

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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SONG.

How cold are they who say that Love
Must first be planted in the heart,
And cultured by the hand of Time,
To make its leaves and blossoms start!
No! 'tis a plant that springs at once
Up to its full and perfect form;
Unlike the willow or the oak,
It bends not, breaks not in the storm.

How cold are they who say that Love
Must, like the diamond in the mine,
Be sought with care and polished well
Ere we can see its beauties shine!
No! in the soul's blue heaven it springs,
With beams that Age can never mar—
Complete, eternal, brilliant, pure,
As evening's first, rejoicing star!

THE CHRONICLE.

FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1857.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEYS.—The new fee bill for all the counties in the State except Philadelphia and Allegheny, allows the following:

Drawing indictment and prosecuting every offence indictable only in the quarter sessions, \$10. If bill be returned "ignoramus," \$5.

Drawing indictment and prosecuting every offence indictable only in the quarter sessions, \$5. If bill be returned "ignoramus," \$3.

Case settled with leave of Court, \$3.

Every case of surety of the peace, \$3.

It is stated that these rates are nearly double the sums formerly allowed.

It therefore behooves all men who do not like to pay big costs and taxes to behave peaceably and lawfully towards all men, and especially not to offend against "the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth."

Propagation of Fish.

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that the lakes, rivers, and small bodies of fresh water in our country, are not capable of producing large quantities of fish as food for man. Civilization may, it is true, destroy some kinds of fish, as well as of animals, but better kinds may supply their places. The fish that will not thrive in one water, may thrive in another. It is true, fishing must be prohibited at certain seasons; but let the habits of fish be ascertained, and let them be protected properly, and they may be had as long as grass grows and water runs—furnishing excellent, healthy food, affording manly outdoor amusement, and tending to purify waters.

The subject of introducing fish into waters which have "run out" is the common saying, is one of importance, and is attracting great attention among practical men, especially in Europe. Fish, as well as animals, birds, trees, plants, and grain, may be propagated widely; there is no exclusively "natural" place for them; and destitute streams or ponds may be filled with choice specimens of the "finny tribe." This has already been done to some extent, but the "art" is still in its infancy. Properly prosecuted, such results may yet be attained that Capt. Hummel may again catch his Shad in the Shamokin Dam. The West and North Branches of the Susquehanna are capable of sustaining fish, either of the old or of some new kind; and Penns Creek, Buffalo Creek, the Chillisquisque, &c., may yet be stocked with an abundant supply of food for our tables. Water as well as earth can be made tributary to man's wants and pleasures, but both have to be studied and cultivated to render them fully beneficial.

The Commissioners appointed, about one year ago, by the Massachusetts Legislature, to ascertain and report to the next General Court such facts respecting the artificial propagation of fish as may tend to show the practicability and expediency of introducing the same into the State, have presented their report. The experiments made were limited to the trout, and were conducted by Mr. Atwood, an accomplished ichthyologist.

He says he went to Sandwich, in Barnstable county, and located for the purpose of experimenting on the artificial propagation of trout. On the 10th of September, he obtained four specimens—two males and two females—and found the eggs were not mature. Carefully observing the condition of those that were taken from that date, no mature eggs were noted until the 3d of November, when some were obtained, and fecundated by artificial means. This was effected in the following manner: I took, says the report, a zinc vessel and put into it about one pint of clear water; then taking the female fish, whose eggs were mature, holding her over the abdomen, the eggs freely passed from the fish into the water; I then took the male fish, whose milt was mature, and, holding him over the vessel in the same manner, pressed the milt into the water containing the eggs. The water was stirred gently with the hand, so that every part of the egg came in contact with the milt. After the lapse of two or three minutes, the water was poured off and some fresh water added. The eggs by this means were successfully fecundated.

Mr. Atwood afterward collected from various streams, 15,000 eggs which were fecundated by artificial means, and afterward placed in tubs supplied by a continuous stream. They were also tried in Cockburn water, and though for a time they developed hopefully, they afterward commenced to decay and were entirely

lost. It is conjectured that the cause "must have been that the water did not possess the qualities their natures required."

