eight hundred votes enrolled for this county, according to the statements of pro-slavery men. There can not be less than three times that many Free State voters.

The new Governor will not be here until it is too late to see the census list corrected. Unless he comes here on some other mission than to get the people of Kansas to vote under the bogus officers, he need not come at all. I do not think he will deem it safe to attempt it, and he need not unless he intends to provoke civil war.

It will be the same with the collection of the bogus taxes. It will cost ten times more than all that will be collected to coerce payment of them, and will cause serious difficulty should Walker attempt to back up these bogus usurpations with active force; it will result in civil war, and he and the territorial government will be driven out of Kansas by the outraged people."

COMPLIMENT.—It is something to be a citizen of this republic, after all. Lord John Russell the other day, in pleading with his constituents for a re-election, among other fine things which he professed, with a politician's readiness to promise, declared that he would take the "best and ablest men in the United States for his example." Or, if he did not put the pledge in precisely these words, "be looked at the diffusion of education as the security for the national institutions, as the best and ablest men in the United States look to the diffusion of education as the best security for the peace and order of the community."

BIBLE BONES.—An old man once said: "For a long period I puzzled myself about the difficulties of the Scripture, till at last I came to the resolution that reading the Bible was like eating fish. When I find a difficulty, I lay it aside and call it a bone. Why should I choke on the bone, when there is so much nutritious meat for me? Some day, perhaps, I may find that even the bone may afford me nourishment." Would that there were less picking of bones, and more of feasting on the substantial food with which infinite love has spread the spiritual board!

SALVATION OF INFIDEL INFANTS.—The Montreal Miner (Roman Catholic organ) has an article entreating subscriptions to the funds of a society for the salvation of infidel infants. It states that the agents of the society have baptized 329,338 infants, of whom 217,104 are already dead and gone to heaven. For 20 years, according to the report of the missionaries, four children can be saved; for 1,000 francs 4,000 children.

FLORIDA.—John B. Stanley, of Florida, is the greatest hunter of the age. Besides his almost daily presence on his plantation during the last twenty-four years he has killed at the least one thousand deer, one hundred wolves, sixty panthers and twelve bears.

A COMPARISON.—The mind is like a trunk—if well packed, it holds almost everything; if ill packed, next to nothing.

STREAK OF GOOD LUCK.

—We learn that our old friend Jacob Freeman, of the Borough of Freemansburg, has recently secured about \$11,000 which he had looked upon as lost for some years. In the year 1837, Mr. Freeman endorsed notes for Mr. Andrew Oberly, who at that time was largely engaged in the distilling business near Freemansburg, to the amount of \$6,000. Mr. Oberly failed and "cut stick," for other parts, leaving his endorser to pay his notes—to do which Mr. Freeman was obliged to sell the Freemansburg bridge, of which he was at that time the proprietor. Discovering that Oberly had settled in Ohio, Freeman followed him and obtained a judgement and there the matter ended. He acquired property there, which he held in his son's name, but finally emigrated to Iowa, where he became quite wealthy, and thinking the old judgement had been forgotten, he purchased and held property in his own name. On ascertaining these facts, Mr. Freeman, four or five weeks ago, went to Ohio, got a transcript of his old Judgment, and then paid a visit to Iowa, where he secured the services of the Sheriff and together they rode from the County town to the residence of Mr. Oberly and made a levy on a fine farm of 200 acres, worth \$50 an acre, and other property. At first, Oberly denied to the Sheriff that he had ever known such a man as Jacob Freeman; the Esquire told him he "knew him well enough when he endorsed his notes, and had come there to renew his acquaintance." With the interest for 20 years added to the original sum, the claim now amounts to over \$11,500, which is fully secured.—*Easton Argus.*

STATE RIGHTS VINDICATED.—The Supreme Court of Iowa have given a decision which is diametrically opposed to the ruling of Chief Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case. The Iowa decision was on the hearing of a habeas corpus, and laid down that a slave, who by the permission, consent, and knowledge of his owner, left Missouri, and settled in Iowa, became free under the effect of the transit. In this case a man sold his slave his freedom (a strange article of traffic in a republic like ours!) for the sum of \$550, and gave him permission to go into Iowa, and earn the money. After many years' residence there, the negro was arrested as a fugitive slave, but the habeas corpus was interposed to his rendition, and upon its hearing the Supreme Court of Iowa released him. If this case should ever get before the Federal court, it will bring up the whole question of State rights. If Iowa has not the power to regulate the question of slavery on her own soil, but must submit to the Missouri code enforced by Federal authority, what a farce is the boasted equality of State sovereignty!

RETALIATION.—Our telegraphic dispatch of the Europa's news, at Halifax, was headed "Massacre of English by Chinese, and 2000 Chinese killed in retaliation," but the particulars were omitted. It seems that the Chinese in Saranak, Borneo, had risen on the 17th of February, and massacred several Europeans. Sir James Brooke saved his life by swimming across a creek. One of the Borneo Company's steamers subsequently arrived at Saranak, and with the aid of Sir James, at the head of a body of Malays and Dyaks, avenged the destruction of the settlement by killing 2000 Chinese. A war steamer was sent over by the Dutch authorities but her services were not required.

ORANGE PEEL.—The habit of throwing orange peel upon the pavement, is one that calls for the loudest condemnation. Serious accidents have often originated through the carelessness of individuals in this respect. But lately an instance came to hand in which a person had his arm broken by being thrown to the ground, from slipping on a piece of orange peel lying on the sidewalk. Now that this fruit is in season, we caution individuals to avoid throwing orange peel on the pavement, the violation of which rule may entail the most serious consequences.

GLANDERED HORSES.—It is said that there is in England, a law inflicting a heavy penalty on persons bringing glandered horses into the market, or hitching at a public hitching post, or turning them out on unenclosed land. In Europe this terrible disease appears to be coming not infrequently among men.

The use of strychnine in the manufacture of Whiskey is henceforth to be punished as a felony in Ohio. By means of this drug, used in connection with tobacco, sharp distillers were making five gallons of whiskey from a bushel of grain, whereas the quantity obtained by the old process was but half so much.

FLORIDA.—John B. Stanley, of Florida, is the greatest hunter of the age. Besides his almost daily presence on his plantation during the last twenty-four years he has killed at the least one thousand deer, one hundred wolves, sixty panthers and twelve bears.

A COMPARISON.—The mind is like a trunk—if well packed, it holds almost everything; if ill packed, next to nothing.