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G. W. MCKEELEN & CO.

Repository and Transcript.

CHAMBERSBURG:

Wednesday Morning, Nov. 7, 1860.

DEMOCRACY CRITICIZED.

Oh! Democracy, where is the charm of thy name? The champion that wreathes thee with laurels of fame, The trumpet-tongued heroes that follow'd thy path, And trembled with fear at a sign of thy wrath.

Oh! where are thy subjects that kissed the green sword At the stamp of a master or the voice of a lord, The garland of victory that mantled thy crest, The millions that called thee honored and blest.

No longer triumphant, thy once honored name Is dimmed by a pale of National shame, Thy magical scepter is crumbling with rust. The flag of thy glory is trailed in the dust.

A Nation is rising to trample thee down, Not courting thy smiles nor fearing thy frown, Their steeds are peaking from Pine hills of Maine, And Ohio reaches the same gladmost strain.

While the gallant old Keystone, true to the Right, Has shouted for Freedom in the voice of her might, Indians have risen from bondage and chains, Redeemed from Democracy's vices and stains.

Let loose of their Country rings at the feet Of the Melanch and god whom sin is "cheat," Yet the banner of freedom, resplendent and free, Still streams with the light of a pure Liberty.

The hills are abare, the valleys are gleaming, While to robes of liberty through them are streaming, The offspring of fathers, who bled to be free, Will never wear chains at a Tyrant's decree.

Antislavery Junction, Oct. 1860. M. H. N.

LETTER FROM PITTSBURG.

Correspondence of the Repository and Transcript.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 26, 1860.

DEAR REP. AND THANE.—To write or not to write—that's the question. To one accustomed to the quiet and cleanliness of a "home among the mountains," it is no easy matter to decide affirmatively. The rattle and clatter of the numberless drays, the whistle of the street cars, the smoke and soot that "ascend and descend continually," giving mankind evidence of the great industrial interests of the place—all operate as disturbing causes. Still, however, they strike the visitor as characteristic of thrift, energy and industry. Indeed, no one can but notice how universally the spirit of go-ahead-iveness is manifested. Motion is a necessity—men must either move or be run over, hence, it is, that fewer losers are found in this city than in any other city of equal size in our country.

To escape the busy throng and bustle of the streets during market, we stepped into a Penn street car, at \$1 bound for the Allegheny Cemetery. A half an hour's ride brought us up to the gate. The keeper demanded our "permit," but having been unable to procure one before leaving the city, we told her we were strangers. She beckoned us onward and we went in. The grounds include about 300 acres. Our first stopping place was at the nursery, about a mile from the entrance. Here we were instructed how to direct our course, so as to accomplish most in a short time—ours being limited to two hours. We started up the hill and soon came to a spot which, judging from the footprints, was of more usual interest. We followed the multitude, and like them, were disposed to linger, admire and reflect. It was the monument of J. B. Hogg, lost at sea in the wreck of the steamer Arctic. The skill of the artist had brought out that awful scene in such vivid characters that we need not look and we see the whole scene passing before us. The sinking wreck—the manly efforts of the sailors—the distorted and horror-stricken countenances of the passengers—the dead corpus in the arms of sympathizing companions—all as they stand out before us on the marble, make the spot one of peculiar interest, awaken a tender sympathy for the dead beneath, while they elevate our conceptions of human skill and inspire us with reverential awe of Him whose "Peace be still," calmed the winds and caused the waters to subside.

The City Vault, a little farther on, is another stopping place for strangers—as well as resting place for the dead. It stands on the summit of the hill and is built of yellow granite. The object of it is to have a place of temporary interment in case of sudden death. It is well ventilated and so constructed that in case life returns, there will be no danger from suffocation.

But our two hours had almost gone and we were obliged to pass rapidly back to the entrance. On our way we passed the "Avery

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CHAMBERSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1860.

{ Number 45.

THE NEW SWINDLE.

The Douglas blowers and strikers, says the Pittsburgh Gazette, were circulating the story all over town on Saturday that the Breckinridge ticket had been withdrawn and that there was no other ticket in the field, nor, than the straight Douglas ticket.

The fact is just the other way. The Douglas ticket has been withdrawn; the Breckinridge ticket remains in the field, just as it was nominated at Reading. The democrats, however, are not a reading people, and the most of them can be deceived with this new lie.

Some like you Mr. Fehl,
The reason why we cannot tell;
But this one thing do we know well,
We liked your dinner, Mr. Fehl. J. H. W.

For the Repository and Transcript.
WHY WE BACHELORS DON'T GET MARRIED.

BACHELOR HALL, Oct. 1860.

Among the things which we Bachelors keep, in common with other people, is an old book that has come down to us from former generations, and atones in part for the want of those other pleasures which our more gaudily inclined brethren possess, and makes us reconciled to our "lone fate." "But," you may say, "others possess this too, in addition to the pleasures of joys doubled and sorrows divided, and why then claim more for yourselves on account of it than you are willing to allow to them?" The reasons are substantially these:—We draw from it two grand principles, the first is this: It presents Adam as a *representative man*, to whom is traced two separate and distinct classes, the one he represents in his holy, happy state before the fall, i. e., while *unmarried*; the other in his married state, which so soon brought on himself and offspring, misery and ruin. Now this may seem an overstrained and perverted construction, but it is nevertheless true. We frequently hear it said by the advocates of matrimony that the marriage relation is one of the few institutions that have come down to us unimpaired by the fall. Be it so; but the fearful results which followed were so immediately connected with the institution of this marriage relation, that it is difficult to see how the sin of Adam—I should have said Eve—could have affected it. We know that most men shut their eyes on this fact, and they do well, for they can look back upon their origin with a reverence that does not suffer by the comparison. Holding, as we do, this grand, consoling doctrine, is it strange that we should feel a degree of contentment and resignation that brings with it not only a sweet submission, but an honest pride in our bachelority?

But the other principle, or rather truth, is this: We read of an Eden-wound inflicted in the side of Adam, and that it was healed by the presentation of Eve to be his helpmate for him. Observe, first the wound, then the healing—but how? By the presentation of a woman to be his wife. Here is just what puzzles us. We want to be scriptural, for we must marry, if marry at all, only in the Lord. We read: Adam slept and was awoken to receive at the hand of another a pure, lovely, angelic creature to be his wife. Now we are not anxious nor even willing to be reproached as if this singularity was the result of determined choice. By no means. We have tried to sleep as nearly like Adam slept as we knew how, and longed for some one to waken us just as he was wakened. But no, no one came. We sometimes exulted in the hope of the realization, as in gentle slumbers we were borne in dreams almost to the wished for reality. But alas! they were but dreams, and we woke to mourn over our disappointment. Just here, however, a new light breaks forth, and a voice says: "Direct communication with Heaven has ceased; angels are ministering spirits, God works by man." Very well, we suddenly seize the Presbyterian doctrine and adopt it enthusiastically. Of ourselves we can do nothing—have nothing to recommend us—are poor and needy, and we must seek some one who has merit and riches, and look there for help. But oh! our confusion! We have not come aright and are sent away empty. All of a sudden we become Calvinistic Methodists. "If we are to be married, we will get a wife, do as we will; if not, what's the use of doing anything?" And so we go. If ever we are to share the fate of fallen humanity, we must regard it entirely as a matter of fault. Our only hope is in the fortune of Abraham—that of finding the victim in the right place and at the right time, but on what bush, O! who can tell?

Yours, BACHELOR.

SPICY.—The following passage at arms has taken place between the Petersburg (Va.) Press, (Loco.) and the Intelligencer (Union.)

"Democracy survives."—*Press.*
"So does the devil."—*Intelligencer.*

"As both are now fair in the field for the next campaign, choose ye whom ye will serve!"—*Press.*

"Of the two evils choose ye the least. We'll take the devil."—*Intelligencer.*

CRUSHING OUT FUSION.—Forty-six Americans of Aurora, Erie county, N. Y., all of whom voted for Millard Fillmore in 1856, and who have been in favor of Bell and Everett, in view of the recent fusion, in that State, have come out in a strongly written protest, and declare their determination to support Lincoln and Hamlin.

IMPORTANT OPINION.

We copy the following because at this time it must have an important bearing upon the Presidential election. It is taken from a speech made by Mr. LINCOLN, at Leavenworth, Kansas, while the contest was going on for Speaker of the present United States House of Representatives:

You Democrats greatly fear that the success of the Republicans will destroy the Union. Why? Do the Republicans declare against the Union? Nothing like it. Your own statement of it is that the Black Republicans elect a President, you won't stand it! You will break up the Union. That will be your act, not ours. To justify it, you must show that our policy gives you just cause for such desperate action. Can you do that? When you attempt it you will find our policy is exactly the policy of the men who made the Union, nothing more, nor nothing less. Do you think you are justified to break up the Government rather than to have it administered by Washington, and other good and great men who made it, and who first administered it? If you do, you are very unreasonable, and more reasonable men cannot, and will not, submit to you. While we elect a President, it will be our duty to see that you submit. Old John Brown has been hung for treason against a State. We cannot object, even though slavery is wrong. That cannot excuse violence, bloodshed, and treason. It could avail him nothing that he might think himself right. So, if constitutionally we elect a President, and therefore you undertake to destroy the Union, it will be our duty to deal with you as old John Brown has been dealt with. We can only do our duty. We hope and believe that in no section will a majority so act as to render such extreme measures necessary."

A REJOICING REPUBLICAN IN MISSOURI

The following exultation over the victories of the Republicans, achieved recently, is from the St. Joseph (Mo.) Free Democrat;

"Black Republican triumphant—Pennsylvania leads the column—only 32,000 majority and rising—Old Abe has "heared" from Indiana—10,000 majority—Abraham calls for an axe and a maul—Ohio blacker than ever, 23,000 majority—Abraham perfectly cool—it suits him—Freedom wins Keystone Boys, Buckeye Lads, Hoosier Rail-splitters—Victory everywhere—My great principle, in a horn—Breckinridge nowhere—Belleville fused, unfused, and confused—We have met the enemy and they are ours!"

"It is our delightful task as public journalists to announce the fact that Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio have been freed from. They have been and gone and done it—all three of them."

"As we go to press it is a matter of doubt whether the Union is *busted* or not. We suppose it is. It must be. Old Abe—all there is of him, seven or eight feet—is sitting in the White House."

"We are no longer Black Republicans, we belong to the Administration party, and like all men who are victorious and in power, we are "white." Yes, white! Curtin has been elected by white men; Henry S. Lane has been elected by white men; and Abraham Lincoln will be elected in the same way.

"The pro-slavery men about own are pictures of melancholy, anguish and despair. A skull and bones is absolutely cheerful when compared with their pro-slavery countenances."

"On the 6th of November, Missouri will record her, 40,000 voters for Lincoln and Libby."

"This is the time when the ordinary means of expressing joy fail us; words are inadequate. We close with a hearty three cheers and a tiger for Lincoln and Hamlin."

IMMENSE NUMBER OF SUFFERERS IN SYRIA.