The principal report of the committee recommends the owners of lands over which streams flow, to stock such streams with trout for the purpose of raising them for the market, and to the end of raising the price of their real estate. The large sluggish streams of the State which are unsuitable for trout, might be made to yield a large stock of various other species of marketable fish, such as are adapted to their waters. Large ponds and reservoirs might all be turned to a profitable use in this way. It was suggested that some of the species of excellent fish of the Western Lakes would thrive in these waters; and the variety might also be increased by the importation of eggs from Europe. Artificial propagation is also recommended, particularly of shad in the Connecticut. It has been estimated by persons who are acquainted with the shad fishery of this river, that by means of artificial propagation, the number of shad taken in the river might be increased by one or more millions annually, the value of which increase would be very great. It is also believed, says the report, by many intelligent persons, that the river might be again stocked with salmon.

Hon. David Wilmot.

ON READING HIS LETTER ACCEPTING THE NOMINATION FOR GOVERNOR.

Great Leader of Freedom!
So true and bold,
How like in the spirit
Our sages of old!

John Hancock, and Adams,
And Jefferson too,
Were just such "fanatics,"
Dear Wilmot, as you.

For man and his birth-right,
To the law's altar true,
You gave us the courage
To combat with you.

To shield the just and right,
Of all his life you fought,
But now to the second
If blood stain the wound!

If state in their wrongs
Choose to maintain
As yet "institutions,"
The scourge and the chain,

Then seek not to quarrel—
Thou shalt not win war—
Alas! our lot, be the master
Which mankind shall bear.

And our common doom,
No blood stain, no slave whip,
No tarry, no chain!

The decree of our fathers
In the year eight hundred,
Had the sanction of good men—
The blessing of Heaven.

Without war or malice,
We sternly saw,
That the act of our fathers
Is law to us now!

No Judge's dictation,
No President's decree,
Shall shake our old Fortunes
Of liberty down!

Where the free laborer builds
His wilderness home,
No baleful miasma
Of slavery shall come.

God bless thee, brave Wilmot,
For thy words bold and true!
The right of thousands
Is now fixed on you.

In light and in beauty,
Beneath the bright sky,
Thy banner of Freedom
In triumph shall fly!

The old "Declaration"
With thee is at par;
And Marshall and Taney
Is dead by far.

Thou shalt not from thy opinions
In Washington's school,
And thou shalt as valid
The great Golden Rule.

The right which thou claimest
Thyself to control,
Thou accorded to each brother
From tropic to pole!

And thousands just like thee
From the great Eastern cities—
From the South, West and North,
Hurrah for brave WILMOT!

Our leader be bold!
He's like, in his spirit,
Our sages of old.

Harley Tr., May, 1857. JAMES AKER.

Selected for the Lewisburg Chronicle.

A RIDDLE.

God made Adam out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
According to God's holy plan.

My body he has made complete,
But without legs, or arms, or feet,
Nor did he give me a soul,
Yet could my actions well control.

A living creature I became,
'Twas Adam that gave me a name;
When from his presence I withdrew,
No more of Adam ever knew.

I did my Maker's laws obey,
From him I never went astray;
Thousands of miles I run in fear,
But seldom on the earth appear.

But God in me did something see,
And put a living soul in me;
A son in me the Lord did claim,
And took from me that soul again;

And when from me the soul was fled,
I was the same as when first made,
And without hands, or feet, or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole.

I suffer pain by day and night,
In giving pain to man and beast;
For thousands, both of young and old,
At my death great light behold.

No fear of death doth trouble me,
For happiness I can not see;
To heaven above I never shall go,
Nor to the grave, nor hell below.

In giving pain I can not believe,
Whether right or wrong, I can't conceive;
Although my name therein is found,
They are to me an empty sound;

And when, my friends, these lines you read,
Go search the Bible with all speed;
And if my name you can't find there,
It will be strange, I must declare.

