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BY DAVID OVER.

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For the Inquirer and Chronicle.

"Is he a Greek or Roman?"

Mr. Editor:—It might have been supposed, with a good degree of certainty, that we were done with the late celebration at Schellsburg: we refer to it again only briefly, in an incidental way. In politics, much may be looked upon, while a campaign is in progress, as fair and legitimate, that after the contest has been decided, might be considered filthy, low bred, and anything else but magnanimous. Thus before an election, for the furthering of the interests of a party, or its particular candidates, personal caricaturing may do; but when that election is over, and nothing is to be gained in these respects, we naturally look for a motive for this sort of work; then we believe that when Gen. Bowman, and five or six men in Schellsburg got up this late affair, overleaping the bounds of that which mainly decency and custom has stamped as legitimate jubilation—illuminations, bonfires, &c.

In a notice of that precious affair—that feast—the spirit manifested received special attention from these facts, though the general features received some attention. In regard to the substantial part, in the field, many there, a little superstitious no doubt, believed that the Lord was angry with them, for it rained terribly at the most unpropitious moment.

These political sinners, like the sinners around Noah's Ark, were light hearted for a while, but it became serious. They trembled and shivered like the cowards at Delshazzar's feast, not with fear so much however, (except those a little superstitious) as with pure cold from the drenching qualities of the rain falling about that time, the temperature being decidedly far from pleasant. We are nearly done with this ex-rosé. As was stated before, they were ashamed of the whole concern themselves.

Our present purpose is more particularly to show that the present self-styled democracy, or that General Bowman—who is the party—in this county—the same that Louis Napoleon is in France—or at least what the General will no doubt himself admit, the exponent of the party. It being agreed then, that the General is the embodiment of the party in this county, we will speak of him and to him instead of the party.—We propose to show that in as few words as we can, G. W. Bowman, in politics, is allied with Border Ruffianism, and that he is a Border Ruffian—desiring the extension of slavery into territory now free, in preference to the institutions under which he or I have to be reared. Let the people of this county note that the editor of the Gazette in this moment allied with such men as Stringfellow, Buford, Reed, Atchison, Gov. Shannon, Brooks and Gov. Adams of South Carolina. The policy of these politicians, have been avowed; some of them by the most base means have made an unflinching effort to enslave Kansas and crush out free immigration—a spasmodic attempt to throw themselves before the current of enlightened civilization,—the power being in their own hands, the federal Territorial officers and executive of the country being all of the same beautiful stripe, they were succeeding finely, the code of laws enacted by these fellows look well in the direction of freedom. Did General Bowman set his face and influence against these things?—He might have done so with all honesty, for there is nothing in the Constitution of the United States either guaranteeing or encouraging them. General, you were on the same platform with these fellows—voted the same ticket.

Let the people of this county note that Gen Bowman is a sectional disunionist, because all the fire eaters of the South are such, openly declaring that if their institution is in any way restricted, or its limits defined, they wish to, and will separate this confederacy,—let the opinion and feeling of the whole civilized world be what it may. General, you are in the same coop with these fellows. Brooks and you were on the same platform. While Charles Sumner was smitten down, bruised and bleeding in the very centre—the very temple of enlightened civilization for legitimate debate, where were you denouncing these outrageous acts? Had you been in Congress you would have voted against expul-sion, in obedience to party dictation. Show your hands. If such a thing were attempted, and the party to which you belong were dominant, that party would decree it, that is to re-establish slavery in Pennsylvania—would you say ought against it? A systematic effort to bind the institution on Kansas against the wishes of a known majority, is precisely the same in principle, and your voice was not for the right.

Let the people take notice that General Bowman is on the same platform with Gov. Adams of South Carolina, who is at this time in this county advocating the re-opening of the slave trade, and the inference as con-clude

sive that the Gazette favors it; else, why this silence? Look at the history of the past four years, and the people will see; taking the stand point from which Gen. Bowman's position and creed have been viewed, that he is a disunion sectionalist—fire eating nullifier,—slave trade revivalist, and insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

THE HERO WOMAN.
BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

In the shades of the Wissahickon woods, not more than half a mile from the Schuylkill, there stood in the time of the Revolution, a quaint old fabric, built of mingled logs and stone and encircled by a palisade wall. It had been erected in the earlier days of William Penn, perhaps some years before the great apostle of peace first trod our shores, as a block-house, intended as a defence against the Indians.