It is now certain that the extent of suffering in Syria is appalling. Nor have the full dimensions of the misery of the poor Christians fugitives been even yet ascertained. The New York Journal of Commerce, by advice from Syria, learns the following facts:

"Every week, now that the strong arm of Fuad Pacha is restoring some degree of order in the plain country, if not entirely in the Lebanon districts, new masses of human wretchedness are coming to light. Only a few days preceding the 22d of September some three thousand miserable creatures were heard of by the Anglo-American Relief Committee at Beirut, as ready to perish at or near a place called 'the Cedars of Lebanon,' and 30,000 piasters or \$1,200 were sent up to save them from death by famine and destitution. About the same time, 3,000 wretched beings had reached Sidon, from the region of Hasbaya, who must be cared for. And finally, near 4,000 had come from another quarter, to Beirut, thus increasing the number of those who must be fed by the committee at Beirut, (and many of them clothed too) from 14,000 up to more than 25,000! Nor does this include all of the poor creatures who must be fed through the winter. As the autumn wears away and the pinching cold commences on Lebanon, hundreds and thousands

who have been seeking a miserable sustenance from herbs on its sides and in its ravines, will be compelled to come down to Beirut and Sidon; and they must be fed and clothed, or die."

In addition to the measures already in progress in the United States to send prompt relief, it has been suggested that on the coming Thanksgiving day, which will be observed probably on the 29th of November, in nearly every State in the Union, collections in aid of the sufferers be taken up in the churches of all denominations. The Journal remarks that the Presbyterian Synods of New York and New Jersey have already adopted this suggestion, and adds:

"It is probable that other Synods have done or will do the same. What can be more appropriate than a liberal contribution should be made on that joyous occasion by the churches of a country so wonderfully blessed during the past year with abundant harvests and health throughout all its extent. For the relief of those sufferers, who must now be counted by tens of thousands!"

THE ABOLITIONISTS DENOUNCE LINCOLN.

At a recent meeting of the Abolition party, held at Kennet Square, Chester County, Pennsylvania, the annual report of the Society, which was read during the sessions, contained the following in reference to Mr. Lincoln:

"There are arguments of great weight against supporting Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. His past course in the matter of a fugitive slave law; his present readiness to return the escaping bondman; his avowed willingness to discriminate against the black man in the award of political rights, and his declared hostility, except in a contingency not probable, to the abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia, are facts which in the estimation of discriminating minds, disqualify him from receiving the votes of uncompromising Abolitionists."

THE ANTI-PEW SYSTEM—HOW IT WORKS.

—There are in England what are called Anti-Pew Societies. From what we glean from the reports of these, made from time to time, it appears that in churches where the change has been made from appropriated to free seats, the result has been that the attendance has doubled, and in some cases trebled; also, that the attendance thus induced is, to a great extent, of the poorer classes.

In some of these churches those who rarely if ever attended divine worship at all, come regularly since the distinction between rich and poor has been abolished.

DISEASE IN HIGH LIFE.—The London Court Journal says: A divorce case under peculiar circumstances, is likely to attract public attention. A lady belonging to a distinguished family, long hesitated between two eligible suitors. She at once selected one of them and was married, but soon fancied she had made a wrong selection, and eloped with her rejected suitor. Proceedings were instituted, and she was among the first to avail herself of Sir Crosswell's process of "Freedom made Easy," by marrying her guilty partner; but she seems scarcely to know her own mind, for she has since re-elapsed with her first husband. Casuists are puzzled as to which she may be disposed to like best.

DIED IN THE CARE.—A respectable young woman, named Mary Kehoe, aged 17 years, died in the cars on Friday last, while on her way from New York to Boston. She had been ill health for some time previous. Mr. J. L. Libby, express agent, and the conductor, Mr. Morrill, paid the poor unfortunate every attention. Mr. Libby supplied her with stimulants, in the hope that she would reach the city alive, but on arrival she was found to be dead, her head resting upon his shoulder. So calmly and quietly had the spirit taken its departure that the time of its flight was not known.

A GERMAN WOMAN DIED OF HYDROPHOBIA.

In the Bleckley Arms house, Philadelphia, a few days ago. It took the combined force of five or six stalwart men to hold her in bed, and the sight of water or any other fluid threw her into the most frightful paroxysms. At intervals she begged in the most piteous manner that some one would shoot her, and put her to death, anything to end her agony. Chloroform was administered to her in large doses, but its effects were only temporary.

A young lady was burnt to death in St. Louis last week. She had just returned home from church, and hastily approached the fire blazing on the hearth to warm her hands. Upon turning suddenly around, the skirt of her dress, which was greatly expanded by hoops, took fire, and instantly enveloped her in flames, and before assistance could be rendered she was so much injured that she shortly afterwards expired.

LARGE PROFITS.—The Gonzales (Texas) Enquirer says: "A gentleman who bought a flock of sheep two years ago for \$300, has since sold \$500 worth of wool from them, and now his flock is worth \$3,000, making a profit of \$2,600 on his investment in two years."

A monument, on a magnificent scale, to Martin Luther, is to be erected at Worms. It is from a design by the sculptor Rietschel. The whole sum required for the work is £17,000, of which £12,000 has been already collected during the last three or four years, from almost all parts of the globe.

The largest paper mill in the United States, is that of Messrs. Persse & Brooks, at Windsor Locks, Conn., producing daily seven and a half tons of paper, worth some \$5,800, or at the rate of \$500,000 a year.

Two children digging roots, in Badax Co., Wis., last week, were attacked by a bear, which killed the younger one, aged 9; the elder, aged 11, was found giving fight to the beast when assistance arrived.

CANDID.—Ex-Governor Thomas, of Maryland, is a politician of the old school, and though once a leading Democrat, he is a national man. He now supports Bell and Everett. In a recent speech at Hagerstown he said:—"We have nothing to fear from the election of Mr. Lincoln. All formerly stood upon this platform. None ever doubted the right of Congress to legislate for the Territories. He cared not what a man's abstract opinions were; he had many free soilers in the Presidential chair. Jefferson was a rank free-soiler. Madison and Monroe were both free soilers. He knew Mr. Fillmore well; and a better President we never had. Mr. Clay was an out and out free-soiler. 'So help me God,' said Mr. Clay, 'so help me God, I will never vote for the admission of slavery into any Territory where it does not now exist.'

—The Locofocos are becoming alarmed at the prospect of the Republicans carrying several Slave States on Tuesday. We do not think we shall carry any at this election, although we shall run them very hard in Delaware and Missouri, and poll a very strong vote in several other Slave States, and would be much stronger were free speech and a free press tolerated; but when we have had the administration a while, and convinced the South that we are the true national, conservative party, which will protect the rights and interests of all sections of the Union, we shall probably carry nearly all the Southern States, and may leave South Carolina alone to grace the Democratic column.—*Lab. Cour.*

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A LEAF FOR LITTLE LADIES.

SPRINGTIME.

It was a lovely September afternoon; the soft breeze scarce ruffled the sails of the stately ships that floated on the calm sea. All was still, save when an occasional shout broke from a merry group of children engaged in building mimic towns upon the sands. After a time, two of the little company strayed away from the scene of their labors, and were soon hid from the others by the rugged rocks with which the Jersey coast was strewed for miles around.

The name of the young girl was Ellie Grierson—a bright-eyed, active child of twelve. Her companion, Arthur Seyton, was a tall, slight boy, two or three years older than herself.

The shadows lengthened, as hour after hour of the bright afternoon flew by, and still the two scrambled on unweariedly over stones and sea-weed. They had discovered a very curious rock, which was worn by the destructive force of the tide into all manner of odd shapes.

"Here is a perfectly shaped arm chair, Arthur—I can seat myself in it so comfortably! Is it not very curious?"

"Very; and here is nearly as good as a sofa."

"No," said Ellie, shaking her head; "my chair is the best."

"There are many queer rocks hereabouts," said Arthur; "how easily one could imagine a churchyard down yonder; those stones are the very shape of tombstones!"

"I don't see the resemblance," returned Ellie. "I could fancy, instead, a number of people bending down to dig up sand-eels."

Shut in as they were, among the rocks, the children little imagined the rapid progress the tide was making, so gently and noiseless; did the little waves wander in among the stones.

"Arthur! Arthur!" shouted Ellie, clapping her hands, "come here, quickly; I have found a cave in the rock!"

Arthur stood by her side in a moment.

"So you have! I did not know there was a cave here! but other people did, however, for here are rude sort of steps cut out in the stone up to the entrance."

"Come and let us investigate it, Arthur. I never have been in a cave before."

"Certainly; only take care you do not fall on the slippery steps."

Ellie uttered an exclamation of delight, as after passing through a long, narrow passage, they entered a large cavern. At first she could see nothing; but her eyes soon grew accustomed to the dim light, and she looked round in astonishment at the vaulted room in which she found herself.

"O Arthur! have you ever seen such a curious place?"

"Oh! yes: the caves at Piemont are much larger. But you speak in a low voice, Ellie, as if you were afraid of being overheard by the fairies with which tradition peoples the cave."

"Is there any story about this one?"

"Very likely there is; but I don't happen to know it. I don't believe there is a cave that has not some legend belonging to it—There is one in Guernsey, which is said to have been built in the night by a band of fairies."

"I am sure the fairies would have the good taste to prefer grassy mounds and flowery meadows to a gloomy cave like this!"

"I quite agree with you, Ellie; it would be a much fitter place of abode for the black dwarfs and trolls."

Ellie examined the cavern attentively for a long time, while Arthur told her all the anecdotes he remembered relating to caves. At last she said:

"But, Arthur, look! there is another opening; perhaps we may find another room."

"You had better take care, Ellie. It is said of a cave in the Western Islands, that whoever penetrates to the end, returns without his skin!"

Ellie laughed.

"It would be better to come back wanting one's skin than not to come back at all. But Arthur," she continued, "look how the wall glitters! Do knock me a piece of them."

"Certainly, if I had a stone to do it with; but it is so dark here. Oh, here is one that will do. Now, Ellie, we must hurry back!"

"Oh! wait; here is such a pretty bit; do give it to me!"

True is the saying, "Most haste worst speed." Arthur's efforts to be speedy only made him longer.

"What is the matter, Arthur? Why have you taken such a sudden restless fit?" said Ellie, looking at him with surprise.

"We have been away a very long time, and the others will be wondering where we are;—besides—"

"Besides what?"

"I have quite forgotten to look at the tide; and it may be quite near us for anything we know."

"Nonsense; we would hear it much plainer if it were. What odd little caves those are in the wall; where do they lead to?"

"Tradition says to the centre of the earth; but that's humbug. Do come away now."

But Ellie was headstrong, and insisted on exploring every one of the little fissures before she would quit the spot; even then she lingered in spite of Arthur's efforts to hurry her.

"How funny you look!" she said, laughing. "What are you in such a state for? It would be great fun if the tide had come in!"

"Ellie, you don't know what your are saying," said Arthur, as, grasping her hand tightly, he drew her forward.

"What a tiresome boy you are!" said Ellie

half laughing, half provoked. "We have only been a short time in the cave."

"The time has passed a good deal quicker than you imagine. Hark! how near the sea sounds!"

"O Arthur! what is the matter?" she said as an exclamation of dismay burst from his lips.

"Look!"

Ellie's face grew paler and paler and she looked forth on the expanse of water that lay around them, only broken by the rocks that here and there raised their rugged heads above the tide.

"Poor little Ellie!" said Arthur to himself; as he drew the closer round her. "What a mercy it is that she can sleep so peacefully!"

Hour followed hour, and Ellie slept on, while Arthur listened to the monotonous rippling of the water, and the shrill cry of the seabird as it flew by to seek its nest among the cliffs. The cave was now quite dark, and, from the sound of the waves, he was expecting to feel the tide break against him every moment, when a moonbeam came floating in along the water. "Arthur's heart died within him, as with it came the remembrance of Willie's words, uttered in the morning, and forgotten till that moment—"It is full-moon to-night, and there will be a springtide." A springtide! All hope was gone now, and he knew that a little later the cave would be stayed back from becoming a slave territory I am ready to assert the principle of the exclusion of slavery.—Daniel Webster.