Query—What is the difference between
a half dozen of dozens, and six dozen of dozens?
—Answer requested. R.C.

A shawl was lately sold in Philadelphia
for \$1,425. In the same city, women
make shifts for six cents each.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

Communicated for the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Springs of Enterprise.

Human enterprise, as well as wooden clocks, requires springs and weights, to set and keep it in motion. From accidents, some of its greatest and noblest displays have resulted. The gold discovery in California is an example. The current of a mill-race unearthed a few shining particles, and in less than a twelve-month an almost wild territory, distant to many who sought it eighteen hundred miles, swarmed with tens of thousands of adventurers from every quarter of the globe. As by magic, an enterprise sprung to existence, embracing fleets of ships, with ventures of millions of dollars of every conceivable product and merchandise, while daring men of civilized nations contended for the prize of gold—a prize the most alluring known to man since the beginning of time.

What a tremendous revolution in the pursuits and thoughts of thousands, has the revelation of that mill-race produced! What stupendous results took birth and continue from a simple incident—a new direction given to commerce, a new field to brave aspirants, a new path to empire! It is but yesterday that the dwellers on the shores of the Atlantic first listened to the dazzling story of untold riches in the sands on the shores of the Pacific—but yesterday, that feverish dreams and thirst for gold was kindled in millions of hearts; and to-day—despite distance, danger, and suffering; despite the sacrifice of comfort, home, and friends, a populous State, drained from our bravest young men, is planted on those golden sands. And all this splendid enterprise, fringing the sea shores with ships, and pouring in a living tide to fell forests, mine the earth, reclaim the wilderness or transform it, and found hamlets and cities in waste places—where would it be, but for that mill race development, that accidental gold spring given to human enterprise? It would exist as, undisturbed, it ever existed—latent as the ore a thousand feet below the earth's surface, which, when moulded, becomes the forge hammer, the axe, the plough, and the fire-shovel.

Look at the half-slumbering races of South America, among whose shores of some golden spurs, enterprise is undreamed of, and see how enterprise can be kindled by a spring—by an accident—in the most sluggish. And mark what the discovery of gold in California has done for golden enterprise in other regions. It has inspired scientific commissions to examine the Ural mountains; it has led a successful search for gold almost within hail of the decaying capital of old gold-gorged Spain; it has sharpened the miners' "picks" among the hills of Virginia, in the plains of Georgia and Carolina, and along the tributaries of the Mississippi.

Gold may be termed a curse. It has cursed individuals and nations. Spain lies writhing under its withering power, and the Indies and the African coasts have been desolated by it. Still, curse and ruin come only from its misuse—from the worship of it. Turned to right account, it is a great agent for human good; a facilitator of enterprise, commerce, arts, science, the comforts and luxuries of life, and the interchange and gratification of human thought.

If the gold mines of California were to disappear to-day, and for ever, what vast good have they done mankind! They have aroused slumbering energy and genius to activity, and given a new, conquering direction to ambition, art and empire. The world, by comparison with the past, is a century older in enterprise and aspiration, than on the day which first gave California gold to man. Commerce, adventures, and, above all, explorative enthusiasm, are expanded to a point which no pricking or spurting of gold could accomplish. A new era dates from California discoveries—the era of unparalleled peaceful enterprise. Thus does the wonderful Providence of God turn what appear to be accidents of earth, into the mightiest springs of human enterprise and triumph.

Law of Trees.

In the New York "Farmers' Club" the other day the following proceedings were had:

Mr. LAWTON wished to know if there was any law to prevent a person from planting trees on his own land, quite up to the line, where the roots and shade will both be injurious.

Another member wished to know who owned the fruit of overhanging limbs.

SOLON ROBINSON answered that question. It is now settled law, by several judicial decisions, that if a tree growing upon my land, overhangs the ground of my neighbor, the fruit belongs to me, and I may enter upon his land for the purpose of gathering it, provided I do not damage beyond what may be necessary in carefully gathering the fruit. At the same time, it is equally good law that my neighbor may cut off all overhanging limbs, and all roots that grow in his ground; but while he permits them to grow, I am to enjoy the benefit.