THE MISERIES AND EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

The following is the most graphic delineation of the miseries and effects of intemperance that we have ever seen. It is from the arguments advanced by certain citizens of Portage county, Ohio, in a memorial to the Legislature on the subject:—"And yet its march of ruin is onward still. It reaches abroad to others, invades the family and social circles, and spreads woe and sorrow all around. It cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the dotting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It hails fevers, feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imparts pestilence, and embraces consumptions. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots. It confounds law, spurns order and loves mobs. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes the victims for your scaffold. It is the life blood of the gambler, the ally of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight ruffian. It countenances the liar, respects the thief and esteems the blasphemous. It violates obligations, reverence, fraud and honors infamy. It defames honor, denounces love, scorning virtue and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parrioidal axe. It turns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God, and despises Heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our Government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the states-

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SINGULAR EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY.

A gentleman residing a few miles out of town recently carried home a small electrical machine for making some experiments. As soon as he got home, the negro, as usual, flocked around him, eager to see what master had got. There was a boy among those darkeys that had evinced a strong disposition to move things when they wanted no moving, or, in other words, to piffer occasionally.

"Now, Jack," said his master, "look here—this machine is to make people tell the truth, and if you have stolen anything, or lied to me, it will knock you down."
"Why, master," says the boy, "I never lied or stole anything in my life."
"Well, take hold of this," and no sooner had he received a slight shock than he fell on his knees and howled out—
"Oh master, I did steal your segars and a little knife, and have lied ever so many times; please to forgive me."
The experiment was tried, with like success, upon half a dozen juveniles. At last an old negro, who had been looking on very attentively, stepped up.

"Master," said he, "let dis nigger try. Dat are masheen is well enough to sear the children wai, but this nigger knows better."
The machine was then fully charged, and he received a stunning shock. He looked first at his hand, then at the machine, and at last rolling his eyes—
"Master," said he, "it ain't best to know too much. Dar's many a soul gits to be damned by knowing too much, an its my opinion that the debil made dat masheen just to ketch yer soul afoul somehow, an I reckon you had best just take an burn it up, an have it done gone."

AN OBSTINATE CUSTOMER.—"Are you an Odd Fellow?"
"No, sir, I've been married a week."
"I mean do you belong to the Order of Odd Fellows?"
"No, I belong to the Order of Married Men."
"No, sir, a carpenter."
"Worse and worse. Are you a Son of Temperance?"
"Confound you, no. I am a son of Mr. John Gosling."
The querist went his way.

"What are you staring at, sir, may I ask?" said an imperious, mustached 'blood' to a 'Hoosier' on a Mississippi steambot, who had been watching him as a cat watches a mouse, for some fifteen minutes.
"I thought so," exclaimed the Hoosier, the moment the other spoke; "I said you'd got a mouth, and I was only waitin' to be sartin about it to ask you to 'liquor.' Stranger, what'll you drink? or had you rather fight? I don't care which, myself."

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—A young man who presented himself at the polls in the First Ward, Philadelphia, at the recent election, had his right to vote challenged by one of the "better citizens," who had come from old Ireland. This aroused the American blood, and the challenged party after having proved his right to vote, threw down the Locofoco ticket, exclaiming—"I can't stand this. I was born in this country," and handed to the Inspector a full American ticket.

He who marries for beauty only, is like a buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the freestone. If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases, then kiss her. Sure cure and no quack medicine.
One of the toasts drank at a recent celebration, was—"Woman! She requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself."
A teacher had been explaining to his class the points of the compass, and all were drawn up in front, towards the north.
"Now what's before you, John?"
"The north, sir."
"And what's behind you, Tommy?"
"My coat tail, sir, said he, trying at the same time to get a glimpse at it.

A young lawyer who had paid his court to a young lady without much advancing, accused her one day of being insolent to the power of love. "It does not follow," she replied "that I am not to be won by the power of an attorney."
Why would it be expensive to change ale into ale?
Answer.—Because it would take a V to do it.
Victor Hugo styles the printing press the formidable locomotive of universal thought. Good from Victor.
The Saginaw (Michigan) Enterprise recommends Gov. Bingham as the successor of Gen. Cass in the United States Senate.