I DON'T CARE whether slavery is voted up or voted down.—S. A. Douglas.

So long as God allows the vital current to flow through my veins, I will never, never, never, by word or thought, by mind or will aid in admitting one foot of free territory to the everlasting curse of human bondage.—S. A. Douglas.

"Never can I be induced by any earthly power to vote to extend slavery over one foot of territory now free.—Henry Clay.

I DON'T CARE whether slavery is voted up or voted down.—S. A. Douglas.

I never would consent, and never have consented, that there should be one foot of slave territory beyond what the old thirteen States had at the formation of the Union, never, never. Sir, whenever there is a foot of land to be stayed back from becoming a slave territory I am ready to assert the principle of the exclusion of slavery.—Daniel Webster.

I DON'T CARE whether slavery is voted up or voted down.—S. A. Douglas.

It is wrong to admit into the Constitution the idea that there can be property in man.—James Madison.

I DON'T CARE whether slavery is voted up or voted down.—S. A. Douglas.

Strange Upturnings.

"Watchman, what of the night?" These are days of strange occurrences. In China

they are cutting each other's throats by tens of thousands, in the war of rebellion; and England and France are mastering their forces on the Chinese shores to help forward the work of destruction.

The massacres in Syria have been allayed for a time, while serious apprehensions are entertained of scenes more desolating through Turkish fanaticism. Popery is trembling under the staggering blows it has received, and while that noble champion, Garibaldi, is moving on in his work of emancipation, Austria is threatening to arrest his career, which must occasion a demonstration from France.

England is living in fear of the French Emperor, and a general distrust prevails, as far as the world goes, in his work of emancipation, while he is thus thinking, a little ripple passed over his foot, and though it was what had been expecting, he recouled as if struck by a sudden blow.

Ellie still slept; she did not feel the large tear that fell on her brow as he bent over to catch the murmured words that she uttered in her sleep. She was dreaming of home; she said Willie's name, and laughed aloud.

Arthur shuddered involuntarily as the cavern walls echoed the sound.

At last Ellie moved restlessly, for the tide had by this time reached their resting place, and was flowing gently over her feet, which were curled up upon the rock. Arthur was bending down to awaken her, gently, when a sound from without caused him start violently, and then shout aloud with all the strength he could muster. He hardly knew his own voice—so hoarse and changed did it sound!

"Don't speak so, dear Arthur! I don't think God will let us be drowned. Just as you spoke, the verse I read this morning came into my head: Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith?"

Arthur was silent, and stood thinking for a little; at last he said:

"Let us go into the cave again, Ellie. There is no chance of escape here; perhaps we may find some place in the walls to which we can climb up. I have heard that in some caves the water only covers the surface of the floor."

Ellie allowed herself, somewhat unwillingly, to be led from the fresh air back into the dark cavern. Then shutting her eyes, she lent in silence against the rock, while Arthur eagerly investigated the damp walls.

"Ellie!" he exclaimed, "look! here is the very thing! Do you see that sort of little shelf in the rock?"

"Yes; but can we reach it?"

"I think so; you know we are both good climbers."

After a little difficulty, Arthur succeeded in reaching the crevice, and lay down so as to stretch his arm as far down as possible.

"Now, Ellie, put your foot there, and take hold of that stone, and raise your left foot and you will find another resting place. Capital! Now raise your hand, and I'll try to reach you—well done!"

Ellie drew a breath of relief when she found herself seated side by side with Arthur, and asked him in a cheerful voice, if he thought they would be safe where they were.

"I cannot tell, Ellie; we can only hope so."

This was not encouraging, and Ellie said no more, but looked round the cave, feeling very "eerie," for it was growing darker and darker as the evening shades crept on without.

"What are you thinking about, Ellie," said Arthur, as he felt her tremble.

"Those lines of the song Lucy sing last night will run in my head."

"What lines, dear?"

Ellie repeated in a voice which she tried in vain to make steady:

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The hungry, cruel foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
To her grave beside the sea."

"Try and think of something else."

"I have been trying for a long time, and I cannot."

Ellie started, a few minutes after, as the cave gave back the rich tones of Arthur's voice, as he sang the beautiful hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waters never roar,
While the tempest still is high."

"Hide me, O my Father, hide,
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh! receive my soul at last!"

He sang steadily through the verses, and Ellie thought the words had never before seemed so beautiful as they did now. Soothed and comforted, she hardly knew how, she

leaned back wearily against the damp, cold rock, for she was thoroughly worn out by the long day spent in scrambling among the rocks. Unlike Arthur, she did not realize the hopelessness of their situation. She knew they were in danger, but Ellie had a child's simple faith in God, and having asked Him to take care of her and Arthur, she felt secure in His protection. Her heavy eyes gradually closed, and in a little while her head fell on Arthur's shoulder, and she was fast asleep.

"Poor little Ellie!" said Arthur to himself; as he drew the closer round her. "What a mercy it is that she can sleep so peacefully!"

Hour followed hour, and Ellie slept on, while Arthur listened to the monotonous rippling of the water, and the shrill cry of the seabird as it flew by to seek its nest among the cliffs. The cave was now quite dark, and, from the sound of the waves, he was expecting to feel the tide break against him every moment, when a moonbeam came floating in along the water. "Arthur's heart died within him, as with it came the remembrance of Willie's words, uttered in the morning, and forgotten till that moment—"It is full-moon to-night, and there will be a springtide." A springtide! All hope was gone now, and he knew that a little later the cave would be stayed back from becoming a slave territory I am ready to assert the principle of the exclusion of slavery.—Daniel Webster.

I DON'T CARE whether slavery is voted up or voted down.—S. A. Douglas.

So long as God allows the vital current to flow through my veins, I will never, never, never, by word or thought, by mind or will aid in admitting one foot of free territory to the everlasting curse of human bondage.—S. A. Douglas.

"Never can I be induced by any earthly power to vote to extend slavery over one foot of territory now free.—Henry Clay.

I DON'T CARE whether slavery is voted up or voted down.—S. A. Douglas.

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An Eastern View of the West.

In a recent article, the Rev. Dr. Bellows says:

The West, considered as a representative of the future, typifies the whole country, and in its temper and spirit foretells the characteristics of New England, as well as those of New York, Ohio, Minnesota and Arizona. In short, the country is rapidly becoming a unit, with its centre on Mississippi, and the central forces are destined, and that shortly, to be far more influential on the local extremities than the older and hitherto more defined forces of the out-lying Atlantic coast are upon the center. New York, though on the Atlantic, is far more western than eastern in its spirit and dependencies. Morally and intellectually, it despises its life from the same quarter that it draws its business and its sustenance. The same is rapidly becoming true of Boston, which orient itself as it will, is occidentalizing in spite of its best endeavor. Its western railroad is more than a match for its moral Chinese wall. It sends out its sons to convert the West, and they return perverters to its larger creed. It pays the penalty of its own infidelity in going to criticize, and remain to dwell and to admire. New England is less in New England than out of it at this moment, and the western soil is often only the eastern spirit breaking out in the larger field of American life. The nurseries of the East are the forests of the West, and her gardens become prairies. It's idle, therefore, with the intermingled population, the daily intercourse, the business connections, the common life of our country, to talk of West and East as if the Alleghany were the old barrier of twenty years ago—as if railroads, telegraphs, great western cities and great national newspapers did not now exist to unify the life of the whole country. Only this is true: the West has received pretty much all the East has to give of moral and intellectual impulse; and be it for good or for evil, desirable or undesirable, the time has come when the East will feel every year the predominating influence of the West in its political, social and religious life. The four candidates for the Presidency are all from the Western Valley. Mr. Douglas and Mr. Seward are receiving national attention in New England, and J. Q. Adams, one of the least popular men at home New England ever produced, is avowed as the model of the New York man who is so popular there.

A HERO.

John B. Gough, the celebrated temperance lecturer who has returned to the United States from a visit to his native England, related, in one of his recent speeches, the following anecdote:

John Maynard was well known in the Lake district as a God-fearing, honest, intelligent pilot. He was a pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon.—At that time, those steamers seldom carried boats. Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out, "Simpson, go down and see what causes that smoke."—Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said—"Captain, the ship is on fire!"—Then, "Fire! fire! fire! fire on board!" All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed on the fire but in vain. There were large quantities of rosins and tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and enquired of the pilot, "How far are we from Buffalo?" "Seven miles." "How long before we reach it?" "Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam." "Is there any danger?" "Danger here—see the smoke bursting out! go forward, if you would save your lives!" Passengers and crew, men, women and children, crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose; the captain cried out through his trumpet—"John Maynard!" "Aye, aye, sir!" "How does she head?" "South-east by east sir." "Head her south-east and run her on shore." Nearer, nearer, yet nearer she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!" The response came feebly, "Aye, aye, sir!" "Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" "By God's help I will!" The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand clutched his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship—every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped and his spirit took its flight to his God. [Senation.]

He sacrificed his life to save a life of others. It is worth a greater effort to save a man from moral ruin—to save a child from drunkenness than from fire.

NO MIDDLE COURSE IN RELIGION.—Often do we hear romans professors strive to choke all forward holiness by commanding the holy mean. A cunning discouragement—the devil's sophistry! The mean of virtue is between two degrees. It is a mean grace that loves a mean degree of grace; yet this is the staff with which the world beats all that would be better than themselves. What will you be singular—walk alone? But were not the apostles singular in their walking, a spectacle to the world? Did not Christ call for this singularity?—What do you more than others? You that are God's peculiar people, will ye do no peculiar things? Ye that are separate from the world, will ye keep the world's road?

Must the name of a Puritan dishearten us in the service of God? St. Paul said in his apology, "By that which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers;" and by that which profane ones call Puritanism, which is indeed zealous devotion, so let my heart deserve to serve Jesus Christ.—Old puritan Writer.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

Fifteenth.—That appropriations by Congress for river and harbor improvements of a National character, required for the accommodation and security of an existing commerce, are authorized by the Constitution and justified by an obligation of the Government to protect the lives and property of its citizens.

Sixteenth.—That a railroad to the Pacific Ocean is imperatively demanded by the interest of the whole country, that the Federal Government ought to render immediate and efficient aid in its construction, and that as preliminary thereto, a daily overland mail should be promptly established.

Seventeenth.—Finally, having thus set forth our distinctive principles and views, we invite the co-operation of all citizens, however differing on other questions, who substantially agree with us in their affirmance and support.

CHAMBERSBURG FEMALE SEMINARY: FALL SESSION OF 1860.

THE Session will commence Sept. 12th, and arrangements have been made to carry forward the interests of the Institution in the most energetic and satisfactory manner. The Teachers who have charge of the French, Drawing, and Painting, and other branches of instruction, have had much experience in teaching. Unusual facilities will be afforded to the Primary Scholars. Additional classes will be opened, and superior inducements will be offered in the departments of Music, Drawing, and Painting.

Boarding Pupils will be taken on the same terms, and receive the same education as heretofore.

TEACHERS:

MR. HENRY C. REEVES, Principals.
Miss SARAH K. REEVES, French, English, & English.
Miss MARY E. WILLIAMS, Drawing, Painting, and English.
Miss ZICE DE FOREST, Instructional and Vocal Music.
Miss LIZZIE W. KENNEDY, English Brances.
Miss ANNA Y. WALK, English Branches.
For Catalogues apply to the Principal.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE
ON THE

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MAY 14th, 1860, the Passenger Trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad will arrive at and leave Harrisburg as follows:

EASTWARD.