Judge LIVINGSTON, the Chairman, confirmed this view of the case.

"Couldn't, coz he sung so!"

Leaning idly over a fence a few days since, we noticed a little four-year old "lord of creation," amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds, which were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched on a bough of an apple tree, which extended within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position apparently unconscious of his close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and, after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself for a good aim. The little arm was drawn backward without alarming the bird, and "bob" was "within an ace" of danger, when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came nature's plea: "A-link, a-link, a-link, bob-a-link, bob-a-link, a-no-sweet, a-no-sweet! I know it, I know it, a-link, a-link, don't throw it throw it, throw it," &c.—and he didn't! Slowly the little arm fell to its natural position, and the now despaired stone dropped. The minstrel chattered and sang: "We heard the songster through and watched his unbarred flight, as did the boy, with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him and inquired, 'Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him, and carried him home.'"

The poor little fellow looked up doubtfully, as tho' he suspected our meaning, and with an expression, half shame and half sorrow, he replied:

"'Couldn't, coz he sung so!'"

Who will say that "music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast," or aver that God had both made melody to move the purer fountains of our nature, to awaken those sympathies that are kindred to Heaven, the Angels, and to God himself? Let the sweet tones of music break upon the ears of the dull school boy, and he will awake with new life and energy. Pour the notes of melody into the ears of the wilful child, and you disarm him; the stone will fall from his hand, and he will become obedient and attentive. Let music be the first to break the silence of the school-room in the morning, and the chords of young hearts that are put in motion will continue to vibrate during the day. Happy will be the time, when not only the tones of our school-bells can be heard all over the land, but when the notes of our school-children in the morning, breaking upon the silent atmosphere along the Atlantic coast in the East, shall reverberate along the Gulf of Mexico, and the echo be heard in California.

Potatoes.

If our farmers would raise more potatoes and less corn in proportion, they would benefit not only their own pockets but the rest of the world. In a late agricultural meeting in Boston, Asa G. Sheldon spoke of comparative prices of corn and potatoes.

Sixty years ago, corn was as dear as now, say one dollar a bushel at retail, and potatoes were thirty to forty cents. About forty years ago, there was a great rise in these products; corn sold for \$1.50, and potatoes for the enormous sum of 50 cents a bushel. Now in this city, corn may be had at 75 cents and potatoes at 82 a bushel. What a change in fifty years! Potatoes have generally been higher than corn for several years. Yet Mr. S. thinks it is as easy to raise three bushels of potatoes as one of corn. If a farmer wishes to make the most money he can, let him cultivate potatoes, beets, carrots, onions, parsnips, &c., and he will get more dollars than by raising corn.

Well Said.

A Western lady who was not long since a New-England girl, writes to the *Tribune* from Iowa with reference to the recent discussion of the subject of Cookery, a letter from which we make the following pungent extract, commending it to the reflections of whomever it may concern:

"Believe me that we (women) are not so much slaves to the tyranny of husbands, dinners, children, and servants, as to ourselves, and false social customs. We are afraid of each other. We don't live in reference to comfort, or to our own means, but to what people say of us or think of us, and to overstep this one or the other. I have seen and know women fitted to adorn any society in this country or any other, that did their own work, took care of their own children, kept bright hearthstones, and had happy husbands, and still found time to keep up with the current literature, write memorandums, and copy poetry. It is not necessary, but artificial labor that makes our women, drudges—eternal house-cleanings, beginning in March, and lasting till May—again in September, and lasting till Thanksgiving. It is a pride of appearance of being thought good liver and crack housekeepers—for, let women say what they will, they are as jealous of this as poets (or politicians) are of each other."

New Bedford, Mass., has appropriated \$3000 for the celebration of the Fourth of July.

Evil Times.