THROUGH EXPRESS TRAIN arrives at 1:00 A. M. leaves at 10:30 A. M., stops at Middlefield, Elizabethport, Mt. Joy, Lancaster, Lebanon Place, Downingtown, White Horse, Chester, Philadelphia, and到达 at 5:00 P. M.

JT. JOY ACCOMMODATION TRAIN via the Lancaster Branch road, leaves at 5:00 A. M., stops at all the way stations, and arrives at West Philadelphia at 12:10 P. M.

FAST LINE arrives at 5:00 A. M., and leaves at 6:00 A. M. The Train stops at Middlefield, Elizabethport, Chester, Downingtown, and到达 at 12:10 P. M.

HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION TRAIN via the Branch Road leaves at West Philadelphia at 10:00 A. M.

MAIL TRAIN via the Harrisburg and Lancaster Road, arrives at 12:45 P. M., leaves at 1:00 P. M., and arrives at Mt. Joy, Lancaster, Lebanon Place, Parkersburg, Conestoga, and到达 at 5:00 P. M.

STEAMBOAT TRAIN leaves West Philadelphia at 5:00 P. M., arrives at West Philadelphia at 6:00 P. M.

ARRANGEMENTS MADE FOR THE EASTWARD TRAVELER.

THROUGH EXPRESS leaves West Philadelphia at 10:30 A. M., arrives at Harrisburg at 12:45 A. M., leaves at 2:00 P. M., and arrives at Pittsburgh at 12:45 P. M.

MORNING MAIL TRAIN leaves West Philadelphia at 5:00 A. M., arrives at 6:00 A. M., and arrives at Harrisburg at 12:45 P. M.

JT. JOY ACCOMMODATION TRAIN via the Harrisburg and Lancaster Road leaves Lancaster at 11:00 A. M., arrives at 1:00 P. M.

FAST LINE leaves West Philadelphia at 12:45 M., and arrives at Harrisburg at 1:00 P. M., leaves at 2:00 P. M.

HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION TRAIN leaves West Philadelphia at 1:00 P. M., arrives at Harrisburg at 1:45 P. M.

MAIL TRAIN via the Harrisburg and Lancaster Road, arrives at 2:45 P. M., leaves at 3:00 P. M., and arrives at Mt. Joy, Lancaster, Lebanon Place, Parkersburg, Conestoga, and到达 at 5:00 P. M.

STEAMBOAT TRAIN leaves West Philadelphia at 5:00 P. M., arrives at West Philadelphia at 6:00 P. M.

SAMUEL D. YOUNG, Superintendent.

June 12, '60.

NEW AIR LINE ROUTE
TO NEW YORK

SHORTEST IN DISTANCE
AND QUICKEST IN TIME
BETWEEN THE TWO CITIES
OF
NEW YORK
AND
HARRISBURG:

VIA READING, ALLENTON AND EASTON,

MORNING EXPRESS leaves New York at 6 A. M., arriving at Harrisburg at 12:45 noon, only 6½ hours between the two cities.

Evening Express leaves New York at 12:00 noon, and arrives at Harrisburg at 3:30 P. M.

MORNING MAIL LINE, East, leaves Harrisburg at 8:00 A. M., arrives at New York at 9:00 P. M.

EXPRESS TRAIN leaves West Philadelphia at 1:00 P. M., arrives at New York at 9:00 P. M.

Convoys are made at Harrisburg at 1:00 P. M. Express Trains in each direction on the Pennsylvania, CUMBERLAND VALLEY and Northern Penna. Railroads.

All trains connect at Reading with trains for Pittsfield, Albany, Philadelphia, and at Allentown for Mauch Chunk, Easton, etc.

No change of Passenger Cars or Baggage between New York and Harrisburg, by the 6:00 A. M. Line from New York.

Evening Express leaves West Philadelphia at 5:00 P. M., arrives at New York and Harrisburg FIVE DOLLARS. For tickets and other information apply to J. J. CYLDE, General Agent, Harrisburg, June 20, 1860.—ly.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD, SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MAY 28th, 1860.

TWO PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE PHILADELPHIA DAILY, Sunday excepted, at 8:00 A. M. and 1:15 P. M., for Philadelphia, arriving there at 1:20 P. M., and 4:30 P. M., respectively.

THURSDAY EXPRESSES LEAVE WEST PHILADELPHIA AT 11:15 P. M., ARRIVING AT NEW YORK AT 9:00 P. M.

Convoys are made at Harrisburg at 1:00 P. M. Express Trains in each direction on the Pennsylvania, CUMBERLAND VALLEY and Northern Penna. Railroads.

All trains connect at Reading with trains for Pittsfield, Albany, Philadelphia, and at Allentown for Mauch Chunk, Easton, etc.

No change of Passenger Cars or Baggage between New York and Harrisburg, by the 6:00 A. M. Line from New York.

Evening Express leaves West Philadelphia at 5:00 P. M., arrives at New York and Harrisburg FIVE DOLLARS. For tickets and other information apply to J. J. CYLDE, General Agent, Harrisburg, June 20, 1860.—ly.

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TWO PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE PHILADELPHIA DAILY, Sunday excepted, at 8:00 A. M. and 1:15 P. M., for Philadelphia, arriving there at 1:20 P. M., and 4:30 P. M., respectively.

THURSDAY EXPRESSES LEAVE WEST PHILADELPHIA AT 11:15 P. M., ARRIVING AT NEW YORK AT 9:00 P. M.

Convoys are made at Harrisburg at 1:00 P. M. Express Trains in each direction on the Pennsylvania, CUMBERLAND VALLEY and Northern Penna. Railroads.

All trains connect at Reading with trains for Pittsfield, Albany, Philadelphia, and at Allentown for Mauch Chunk, Easton, etc.

No change of Passenger Cars or Baggage between New York and Harrisburg, by the 6:00 A. M. Line from New York.

Evening Express leaves West Philadelphia at 5:00 P. M., arrives at New York and Harrisburg FIVE DOLLARS. For tickets and other information apply to J. J. CYLDE, General Agent, Harrisburg, June 20, 1860.—ly.

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Repository and Transcript.

CHAMBERSBURG.

Wednesday Morning, Nov. 7, 1860.

In proportion as the structure of a Government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion be enlightened.—Wash. on.

FOR PRESIDENT,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

HANNIBAL HAMLIN,
OF MAINE.

FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

FOR STATE AT-LARGE.

JAMES POLLOCK.	THOMAS M. HOWE.
DISTRICT ELECTORS;	
FESTISTS.	DISTRICTS.
1. EDWARD C. KNIGHT.	14. ULYSSES MERCER.
2. ROBERT P. KING.	15. GEORGE BRESSLER.
3. JAMES W. FULLER.	16. DAVID SHARPE.
4. THOMAS M. FOUST.	17. DANIEL O. GEHR.
5. NATHAN HILLES.	18. SAMUEL CALVIN.
6. JOHN M. BROOKMILL.	19. EDGAR COWAN.
7. DAVID E. FULLER.	20. WILLIAM MCKENNAN.
8. DAVID E. STOUT.	21. JOHN M. KIRKPATRICK.
9. FRANCIS W. CHRIST.	22. JAMES KERR.
10. RICHARD P. ROBERTS.	23. RICHARD P. ROBERTS.
11. DAVID TAGGART.	24. HENRY SOUTHER.
12. THOMAS R. HULL.	25. JOHN GREEN.

THE CONFLICT OF 1860.

ONE SIDE.

*The Union, Protection of Free Men, Free Lands, and the Domination of Free Labor, on the OTHER SIDE, Slavery, Disunion, Corruption, Free Trade, and Death to American Freedom.**"As long as God allows the vital current to flow through my veins, I will never, never, never, by word, or thought, by mind or will, aid in admitting to one root of Fr. E. Territory, the EVERLASTING CURSE of Human Bondage."*

—HENRY CLAY.

ANOTHER INVITATION.

A number of our patrons have been in arrears for three, four and some for five years. We have asked them to pay us the whole or part of their bills; they have answered that, owing to the lightness of the crops and the consequent scarcity of money, they were wholly unable to meet our just demands. This excuse can scarcely be given now, since there has been an abundance of all kinds of produce, and good prices. We therefore take this method of inviting those who are thus in our debt to bring or send us some money as soon as possible. During the approaching Court an excellent opportunity will present itself to those who cannot make it convenient to come here in person. Our wants are great and pressing, or we would not be thus plain. This is intended as well for those who owe us for Advertising and Job Work, as for those who are indebted for the paper.

We take this occasion to thank those who have been thoughtful of our wants, and have been punctual in their payments—but our expenses are heavy, and, to meet them, we require all that is due us. We, therefore, call upon our literary friends to come up to the work.

TO-MORROW.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH, 1860.

Will be remembered as an epoch—a notable event—a turning point in the political History of our Confederacy. Since its formation, the issue between *Freedom* and *Slavery*, for the master, has never been so distinctly drawn nor so urgently pressed.

Men of Franklin!—How do you propose to meet this issue?—Are you indifferent as to the result, and say you say with Senator DOUGLASS that “I do not care whether *Slavery* is voted up or voted down!” O! Men and Americans!—the eyes of languishing Freedom in the Old World are upon you, and the hopes of posterity depend upon your action.

While the beautiful planes of Italy are, this very hour, drench with the best blood of its people, in a struggle to throw off the yoke of the oppressor, that they may obtain but a tittle of the political and civil privileges we enjoy—whose beautiful sky is blackened with the smoke of battle and of burning towns, villages and hamlets—whose fruitful fields are laid waste by the tread of a ruthless soldiery, in an effort to win Freedom, shall it be said of Americans that they are unworthy of Liberty because they manifested a want of

a proper appreciation of the blessings and privileges it bestows?—Shall we exhibit ourselves to the gaze of mankind as “unworthy sons of noble sires?” No!—no! Let us stand forth in all the pride and majesty of our American citizenship, and proclaim, through the ballot-box, to tyrants everywhere, that we love Freedom more than Slavery—that we regard our Country more than Party, and that we have not forgotten the teachings of our father.

While the patriots of Italy are this moment following their Washington—the brave, the chivalrous and noble Garibaldi—in a bloody struggle to achieve their independence—to throw off the galling chains of despotism—and to establish an Italian nationality—let the future historian not be compelled to record the fact, that Americans, in the full glare and noon-tide of the Nineteenth Century, faltered in their devotion to Freedom.

The time for argument is past—the hour for action is at hand. Devote one day more to Free Speech, Free Labor and Free Homes for Free White men.—Teach a corrupt and dying dynasty that Freemen are neither to be bought by gold, deceived by promises, nor deterred from doing a Freeman’s duty by threats of Secession or Disunion. We not only want a victory, but a glorious one—a victory that will show the faces of the North and traitors of the South that Pennsylvania is loyal to the Union, the Constitution and the Laws. Let no man remain away from the polls because he believes the State is secure for LINCOLN. Each man should desire to participate in the contest, that he may be able to say, in the future—“I helped to achieve the Great Political Victory in 1860—I voted for LINCOLN and HAMILIN, the representatives of true Liberty, the earnest and honest advocates of Protection to American Industry and the defenders of our Territories from the plouting touch, the degrading tread and the blighting sweat of the servile bondsman.” When three score years and ten are upon you, and you are able thus to speak, you will be regarded with the same veneration and respect that are those who are yet among us, who boast of having voted for Washington or Jefferson—for we hold, that LINCOLN is the representative of the same pure principles of Republicanism as taught by these sages.