The high prices of the necessities of life, such as we are now experiencing, which fall with peculiar hardship upon the poor and middle classes, is a subject that must ultimately engage public attention, for it is already making deep inroads into the purse of many a one who had laid by a small sum from his hard earnings, perhaps with the hope of some day investing it in a little property he might call his own. Flour is selling at \$1.25 per hundred, meat at \$12.25 cts. per pound, molasses at 25c.27 per quart, sugar at 11c.18 per pound, and many other articles at one time luxuries, and now necessities, in proportion, so that the question may well be asked whether we have not fallen upon evil times? Were there any substantial reasons for this state of things, it could be borne without a murmur, but there are none. There is no famine, creating a demand for breadstuffs; save in Louisiana, there has been no failure of sugar crops; both beef and pork are plenty, yet there is an upward tendency of almost everything except labor. Now why is this so? In our opinion it betrays an unhealthy state of society which must some day bring about a fearful revolution. Speculators in fact rule everything by a species of gambling worse than all the card playing ever practiced, for by forming extensive combinations, they raise or lower the prices of almost everything at pleasure—one day thereby injuring the producer, and the next the consumer. In addition, this speculative fever is extending to individuals, many of whom, instead of paying their just debts, make investments abroad by using the very money that ought to be retained and paid out at home. These things bode no good, and we fear before three more years elapse, many who have aided in producing them will exclaim that we have fallen upon evil times.—*Lewisburg Gazette.*

THE WORK ON KANSAS.—The Kansas Herald of Freedom says in reference to the report that Gov. Geary is preparing a book made up from his diary exposing the wrongs of Kansas and bringing to light new outrages:

We believe it is true that Dr. Gibson, Governor Geary's private Secretary, is preparing a history of his "Seven Months in Kansas." It will be the most authentic publication which has yet been issued on Kansas matters, and will put a new phase on our difficulties here. The author has been connected for twenty years with the public press, is a writer of great ability, has always acted with the Democratic party, and his book will have an extended circulation, and give the lie to those venal presses which are continually proclaiming that our Kansas troubles are Republican falsehoods published for partisan effect. The seven months of Gov. Geary's Administration have been the most quiet seven months we have experienced since the first settlement of the Territory, and yet they will be found abounding with startling incidents that can never be appreciated outside of Kansas.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—The State of Michigan has established a College of Agriculture on a farm of seven hundred fertile acres, near the city of Lansing, where the State Capitol is located. Joseph R. Williams, late editor of the *Toledo Blade*, is President. It has an endowment of \$56,000, the proceeds of the salt spring lands originally given to Michigan Territory by the Federal Government. The Legislature has appropriated \$20,000 per annum for two years to the support of the College. There are already accommodations for eighty students. No charge is now made for tuition, but each student is required to work three hours per day, for which he is paid.

DEATH seems to attach itself in some form—near or remote—to the White House, at Washington. Jackson entered a few weeks after the decease of a beloved wife. Harrison and Taylor died in it. Polk left it only to return home and die. Fillmore buried his wife and daughter soon after his term expired. Pierce had his only son and child snatched from him a short time before entering upon his duties as Chief Magistrate—and now Mr. Buchanan mourns a beloved nephew, who was called away in the prime of his early manhood. Verily, the grim monster is "no respecter of persons."—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

MELANCHOLY COINCIDENCE.—The unfortunate young Chipman who is sentenced to death for the murder of Miss Penix, in North Carolina, was named Romulus Saunders, after Judge Romulus Saunders, and received the sentence from the Judge's lips, just as he was about twenty-one years of age. How different his fate from the anticipations of the fond parents, who wished their son to grow up to a life of honor and greatness co-equal with that of his namesake! Now sentenced by that very namesake for a crime the most dreadful ever recorded in history!

A SUSPECTED SLAVER.—Collector Hatch, of New Orleans, has had the schooner *Louis McLane*, from that port, taken in charge, on suspicion of being fitted out for a slave trader. The *New Orleans Delta* condemns the Collector for "enforcing a narrow minded and unphilosophical law of the Federal Congress."

A Scene of Distress.

Mrs. Vondersmith, wife of Judge Vondersmith, whose re-arrest we noticed some days ago, died yesterday afternoon, after a painful and protracted illness. She had been very ill for some time previous to the arrest of her husband, and when on that occasion he bid her a final farewell, she was scarcely conscious of what was transpiring. She was generally in delicate health, and recent domestic troubles, no doubt, hastened her death. The death-scene, which occurred under peculiarly distressing circumstances, was rendered still more painful by the dying wife and mother giving premature birth to a child a few minutes before her dissolution. Her brother, Dr. John Leonard, had been committed to prison for thirty days, the day previous, for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, but was released through the intervention of friends, in time to see his sister die. Her husband and the father of her three children, all old enough to realize their situation, lying in prison in Philadelphia, charged with a high crime, and the crisis of the children for parents both lost to them, altogether presented a scene of sorrow and distress rarely witnessed by human eyes. The house in which the family resided is subject to a lien of \$7,000, with three years' interest, which the Government holds as an indemnification of the forfeited bail, and the children are therefore left not only orphans, but homeless.—*Lancaster Evening Express*, May 19.

Advance.

Mr. Park, of Parkville, Platte county, whose press was pitched into the Missouri river by the Border Ruffians some eighteen months ago—the same "abolitionist" Park, whose life was threatened in the event of his returning to Missouri—was recently elected President of the Parkville and Grand River Railroad Company, and is now canvassing Platte county in the interest of that road.

The change in the popular sentiment in Western Missouri is really remarkable. In towns in which, but one year ago, free state emigrants were maltreated, the inhabitants are now publicly discussing the question of the gradual abolition of slavery. Verily, times change.—*Missouri is progressing.*—*St. Louis Ancestry des Westens.*

NATURE AND POWER OF COMETS.—Although comets occupy an immense space in the heavens, surpassing millions of leagues, yet on account of the absence of atmosphere in those regions permitting fluids to be infinitely rarified, the matter of these bodies is reduced to the most feeble proportions. Sir John Herschel says that the tail of a large comet, as far as any idea can be formed of it, is composed of a few pounds of matter, and, perhaps, only a few ounces. And M. Robinet, well known in both hemispheres as one of the greatest authorities of the age, in physical astronomy, has gone so far, in respect to this subject, as to say that the earth, in coming into collision with a comet, would be no more affected in its stability than would a railway train coming in contact with a fly.

OLD, YET YOUNG.—There is now living in Coventry, Conn., James Douglas, who is one hundred and two years and seven months old. Notwithstanding his great age he is as hearty, strong and robust as most men at fifty; his eye-sight is good, never having been necessitated to wear glasses; and his faculties in general seem unimpaired. During the past winter, he walked two miles from home in the morning, cut his cord of wood per day, and returned home in the evening. His present health is good, and he labors daily. He was born in North Kingston, Rhode Island.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—A member of the Cabinet, to-day, received a telegraphic despatch from Major McCulloch, declining the Governorship of Utah. He, however, expects to reach this city in the course of ten days. It is not true that Judge Drummond has been offered the appointment in case of the refusal of Major McCulloch; but this afternoon a telegraphic despatch was sent to a Western man, whose name is officially concealed for the present, tendering it to him.

THE OLDEST CITIZEN.—The Montpelier *Watchman* says that Peter Nassau, of Pomfret, Vermont, aged 125 years, has been visiting that place, apparently as hale as most men of 75 or 80. Peter is a colored man—the oldest "citizen" of Vermont, and (probably) of the Union. Had Judge Taney inquired of Peter, he would probably have learned that colored men were "citizens," freemen, and voters, previous, at, and subsequently to the adoption of the Constitution.

One farmer in Otsego county, N.Y. this Spring, has made 121 pounds of Maple Sugar and two gallons of molasses, from only seven maple trees. Very good. But a single sugar-maple shade tree in Vermont, Ohio, yielded sap from which fifty-one pounds of sugar was made the past season. A man in Springville, Susquehanna Co., Pa., this spring made 600 lbs. of sugar from 33 trees.