YOUNG MEN!—Of you the cause expects much. Full of the fire of youth, full of strength, full of ardor and zeal, much of the hard labor is lain upon your shoulders. As your fathers step back into the shade of more mature years, you are expected to fill the vacuum in the fore-front of the battle—acquit yourselves like men! See to it, that every voter is brought to the polls, and that aged and infirm voters are provided with a conveyance to get there. Leave nothing undone that should be done, to secure a full vote. You will be fully compensated in the reflection, that you discharged your duty to your country and to Freedom.

We have no fears for the result, if all do their duty—our defeat is not within the range of probabilities, if every vote is cast; but all depends upon every man putting his shoulder to the wheel. We are told that “Liberty wept when Kosciusko fell,” and well she might, for he was a true worshipper at her shrine; and in the future it will be said with as much truth—should the Republican party be defeated, the thought of which we do not entertain for a moment—that Slavery clanked its chains and Tyrants held a carnival when LINCOLN was defeated.

Our duty as watchmen upon the walls of liberty closes for the campaign, with this number of our paper, and we rest the case, relying upon the patriotism, the virtue and the intelligence of a free people for a true verdict, which will be a victory of Freedom over Oppression, Right over Wrong, and Truth over Falsehood.

In our next issue we expect to be able to give the reader the particulars of one of the most glorious and grand Political Triumphs that has ever cheered the heart of the patriot, which will place our country in proud and conspicuous eminence, “redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled,” and as her mountains and valleys are beautiful to the eye, the simplicity of her institutions the admiration of mankind, let the result also distinguish her as emphatically “the land of the FREE and the home of the BRAVE”

THE UNION.

So little value do Southern men seem to place upon the Union of the American States that strangers of our history might be led to believe, from reading Southern newspapers, or from listening to their foaming orators, that the only bond of Union between the States was a mere rope of sand, which could be disrupted by almost any violent puff of wind; that there was no meaning, no utility in the sacred compact entered into by our forefathers, which united in one the various provinces of a great country, filled as those provinces were by men speaking the same language, and to a large extent, by blood relatives.

What is the reason which governs the people of one section of the Union in their mad fury upon the indissoluble bond which, like the sinews and veins which unite the various parts of the human frame, forms of the different parts of our confederacy one living, compact whole? Have the citizens of the States which are rampant in their threatenings been disturbed in the enjoyment of their inalienable right to Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Have they been prevented enjoying their share of the honor and profit connected with holding office under the General Government? Or, if none of these, what other reason induces them to rail out so wildly against the Union? These are natural questions, and we propose answering them.

In the first place, there is no reason why the citizens of the South, or of any other portion of the Union, should raise complaints against the confederation of the States as a means of obtaining redress for real, much less for supposed grievances. Any evil which can not be removed under the present, united form of Government, must, necessarily, become aggravated when we become strangers to each other, and cease to have a common bond of Union.

The citizens of the South, however, of all the people in the land, are the last to complain of their Northern brethren trespassing upon the dearest rights of Free men, as guaranteed to American citizens in our Magna Charta—the Declaration of Independence. They not only rule with undisturbed sway in their own section of the Union, but are free to pass, hither and thither, wherever they may choose to go, throughout the North; while the citizens of the North are not thus privileged to travel in the South. The South are uninterruptedly permitted to go into any Northern State they may desire to visit, and even take the stump in opposition to our form of labor; but if a Northern man dares to assert, even in private conversation, one word adverse to their labor policy, he is driven by force to leave the State—not unfrequently for no offense other than an honest difference of opinion, subjected to brute violence at the hands of an infuriated mob.

The Southern people have never been disturbed, in the enjoyment of one of their constitutional rights by their Northern brethren; yet, for some foolish reason—in fact for no reason at all, simply through mistaken prejudice—all Northern men are

looked upon by Southern hotspurs, and the leaders of political factions—the founders of Southern opinion—as sworn enemies to the South. This reckless, wicked dogma has seized hold upon the minds of every man South over whom the fire-eaters could exert any influence—and these are only the noisy brawlers—until, from reading the editorials of a certain school of politicians, and the resolutions passed by the same class of partisans, one might suppose that the whole South were fully united in their opposition to the dear, the glorious Union. Such, however, we are happy to say, is not the case. There beats in the bosoms of thousands of honest, upright, conservative men in the South as loyal hearts, as are to be found in the North, in favor of the Union as it is. These men compose the large majority of the thinking, intelligent, respectable portion of Southern society. They will take care of the mid-caps who threaten to destroy the temple of Liberty—break down the safe-guards of the beloved Union—and see that the crazy creatures do not harm themselves or others.

An examination into the records of the Government will show any candid man that our Southern brethren—constituting as they do a minority of the Free White population of the country, and entitled to less than half the offices of the common nation—have held not only one half but nearly, if not quite, two-thirds of all prominent positions under every national Administration from Washington to Buchanan’s. They do not then complain in this respect for the past; their loud cries are for fear the majority of the people of the UNION may not for the FUTURE permit the minority, the South, to usurp all the benefits of the common property.

There is no real cause for apprehension for the safety of the Union; all the clamor among political brawlers in the South has a view to the offices of the General Government—the lowes and fishes of the nation. If the Northern people were to proclaim, with united voice, that Southern people only should receive appointments under the in-coming administration, there would not be heard one more word of complaint against the Union as it is—They would unite in twisting hemp, in their anxiety to procure ropes, to hang every man who dared to raise his impious voice against the greatest Government on earth—the voluntary, inseparable Union of the Free American States. As the petty question of office, then, is the largest bone of contention between men who should be brethren, it is too trifling to seriously mar the peaceful progress of our destiny. What ever else may occur, no man now living will be spared to see a dissolution of the Union of the American States.

CONSISTENT WITH ITSELF.

The *Valley Spirit* in its last week’s issue published a letter purporting to have been written by some one in Green castle, who attended a Republican Meeting recently held in that place. The tone of this letter is in perfect keeping with that of the *Spirit*, and, consequently, to the general reader of that paper, seems altogether in place. Its subject matter is a very low grade of personal scurrility, even to proflanity, whilst upon its face, falsehood of the blackest dye is most apparent. No one can read it, and not consider the writer a perfect ninny, and one to whom falsehood and bilingsgate come more natural than truth. Nor is this all; it is full of glaring grammatical inaccuracies, verbal mistakes, and rhetorical blunders. The writer would do well to spend a session or two in some district school, before he attempts to insult the public with his heterogeneous trash. Look at some of his errors,—“had came there to make a very lengthy speech,” “he had forgot to put the paper,” &c., “had now came to pay their respects,” “the land of ‘Canaan,’ which he will find a hard road.” &c.

Who ever heard that Canaan was a road. To us it has always been represented as a land. We quote these few instances to show the style of the article, and the scholarship of the correspondent.

We cannot condemn the writer, for perhaps he did as well as he could; but he should learn that his qualifications are not yet sufficient to enable him to report for the press; or if he is ambitious to become a writer, he should send his brainless effusions to some publisher whose standard of excellence and common decency is higher than that of the *Spirit*.

A MAJORITY OVER ALL!

That is the point to aim at! Let us send ABRAHAM LINCOLN to the White House, backed by a MAJORITY OVER ALL THE CANDIDATES in opposition to him.

Let Franklin County do her share of the work by POLLING EVERY VOTE within her borders, that is opposed to the miserable remnant of the foul party!

AUSTRIAN DESPOTISM IN THE SOUTH.

In North-western Virginia there is an organized and working party in favor of Lincoln and Hamlin. In other parts of the State there are thousands of men who think with them and would act with them if it was not for the desperate and cruel despotism which has established a “Reign of Terror” to shackle thought and intimidate honest men in the “Old Dominion.” In the City of Wheeling the Lincoln party is large, and the *Intelligencer* is its flourishing organ. In a late issue that paper says:

“Hundreds upon hundreds in the interior, who dare not vote with us, are ready to send their congratulations, their hearty well wishes, and if needs be their ‘material aid,’ to help us of the glorious free ‘Pan Handle,’ who are privileged to speak and vote as we please.” To see some of the letters we get is enough to make a man’s heart grow sick within him. To see freemen, so called, beseeching us to burn their letters as soon as read, and not let their names be known; for fear of injury to their persons or property at home, is humiliating indeed. Yet this is the case even here in Western Virginia. We get letters almost every week, assuring us of the deep sympathy of the writer with the supporters of Lincoln, earnestly expressing the hope of the election of Lincoln and Hamlin, and yet containing the cautious injunction not to let the name of the writer be known, if we should see fit to publish any part of the letters. Isn’t a state of society like that under which those writers live a choice one to extend into our territories? Wouldn’t it be a good idea to give up all our unoccupied territory to such an Austrian despotism?”

THE AMENDMENT HONORABLE.

The *Harrisburg Patriot and Union* states, that the pretended off-sive extract from a speech of Mr. John Wilson, a Lincoln elector of Indiana, crept into its columns without the knowledge of any of the political editors of that paper, and fraudulently and sensibly admits that it was an utter forgery. This is the main way. Deceptive or false statements always injure the organs and the cause, and degrade the whole press. But, while we do the *Patriot and Union* the justice to make this statement, we must say, to retract, a deceptive or false statement is not a characteristic of the Locofoco press, for their whole political capital, as a general thing, consists of just such kind of material, and if they would retract every false statement they make, their race would be but a short one and the epitaph of their party easily written. But unfortunately for truth and the reputation of the public press, Locofoco editors, with some honorable exceptions, act on the principle that “a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth!”

REPUBLICAN GAINS.

There was an Anti-Republican majority in Indiana in 1856 of 46,681, and in Pennsylvania of 165,310. At the late election Indiana gave a Republican majority of 10,000, being a gain of 56,000, and Pennsylvania a Republican majority of 220,000, a gain of 200,000. In Ohio, Fremont was in a minority by 11,598. Now there is a Republican majority against Democracy and fusion of 20,000, and against Democracy unfused of 30,000, a Republican gain of 31,000 to 36,000. The gains in the three States then, in four years, foot up as follows:

Indiana	56,000
Ohio, average.....	33,000
Pennsylvania.....	200,000
Total	289,000

The Republican majorities in the three States compare thus:

Pennsylvania.....	32,000
Indiana	10,000
Ohio	20,000

So much for Freedom, Free Speech, Free Lands and the Protection of American Industry.

NEW YORK ALL RIGHT.

The New York *Herald*, of Friday last, in a lengthy article relative to the coming election, honestly concedes the State to Lincoln, and his election to the Presidency, and advises all parties to shape their course to that event. The Republicans claim the State by from fifty to seventy thousand majority. We quote from the *Herald* as follows:

“It is universally conceded that, unless the vote of New York can be turned against him, Lincoln’s election is inevitable. Common justice to all concerned demands that the idea that ‘something may turn up’ to redeem New York should be abandoned. New York will vote for Lincoln, and by a larger majority, we dare say, than any other State. Lincoln will be elected. There is no use in minding the matter any longer. We are called upon to look this thing full in the face. The best that our Union forces can now do is to save all the odds and ends of the election within their reach, such as Congressmen, Assemblies and county officers. Lincoln will be elected, and all parties concerned may as well just now shape their course to that event as to wait till the day after the election.”

POLL EVERY VOTE.

Friends of Freedom in every District, we are up and doing. There is a great work to do on the 6th of November, and but a few hours time remains in which to get ready for it. So let not an hour from now until the polls close.