Kansas Election.

Some professedly conservative journals, in New York, urge that the Free State men of Kansas ought not to stand aloof from the coming fraudulent election, but ought to go in and vote. This is not because they think the Free State men would carry the election, but because they think it would stop them from denouncing its fraudulence, afterwards. The Census Lists have been so made up in advance as to secure a pro-slavery majority. Wherever there is a large preponderance of Free State voters, names are carefully left off of the lists. In Leavenworth, hundreds of legitimate voters who voted the Charter Election in March, are left off so that they shall not vote in June. The Mayor of the town is left off, along with several other prominent citizens who have lived in the Territory since '54. In other counties, names of Missourians are put on, to replace those of the actual residents left off. Whole neighborhoods are dropped, if they happen to be "Free State." By looking at the Kansas papers which contain the published lists, any one familiar with the localities can see at a glance that pains have been taken to have each of them exhibit a majority of pro-slavery men. And those are the lists that, without any chance for correction, are to determine who shall or shall not vote at the coming June election!

Methodism and Slavery.

The annual conference of the New York (East) Methodist Episcopal Church, lately in session in Brooklyn, took strong ground on the slavery question. The committee on slavery submitted the following resolutions, which were almost unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we regard slavery as a great moral and social evil, a violation of the rights of man, and opposed to the spirit and progress of the Christian religion.

Resolved, That we will use what influence we possess to prevent its extension into regions and communities in which it does not exist, and will use all means that may with propriety be used by Christian ministers to effect its extirpation from the world.

LOOK TO YOUR HOMES.—Try to make them happy. Each home is a little State. A family should hold itself the paternal monarch there, ruling and caring for all things with a gentle but firm hand. Look to your homes, and keep them ever the pure retreats for every member of the household from the temptations of the world. Look to your influence at your homes, to the practices set before your children. Remember how readily they learn by seeing and hearing. What you utter as precept will do but little good, if the practice comes not in to aid it. Look to your homes for the best means of doing good and being happy.

THE HOG POISONING.—It is conclusively shown that the "hog disease," which has proved so fatal in the west, is caused by the animals eating the grain from which whiskey is made, after it had been used at the distilleries. A chemist who lately analysed a barrel of Ohio whiskey, gave his opinion that there was strychnine enough to kill thirty men in that one barrel.

The proposition to erect a monument at Boston to the memory of John Howard Payne, the author of the touching household song "Home, Sweet Home," seems to meet with much favor in that city, and several wealthy gentlemen, it is said, have promised to contribute for the purpose.

The Boston Traveler says a whole ship's crew, who have been converted during a three months' voyage, will be baptized at the Baptist Bethel, by the Rev. Phineas Stone, on Sunday morning. They sailed with Capt. Hardy, through whose influence their religious life was commenced.

The New York Daily Times offers a Reward of Five Thousand Dollars for information that will lead to the conviction of the murderer of Dr. Harvey Burdell. Dr. Burdell, of New York, also offers to be one of 20 to give One Thousand Dollars each for such information.

The New York Day Book, a prominent Democratic organ, propounds the inquiry: "Can an opponent of Slavery be a Democrat?" It goes on to argue the question, and rightly arrives at the conclusion that "a Democrat must be, in the nature of things, in favor of Slavery."

IMPORTANT DECISION.—Judge Haines, of Chester county, in a case before him, recently, decided that where roads are impassable by reason of snow or for other causes, the traveler has a right to enter upon adjoining lands and pursue his journey.

Col. George P. Kane, of Baltimore, has declined a lucrative office under Buchanan. How does it happen that Buchanan never offers an appointment to any old-line Whig except such as are to decline?

A paper from Jersey City, called "The Benefactor," devoted to the Lottery business, would more appropriately be called "The Swindler."

The net revenue of the Niagara Suspension Bridge Company last year was \$37,365. Total dividends, fifteen per cent on a capital of \$200,000.