GO TO WORK, and work incessantly, with all your might, for your gallant standard-bearers, the representatives of your noble and patriotic cause—Lincoln and Hamlin. See your neighbors, and urge them to go to the election.

MAKE EVERY VOTE YOU CAN, and above all don’t stay away from the election yourself, nor let any other friend of our cause and candidate stay away.

REMEMBER that we must make the majority in the “Green Spot” number ONE THOUSAND! We can if we will!

Friends! Republicans! Patriots!

The recent victories in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana were obtained only by HARD WORK.

The victory in the great battle of November, is within our grasp, if we will but work for it. For the sake of all that is just, and noble, and patriotic, let us not lose the victory through any carelessness. AN EMPIRE IS AT STAKE; let us preserve it for FREEDOM!

“OLD AGE” GOING TO SPEAK.—As Messrs. Breckinridge and Douglas have taken the stump, Mr. Lincoln’s friends have concluded to make an appointment for him. He will address his fellow-citizens of all parties, from the east portico of the Capitol at Washington City, on the 4th day of March next, at 1 o’clock P.M. All are invited to attend.

WHY YOU SHOULD VOTE.

We hope no Republican will determine to remain at home and not vote at the Presidential Election, upon the supposition that Pennsylvania will go for Lincoln and Hamlin any how, and that his vote will not be needed.

Every Republican vote should be polled to secure the election of our candidate by the People.

If Lincoln is not elected by the People, the choice of a President will be thrown into Congress; and in that event, there would be real danger to the permanency of our Union.

Who does not remember the confusion, the intense excitement and bitter sectional feeling that pervaded Congress and the Country, last winter, in the effort to choose a Speaker of the House of Representatives?

Should the choice of a President be thrown into the House, who can imagine, without entertaining the most distressing fears for the safety of the Union, the terrible conflict that would then and there ensue between the different sections of the Confederacy for the preponderance? The trouble which attended the choice of a Speaker would sink into insignificance in comparison!

The choice of a President, by Congress, at the present moment, fearful juncture of Southern sectional feeling, is the breaker that the People must now avoid running the ship of State upon!

How is the danger to be avoided? By electing a President by a majority of the Electoral vote of the Union. We know of no other way than for every Republican to turn out and vote for Lincoln, as, in the present state of parties, he is the only man that can, by any possibility, receive a majority of the Electoral Votes of the States; and if this is done, we have no fears for the result.

Let all who are not in the habit of voting, consider the danger that now appears to be brooding over the peace, quiet and tranquility of the country in the event of a failure to elect a President by the People, and let them determine that they will not sit quietly by, if by their voting, they may render the apparent danger less formidable. An election BY THE PEOPLE will act upon the excited feelings of the South like oil upon the troubled waters.

We should not only desire to elect Mr. Lincoln by a majority of the Electoral vote, but every Republican should use his best efforts to have every vote polled, so that he shall also have a majority of the popular vote—making him, emphatically, the President of the United States by the voice of its citizens.

By polling a full vote, we keep the election of the President out of Congress, and thus avoid all danger. Let every Republican remember this, and let it inspire him and all others who are not in the habit of voting, to turn out on 6th of November, and give to LINCOLN and HAMILIN—to Freedom and Free Territories—and Protection to American Industry, his zealous and hearty support. Friends of Freedom! the eyes of the world are upon you.

MEN OF FRANKLIN!

Remember that Lincoln and Hamlin are the representatives of the following principles:

- Non-interference with Slavery in the Slave States; but opposition to its extension into Territories now free.
- To procure a more efficient law for the suppression of the Slave Trade.
- The admission of Kansas under her present Constitution.
- A Revenue Law, discriminating in favor of Home Industry, for the support of the government.

5. A reform in the abuses and a reduction in the expenditures of the General Government.

6. A liberal Homestead Law for actual settlers on the public lands.

7. The improvements of Rivers and Harbors of national interest.

8. The speedy construction, by aid of the General Government, of a Railroad to the Pacific.

TO THE POLLS, then, ON TUESDAY, and deposit your ballots in favor of the men who are the representatives of these beneficial measures of public policy.

Fraudulent Naturalization Papers.

The fraudulent Naturalization papers issued by the Locofocos in 1856, may be readily distinguished from the genuine by observing that on the seal of the *fraudulent* are the words:

U.S. "Prothonotary's Office, Philadelphia County."

On the genuine, you will always find the name of the Court issuing them, viz.: "District Court of the City of Philadelphia."

"Court of Common Pleas of the City and County of Philadelphia."

Whenever a man attempts to vote on one of the fraudulent papers, he should be promptly arrested, and handed over to the District Attorney. Will Election Officers, and Challengers for our side make a note of this?

A LAST EFFORT.

Freemen, of Franklin county! The time for argument has passed. Every inducement which would have any weight with intelligent men has been presented to you. Nothing now remains but thorough, systematic energetic work. Whatever is to be done must be done at once. We have no fears of the result, unless our friends, feeling too confident of the effect of the recent glorious victory upon our opponents, stay at home. Consider for one moment, the immense importance of the contest and its issues, and then act zealously upon your convictions. See to it, especially, that no Lincoln voter is left at home. Go to the polls early, and work assiduously until they are closed, and all will be needed.

They begin to talk about the evils of slavery in Maryland. A planter near Baltimore, and the owner of fifty slaves, publishes a letter in the Baltimore Patriot in which he gives statistics and advanced arguments to prove that while slavery may have elevated the negro race above the level they would have occupied in Africa, it has kept back the white race, morally and materially, where it has existed. He prays, therefore, that the institution may be kept from the Territories.

A NOBLE BOY.—A Bell and Everett parent down in Connecticut, introduced his son to one of the lights and leaders of the Union party, with the apology—"I am sorry to say, though, that he is a Black Republican." The son promptly replied: "If you wanted me to train in your company, father, you ought not to have sent me to the free schools."

LOCAL ITEMS.**MEETINGS OF THE PEOPLE!****THE LAST RALLY!****FREEMEN, TO YOUR POSTS!****THE GREAT CONTEST IS UPON YOU!**

Meetings of the People, friendly to the election of

LINCOLN, & HAMILIN

will be held at the following times and places: London, Monday Evening, Nov. 5. Upton, " " " New Guilford, Monday " " "

Several Speakers will be in attendance at each of the above points.

J. ALLISON EYSTER,
Chairman County Executive Committee,
P. HAMMAN, Secy.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.—The following are the proceedings of the October Term of Court: QUARTER SESSIONS.

Com. vs. Jeremiah Gates and Geo. W. Higginson. Surety of the Peace. Insulting Mrs. Mary B. M'Knight on the highway. Defendants entitled to bail in \$100 each to keep the peace, and to pay costs of prosecution. Eyster, Reilly & Sharpe for Com.; McLellan & McClure for Plff.; Cessna, J. & T. J. Nill for Defendants.

Samuel Myers & Jacob Brand vs. Hiram M. White and others. *Quare clausum frigidi.* Dispute brought to recover damage done to partition wall. Verdict, one dollar for Plff. J. & T. J. Nill and Cessna for Plff.; Reilly & Sharpe and McLellan & McClure for Defendants.

Isaac H. Niles vs. Jacob Bernerd & Rebecca his wife. Action of Ejectment. Verdict for the Defendants. McLellan & McClure for Plff.; Reilly & Sharpe for Defendants.

Samuel Myers & Jacob Brand vs. Hiram M. White and others. *Quare clausum frigidi.* Action brought to recover damage done to partition wall. Verdict, one dollar for Plff. J. & T. J. Nill and Cessna for Plff.; Reilly & Sharpe and McLellan & McClure for Defendants.

Com. vs. Daniel Sprinkle. Assault and Battery, on information of John Fisher. Verdict, guilty. Sentence deferred. Eyster, Reilly & Sharpe, McLellan & McClure for Com.; J. & T. J. Nill and J. R. T. X. Orr for Plff.; Reilly & Sharpe and McLellan & McClure for Defendants.

Com. vs. Isaac Wise. Assault and Battery, on information of Daniel Dyer. Verdict, guilty. Sentence deferred. Eyster, Reilly & Sharpe, McLellan & McClure for Com.; J. & T. J. Nill and J. R. T. X. Orr for Plff.; Reilly & Sharpe and McLellan & McClure for Defendants.

Com. vs. Daniel Sprinkle. Malicious Mischief. Verdict, guilty. Sentence to pay a fine of one cent, and be imprisoned thirty days in the County jail. Eyster & Bonebrake for Com.; Stumbaugh & Carlisle for Defendants.

Com. vs. Lewis Deal. Assault, on information of John Lester. Verdict, not guilty, but Defendants entitled to one-fourth of the costs and prosecutor three-fourths. Eyster, J. & T. J. Nill for Com.; Reilly & Sharpe for Defendants.

Com. vs. Samuel Mahan. Larceny, on information of Henry P. Cook, for converting to his own use a pocket-book found on the highway, containing \$25. Verdict, guilty. Sentence to pay a fine of one cent, costs of prosecution, and be imprisoned in the County jail for sixty days. Eyster, Reilly & Sharpe for Com.; Stumbaugh & Carlisle and J. R. T. X. Orr for Defendants.

Com. vs. Daniel Jamison. Larceny, on information of Christian Freet, for stealing six sheep. Verdict, guilty. Defendants entitled to one-fourth of the costs and prosecutor three-fourths. Eyster, J. & T. J. Nill for Com.; Reilly & Sharpe for Defendants.

Com. vs. Jacob Ackerman. Indecent assault on a young girl. Verdict, guilty. Defendants entitled to one cent, costs of prosecution, and be imprisoned in County jail for thirty days. Eyster for Com.; Stumbaugh & Carlisle for Defendants.

Com. vs. George Clarke. Malicious mischief, on information of Peter Harlacher. Verdict, guilty. Sentence to pay a fine of one cent, costs of prosecution, and be imprisoned in County jail for thirty days. Eyster for Com.; Stumbaugh & Carlisle for Defendants.

The above Speakers return their unfeigned thanks to the citizens of the Valley, for the generous hospitality which they met with while in their romantic, picturesque and beautiful section of the county.

Com. vs. Susan Corbett. Assault and Battery, on information of Nancy Wade. Verdict, guilty. Sentence to pay a fine of one cent and costs of prosecution. Eyster, Reilly & Sharpe for Com.; Clark for Defendants.

Com. vs. Nancy Wade and Nancy Sturdevant. Assault and Battery on oath of Susan Corbett. Nancy Sturdevant not arrested. Verdict, guilty. Sentence to pay a fine of one cent and costs of prosecution. Eyster, Reilly & Sharpe for Com.; Clarke for Defendants.

Com. vs. Carlisle Koon. Fornication and Bastardy. Defendants entitled to one cent, the expenses of the trial, and a sum to cover the expenses of the defense. Verdict, guilty. Sentence to pay a fine of one cent and costs of prosecution. Eyster, Reilly & Sharpe for Com.; Carlisle for Defendants.

Com. vs. Franklin Foltz. Fornication and Bastardy. Defendants entitled to one cent, the expenses of the trial, and a sum to cover the expenses of the defense. Verdict, guilty. Sentence to pay a fine of one cent and costs of prosecution. Eyster, Reilly & Sharpe for Com.; Carlisle for Defendants.

Com. vs. William H. Felt. Fornication and Bastardy. Defendants entitled to one cent, the expenses of the trial, and a sum to cover the expenses of the defense. Verdict, guilty. Sentence to pay a fine of one cent and costs of prosecution. Eyster, Reilly & Sharpe for Com.; Carlisle for Defendants.

Com. vs. John C. Clark. Fornication and Bastardy. Defendants entitled to one cent, the expenses of the trial, and a sum to cover the expenses of the defense. Verdict, guilty. Sentence to pay a fine of one cent and costs of prosecution. Eyster, Reilly & Sharpe for Com.; Clark for Defendants.

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From the New York Independent.
THE LOST ONE FOUND.
THE INTERMEDIATE DELAY.
BY REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D.

Every step in the religious history of a wandering youth is successively and very distinctly illustrated in the Savior's story. The first spring of the error, and the first manifestation of its power, had been described with discriminating accuracy. The rebelling heart, discontented and grasping, conceives and makes its proposition. Man is "drawn away and enticed by his own lusts; and when just have conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death." The affections and desires thus perverted, the secret pressure urges to an outward utterance or demonstration of some kind; and the first early fruits of the transgression are produced. It has been an inward controversy of the flesh lusts against the Spirit,—appetite rebelling against conscience, and outward attractions contending with an outward sense of duty and obligation. It has been really a controversy between man and God,—long perhaps concealed within,—and urging man, yet restrained, to some special exhibition of his choice and purpose,—until in the wanderer's case, self and sin are triumphant, and the evidence of their destructive power is sadly given. We may use the Lord's solemn and affecting words on another occasion in application to this condition, "They know not what they do."

It is a simple and determined gratification of self, in its appetites and its purposes. There is no definite consideration, indeed no knowledge, of the full results. The outward journey is commenced. Whither it shall lead,—in what it shall end,—who can tell? It is the heedless but determined indulgence of personal desire, whatever it may cost, or what laws soever it may violate. Thus the first transgressors started upon their sinful course in Eden, little discerning or imagining what would befall them in the end. The journey out away from God, or any possible method of recovery or return, how little could they understand or consider. The temptation is the same in every case, and the darkness which conceals the individual result unchanged. The lust for gratification conquers the power of restraint. The weariness of dependence and subjection bursts forth into actual conscious revolt. And thus the story proceeds.

"And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and took his journey." This hesitation and delay in carrying out his purpose and desire fully, are wonderfully significant. The first triumph of conscious sin in the heart is alarming, sometimes in the extreme. The demand has been made, and it has been gratified. But ah, what then? It is a new condition,—an untried state,—a startling and fearful consummation, however gratifying, and however much desired. "What fruit have you?" a voice seems to utter in the soul, with amazing power. And the young man starts back from his own attainments,—conscious, though indefinitely, that he is on the way to ruin. "The eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked." This was—this is always the first discovery, when appetite has triumphed over conscience, and the flesh has wounded and driven back the Spirit. The younger son surveys his half of his father's goods, so generously bestowed. Pride, vanity, self-complacency, plans for gratification, fill his heart. These goods are his. He is free,—his own master. But an ineradicable sense of something wrong, like the death's head at an Egyptian feast,—a consciousness that with all his attainments he is not secure,—a fear of some issue that will stain the pride of all his glory, and fill him with the bitterness of regret after all his pleasures, mingled up with his enjoyment and self-gratulation; and he is, after all, far from satisfied or happy.

So the Savior says, "Not many days after." There is a lingering trial in the soul,—between the first actual victory of sin, and the final plunge in complete subjection to its power. Affection and memory still arrest him. He stands where the roads divide, and has hardly made up his mind to go. Thus the first transgressors gave the history of their process. They did not yield at once. They heard, they examined, they considered. And not until they were convinced, did they fully concede. They present this account as their excuse. They rather imagine a merit in this parleying with the temptation, which ought to be taken into the account. How often may we read this original story, and find all its succeeding steps renewed in the process of sinful rebellion in our own minds. What a period there often is of this struggling argument, when conscience arrests the will, and beats back the appetite from its purpose.—The temptation occurs. It is again and again considered. Its pleas of advantage and gratification are heard. The instances of gain which it has furnished are displayed. The possibility of a safe indulgence is weighed. "The tree seems good for food and pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise." The hand is reached forth to gather the fruit, however forbidden, when a terrible voice shakes the very soul within, "Oh, do not this abominable thing which I hate,"—and the hand falls down as if withered by its power.

How often, and often how long, are these secret mental discussions maintained! It is a momentous crisis, these "not many days after!" I demonstrated not long since with a vacillating hearer, in a particular crisis of temptation. The advantages and pleasures of the attracting course were presented in excuse. The doubtfulness of its propriety was acknowledged and felt. "Why do you not give up your religious stand and follow it then?"

I demanded. "I am quite sure it is wrong," was the reply. "Why do you not instantly recede then?" "I am really trying to convince myself it is lawful and right," was the fatal response. What, in such a case, could be done? No power less than Divine could pluck a sinner from ruin in a crisis of court danger like this. But of what infinite worth is this period of delay! Even then the way may be recovered,—the heart truly struggling against the evil, may be propped up and strengthened. The snare may be broken. But the voluntary, chosen looking upon the temptation is destruction. The enlisting of the will on the side of a contemplation of its benefits, is the captivity of the man, which nothing but the immediate power of God can overcome.

And then comes the triumph of self,—and the bondage of the soul. The "not many days" pass by, and the question so often resolved is decided. Appetite conquers reason; rebellion overthrows the conscience; the warnings of the Spirit are rejected; and the heart goes with the strangers to which it has joined itself. This fact is wonderfully stated by the Lord, "The younger son gathered all together." It was a bold push, a clean sweep. The current that had been withheld, dammed up so long, suddenly, summarily bursts all obstructions, forces its way through every restraint,—and rushes down with an impetuosity which nothing can resist. This is a perfect exhibition of the history of such a case. Nothing else can maintain the determination and keep up the courage in such a revolt, but some such reckless resolve and fixity. The eyes are shut—the teeth are clenched, the muscles are strained,—the brows are knit, and the sin is chosen with a fearful determination, though death may follow instantly in his train. The conscience must be silenced. The Spirit must be quenched. Memory must be stilled. There can be no pleasure else. Religious companions and influences must be forsaken. Company and scenes must be changed. To look back is misery. To think of what is lost,—of the hearts that have been broken and crushed, of the kindness and care repaid with such base ingratitude, is unceasing distress. Accordingly, often in this beginning there may be very heavy and untrue demonstrations of wickedness. The youth may not only assume terrible vileness, but may acquire a slang which makes pretense of far greater wickedness than he has yet really attained. Thus would he silence his inward monitor, and drive away all outward reproach. Only by some such violence to himself, can the power of sin completely triumph. The exhibition is often fearful indeed. Profanity, noise, blasphemy, derision,—loud and open scoffing—an assumed ringleading in all iniquity in the midst of the assembly, a boastfulness of crime, of crimes as yet untried and unknown, are all called in to cover the secret misgivings of the heart, and make it easier to go. Far from always, then, are they the basest who seem in these outward shows the most basest.

Among my early intimates, was a young man of this description. His youth was passed in just such a Christian home as I have before described, and was marked by early habitual propriety and restraint. He grew up a remarkably moral boy. But in college he found just the destructive agencies which have been already noticed, and all of which were perfectly new to him. Instead of flying from the corrupting influence, he courted it, and played with it, and soon yielded to its power. Tobacco, wine, obscenity, profanity, headstrong, boisterous rowdyism, soon combined to mark him in the associates and relations he selected. His godly father, alarmed at the intelligence, admonished and entreated him. But the power of evil was growing dominant, and though he struggled to resist, it seemed impossible. He had thrown away the prayer of his youth, and he knew not the God of his father. He entered into the most earnest stipulations and engagements with himself to resist the opening course of crime—but in vain. One of his solemn vows was that, in the event of his yielding to a particular temptation again, he would cut off a joint of his little finger. And when the fall occurred, he deliberately took a chisel, and had almost accomplished the penalty, when he was arrested by a friend who grasped him in his arms,—and though by surgical aid the joint was saved, he carried the deep scar of the wound and the helpless finger his grave. He endured this inward contest until he could bear it no longer—and at midnight he rose from his bed, gathered his bundle of clothing, and madly fled from his father's house. Months passed by, and he was undiscovered,—when at a distant port, a vessel of war was anchored, and in its boat's crew that rowed to the shore a friend of his father discovered this wandering boy. He gained permission to speak to him, and found him worn, wearied, disappointed, and disgusted with his sin and all its terrific results, and eager to accept the offer of means of release and restoration to his father's house. The day he was put on shore, the vessel sailed, and was never afterwards heard of. The poor debased youth was plucked from the very jaws of the deep. He had trodden a short but terrible path of youthful crime. His father welcomed him with tears of joy, and he himself, restored, renewed, graduated from college with distinction, and for many years of subsequent professional life was an honor to his land and to his name. But how few are so arrested in this early period of experiment and delay!

BALLOON ASCENSION.—Professor John L. Mountain made a splendid ascension from Potsdam, N. Y., on the 25th inst. It was witnessed by over 6,000 people.

NOW is the time to buy your STOVES AND TIN WARE of the cheap firm of KETTER & HAMILTON, 1 door North of Sykes'.

PROCLAMATION.—PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—Whereas, and by an Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, approved by the Governor of said State, on the 1st day of October, 1860, it is enacted, that the election for Electors of President and Vice President of the United States, shall be held in the present year, 1860, on the 2d day next, after the first Monday in November, being the 6th day of NOVEMBER NEXT.

And whereas, an Act of the General Assembly, passed the 1st day of October, 1860, for the election for Electors of President and Vice President of the United States, shall be held at the same places, on the same day, and in the same manner, as the election for Electors of President and Vice President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, on the 2d day next, after the first Monday in November, 1860.

Now, therefore, I, WILLIAM MCGRAW, High Sheriff of the county of Franklin, in pursuance of the right so granted, do hereby order, and by virtue of the said election for Electors of President and Vice President of the United States, to be held at the same places, on the same day, and in the same manner, as the election for Electors of President and Vice President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, on the 2d day next, after the first Monday in November, 1860, do command, that the election for Electors of President and Vice President of the United States, be held at the same places, on the same day, and in the same manner, as the election for Electors of President and Vice President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, on the 2d day next, after the first Monday in November, 1860.

At the School House in Fayetteville, for parts of the townships of Franklin and Green.

At the Public School in Franklin, in Green village, for part of Green township.

At the Western School House, in the town of St. Thomas, for the township of St. Thomas.

At the School House, in the town of Farnhamsville, for the township of Metal.

At the School House, in the town of Roxbury, for the township of Roxbury.

At the House of John Harvey, for part of the township of Franklin.

At the School House, in Bigton, on Conesus, (or part of the townships of Franklin and Green.)

At the new stone School House in Micromount district, for the other part of Franklin twp.

At the Western School House, in the town of St. Thomas, for the township of St. Thomas.

At the School House, in the town of Farnhamsville, for the township of Metal.

At the House of John Harvey, for part of the township of Franklin.

At the Eastern School House in Orteigen, for the other part of Franklin township.

And the several JUDGES, Inspectors and Clerks, who are to preside over the election on the 2d day next, are hereby directed to attend and perform their duties as aforesaid, as the said election of Electors, to be held as aforesaid, will be conducted, dammed up so long, suddenly, summarily bursts all obstructions, forces its way through every restraint,—and rushes down with an impetuosity which nothing can resist. This is a perfect exhibition of the history of such a case. Nothing else can maintain the determination and keep up the courage in such a revolt, but some such reckless resolve and fixity. The eyes are shut—the teeth are clenched, the muscles are strained,—the brows are knit, and the sin is chosen with a fearful determination, though death may follow instantly in his train. The conscience must be silenced. The Spirit must be quenched. Memory must be stilled. There can be no pleasure else. Religious companions and influences must be forsaken. Company and scenes must be changed. To look back is misery. To think of what is lost,—of the hearts that have been broken and crushed, of the kindness and care repaid with such base ingratitude, is unceasing distress. Accordingly, often in this beginning there may be very heavy and untrue demonstrations of wickedness. The youth may not only assume terrible vileness, but may acquire a slang which makes pretense of far greater wickedness than he has yet really attained. Thus would he silence his inward monitor, and drive away all outward reproach. Only by some such violence to himself, can the power of sin completely triumph. The exhibition is often fearful indeed. Profanity, noise, blasphemy, derision,—loud and open scoffing—an assumed ringleading in all iniquity in the midst of the assembly, a boastfulness of crime, of crimes as yet untried and unknown, are all called in to cover the secret misgivings of the heart, and make it easier to go. Far from always, then, are they the basest who seem in these outward shows the most basest.

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Repository and Transcript.

CHAMBERSBURG:

Wednesday Morning, Nov. 7, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA DAY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

PENNSYLVANIA, SS:
In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, WILLIAM F. PACKER, Governor of the said Commonwealth:

A PROCLAMATION.

FELLOW CITIZENS.—The revolutions of the year have again brought us to our annual festival of Thanksgiving to Almighty God. In no preceding year have we had more abundant cause for gratitude and praise. The revolving seasons have brought with them health and plenty. The summer fruits and the autumn harvests have been gathered and garnered in unbroken exuberance. A healthful activity has prevailed all the departments of life; and provident industry has met with a generous reward. The increase of material wealth has been liberally employed in sustaining our Educational and Religious Institutions; and both are making the most gratifying progress in enlightening and purifying the public mind. While, in Europe, central and absolute governments, by their pressure on personal rights and liberty, are producing excitements, which threaten to upturn the very foundations of society, and have led, in some instances, to bloody and cruel wars, we, in the enjoyment of constitutional liberty, and under the protection of just and equal laws, are peacefully pursuing the avocations of life, and engaging in whatever promises to advance our social and individual improvement and happiness. "The lines are," indeed, "fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage." In all this we see the orderings of a kind and merciful Providence, which call not only for our recognition, but for our public Thanksgiving and Praise.

Under this conviction, I, WILLIAM F. PACKER, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby appoint.

Thursday, the 29th of November next, To be observed as a day of public Thanksgiving and Prayer, and recommend to all our people, that setting aside, on that day, all worldly pursuits, they assemble in their respective places of worship, and unite in offering thanks to God for his manifold goodness, and in imploring his forgiveness and the continuance of his mercies.

Given under my Hand and the Great Seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this twenty-fourth day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand four hundred and sixty, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-fifth.

WILLIAM F. PACKER.

By the Governor:

W. M. HEISTER, Secy of the Com.

SINK THE "NIGGER" QUESTION.

The political orators, in opposition to the Republican party, says the *Carlisle Herald*, have been very emphatic in their advice to the Republicans to "sink the nigger question." This counsel comes with a bad grace from the men, who have been negro "resurrectionists," on all occasions. Slavery agitation comes from the democratic side of the house, and they must bear the responsibility. The compromise bill of 1850, was to be considered as a "finality on the slavery question" and it was a "foundation of peace," until in 1854 Mr. Douglas, and others reopened the controversy, by the introduction of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and the repeal of the Missouri compromise. Here was the first agitation of the "nigger question"—the attempt to force slavery into Kansas, against the wishes of her citizens. The people of the North thought with Henry Clay, that slavery could not be introduced into territory acquired from Mexico, because the laws of Mexico excluded it. They knew the Missouri compromise excluded it from the residue of the territory, and therefore they have done no act that looked beyond a reinstatement of things, as they were prior to the repeal of that law, and that is all they ask now. The Republicans as a party, have no legislative action to propose, on this subject. They disdain any desire to interfere with the right of slave trade between the States. They have no proposition to make, relative to the abolishment of slavery in the District of Columbia. They acquiesce in the execution of the Fugitive Slave law; and the territories are practically in the condition they want them. It is only the struggle of the Democracy to carry slavery where it does not exist, that produces this "agitation of the nigger question."—Let the subject alone, and there is nothing to say.

HONORS FITLY BESTOWED.—In early life, Mrs. Edwin D. Morgan, (wife of Governor Morgan, of New York,) was a milliner, and Mrs. Nathaniel P. Banks, (wife of Governor Banks, of Massachusetts, and late Speaker of the National House of Representatives,) a factory girl. Yet a prince of the royal house of England, and heir apparent to the throne, has danced with both of these ladies, who afford such proof of the elevating character of republican institutions; and no doubt considered it was honored quite as much as they could be by the fact.

WHAT'S TO HAPPEN.—A Mr. Lincoln, of Illinois, familiarly known as "Old Abe," aged 51, height six feet four, by profession a rail-splitter, is to be our next President. The thing seems pretty sure. Since the Pennsylvania election, everybody concedes it. It becomes a matter of some importance, therefore, to see what is likely to happen in consequence of it.—*N. Y. Times.*

ARE WE COWARDS.

The Pro-Slavery journals of our City are filling their columns with ballyhoo extracts from the Fire-eating Press, whereof the following are fair specimens:

From the Sumter (Geo.) Republican.

AN ARMY OF TEN THOUSAND MEN.—We have seen a private letter written by a distinguished gentleman residing in Oglethorpe County, to a gentleman of high standing in a neighboring county, from which we take the following sentiment, uttered by Senator Toombs. We are not at liberty to give the names of the parties, but if denied, they can be obtained.

RELIABLE TESTIMONY.
I heard a Georgia Senator say the other day in private conversation, that in the event of Lincoln's election, he would resign before Buchanan's time was out, come home, raise an army of ten thousand men, and when he crossed the Potowmack again it would be with his drawn sword. The Senator said there were thirty members of Congress pledged to that position, and would go with him, some from every Southern State.

From the Montgomery (Ala.) Mail, 1859.

ATTENTION, SOUTHERN MEN!—The young men of this city, thinking that the time has arrived when they should prepare to resist any further aggression on the part of the North, would respectfully invite the young men of sixteen and twenty, to meet at Central Hall, on Friday night, October 16, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of forming a club, whose motto shall be, "Resistance to Lincoln is obedience to God."

If there be men whose votes can be influenced by such demonstrations, we thank goodness that our vote does not count with theirs. It is a sad lot to be a slave, but to vote as a slave is the lowest depth of degradation.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

In Ohio a Black Republican judge, Brinkerhoff, has given a decision that makes 14,000 negro voters in that State. Brinkerhoff is now re-elected by these 14,000 negro votes.—*All the Doughface Organs.*

Now what is the truth in regard to this matter? Under the Constitution of Ohio, framed by a Democratic Convention and adopted when the Democracy was in the ascendant, it was decided by Judge Wool, afterwards elected Governor of the State by the Democracy, that all persons of less than half negro blood were entitled to vote.—The Constitution was Democratic, and was endorsed by the party in the subsequent election of the Judge, who made it, to the Chief Magistracy of the State. The decision made by Judge Brinkerhoff, of which so much complaint is made, was in reference to the "Oberlin Rescues."

EXECUTION OF A MURDERER.—On Friday week, Daniel Clifford was hung in the jail yard at Dubuque, Iowa, for murdering a man named Wood, whom he robbed of \$27. Clifford was but twenty-two years of age, yet the murder was so unprovoked that hardly any sympathy was manifested for him. He refused to eat any breakfast on the morning of his execution, and had to be supported while on his way to the gallows. Arrived there, he had to be lifted up the steps, and when kneeling in prayer with the priests, he kept constantly repeating, "Oh, Lord, receive my soul!" "Oh, Lord, receive my soul!" Although the body fell about seven feet, when the rope was cut, the wretched man was found to have died from suffocation.

EXTRAORDINARY SPEECH FROM A SOUTHERN CONGRESSMAN.—Hon. Emerson Etheridge, a member of Congress from Tennessee, recently made a speech in Indiana, and a writer to the Republican press of the North gives its substance as follows:

"He exhorted his political friends to cast away all ideas of supporting a 'Bell' ticket in Indiana, and give their united support to Lincoln. He advised that all the efforts of the united opposition should be directed to the overthrow of the Democratic party, which could only be done by defeating their candidates in as many States as possible. He said if he lived in Indiana, he would vote for Lincoln, but as he lived in a State where his own ticket had a chance, he would vote for Bell. This advice from a man of the position held by Mr. Etheridge in his party, has great weight with the members of that party in Indiana."

DESPERATE ATTEMPT OF CONVICTS TO ESCAPE.—Six of the convicts in the Illinois State Prison, at Joliet, made a desperate attempt to escape on Friday last. They took the moment when some visitors were passing through the gate, seized the guardman, wrested his musket from him and scampered off. The guard immediately regained his feet, overtook the convicts, and after a severe struggle recovered his musket. He had a six shooter in his pocket, drawing which he shot two of the convicts in the legs, disabling them; two others returned immediately, of their own accord, and the two others escaped to the woods, but were re-captured.

GATHERING OF GOVERNORS.—Four distinguished gentlemen who are filling, or are elected to fill, gubernatorial chairs, were at the Revere House yesterday, namely: Gov. Banks of Massachusetts, Gov. Goodwin of New Hampshire, Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., Governor elect of Maine, and Dr. Curtin, Governor elect of Pennsylvania. The meeting was wholly accidental, as neither of the gentlemen had made an appointment to meet the others.—*Boston Journal of 26th ult.*

W. A. Batchelor's Hair Dye!

This splendid Hair Dye has no equal—intestances in effect—beautiful black or natural brown—staining the skin or injuring the hair—remedies the bald and ill effect of bad dyes, and invigorates the hair for life. None are genuine unless signed by W. A. Batchelor." Sold everywhere.

CHARLES BATCHELOR, Proprietor,

Sep. 19, '60. 6m. 81 Barclay Street, New York

Franklin Repository and Transcript, November 7, 1860.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heart Burn, Water Brash, Sour Stomach, Jaundice, Flatulence, General Distress, &c. Had a ready relief and speedy cure in this great remedy.

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RELIABLE TESTIMONY.

We call the attention of the reader to the following letter from President SUMTER of Wesleyan University, Conn., Feb. 28, 1859.

Messrs. F. W. FOOTE & Co., Boston, &c.

Gentlemen.—At first sight of the OXYGENATED BITTERS some seven or eight years since, having suffered for twenty years from a form of dyspepsia, which was, while taking the common tonics, reduced the system in the same ratio; but one distinct and different from any medical preparation ever compounded and which will, in most cases, extirpate the disease or restore the patient to pristine health. In proof of which, I submit of the very high and unequalled character is presented.

RELIABLE TESTIMONY.

I heard a Georgia Senator say the other day in private conversation, that in the event of Lincoln's election, he would resign before Buchanan's time was out, come home,

raise an army of ten thousand men, and when he crossed the Potowmack again it would be with his drawn sword. The Senator said there were thirty members of Congress pledged to that position, and would go with him, some from every Southern State.

From the Montgomery (Ala.) Mail, 1859.

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If there be men whose votes can be influenced by such demonstrations, we thank goodness that our vote does not count with theirs. It is a sad lot to be a slave, but to vote as a slave is the lowest depth of degradation.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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