

Repository and Transcript.

CHAMBERSBURG

Wednesday Morning, Dec. 5, 1860.

THE HEAVY BID.

Rumor said, a few days since, that the decrepit old imbecile who holds the important position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States—Roger B. Taney—had resigned that high trust. Immediately, longing glances were thrown in the direction of that much coveted post. Among the patriots, whose names we have seen mentioned in connection with that responsible office, is Caleb Cushing. Whether he is anxious to succeed Taney or not we cannot say, from personal knowledge; but the low disgusting speech delivered by him at Newburyport, on Monday evening, the 26th ult., and published in the *Press*, of the 30th, is the heaviest bid in that direction that we have yet seen. The labor seems to have been in vain, however, for the old man has not let go his hold upon the judicial robes—nor does he intend so to do.

The fact that Taney had not resigned, and had no intention of the sort, however, was not known at the time Caleb Cushing held forth at Newburyport. If diving down deeper, and coming up filthier than any other Northern man could aspire to do will have the desired effect, to win golden opinions from Souther Senators—who can control the appointment—then the claims of Caleb Cushing are far ahead of those of any other sycophant we know of. To read his speech, not being acquainted with the truth of history on the subject he discusses, one would suppose that slavery was the greatest blessing which could befall a poor man; that our forefathers so regarded it; that the greatest outrage upon the Constitution is in entertaining a feeling hostile to human bondage; and the most daring encroachment consists in speaking against the dictation of Southern nabobs; and the breaking up of the Union is the only remedy for the unheard-of indignities which Northern men inflict upon the South.

Everything that is wrong is ascribed to the Freemen of the North; everything right, everything noble, to the South. No language is too severe to be applied to his own neighbors and friends; none too gingersly for the haughty hotspurs of slavery. Caleb was very unfortunate in not having first beheld the light of day; in not having first breathed God's free air in an humble, obscure cabin on some large plantation—in the negro quarters. His admiration of slavery is such that if he had been born a son of bondage his eloquence might have been turned to some account; his master might have given him constant employment convincing his fellow slaves that their "normal condition"—"and the normal condition of poor men everywhere, without regard to color"—"is that of slavery." Doubtless, if he had been raised under the *beneficial influences* of slavery, his admiration of the "Peculiar Institution" would have prompted him to endeavor to induce all poor men to become slaves—to voluntarily choose masters for life.

As it is, however, having been a white man, in the Free North, under the benign influences of our "Peculiar Institutions": Free Schools, Freedom of Speech, Freedom of the Press, Liberty in its fullest, largest sense, he can, un molested, pour forth his abominable tirades against the system of social, moral and political sentiments and practice which, when fully developed, is as the case in the State in which he resides, produce a race of men in every way the equals of any class of human beings in the world—their Free Schools being the basis of all their greatness. After reading this miserable effort of a would-be-great man—abusing those of his own section and adulating the owners of slaves—we thought that we would like to hear of a Southern man (it might be the largest slaveowner in that section,) making a speech as strongly against his neighbors, and against slavery, as Cushing's is against freedom, and see how long he would go unpunished by Justice Lynch.

The office of Chief Justice of life, is certainly an enviable position, and well worthy the noble ambition.

competent to discharge its duties; it is right and proper for such an one to put forth honorable efforts to obtain the position after having been selected by his fellowmen; but there is no excuse for truckling subserviency in a mad desire to gain even such an honor. What, we would like to know, but the wish of gaining a high place in the estimation of Southern Senators—the men who, with the President, fill the post of Chief Justice when a vacancy occurs—could have induced any man to occupy the bad eminence which Cushing's ridiculous outpouring of slang at Newburyport?

There is no position on earth more de-

grading for a human being to occupy than that of accuser of his nearest relatives and friends of constructive crimes. There is no position less enviable than that of using the Freedom of Speech, which can alone be uninterrupted enjoyed in the North, in piling up epithets upon the heads of those whose main defense of the speaker and his rights is his only guarantee of safety, while he is abusing them for maintaining the Liberty he, so loudly decries. If, therefore, we had not the most indubitable evidence of its truthfulness, we could scarcely believe that a son of New England would blemish himself so much, even when desiring to make a heavy bid for a high office; as Caleb Cushing has done—valiantly, as he will find, endeavoring to appease the wrath of men who, loving such treason to his own people as he exhibits in his heavy bid, utterly despise the traitor. Caleb Cushing might as well have spared himself the trouble, and refrained from heaping this disgrace upon his progeny; for he will not—nor will any other aspirant who bids so heavy for the place—ever accomplish his wishes by such base attempts at securing Southern favor.

KANSAS SUFFERERS.

We, who have everything about us full and plenty, can scarcely realize the suffering that prevails in Kansas. We subjoin an extract from a letter, written by one of the sufferers, formerly a resident of this town, and well known to many of our citizens, to a relative who resides in our town. It speaks for itself.

There was a collection taken up at the Union meeting in the Lutheran Church, on Thanksgiving day, which fund is in the hands of Mr. John Mull, at the Bank of Chambersburg. It will remain there for a few days; friends of the cause can add their contributions.

A number of persons who were not at the union meeting, have expressed their regret, in our hearing, that the matter had not been acted upon by the different churches, so that a collection could have been taken up in each one; thus raising a fund worthy of our town. We believe these persons have not made their wishes known, in this respect, to the Ministers and officers of their respective churches; for, one Sabbath has since passed, and no arrangements, that we have heard of, have been made for a collection in any of our churches. If anything is to be done more than what has been done, now is the time to act—next spring will be too late. The following is the extract referred to:

NEAR LAWRENCE, K. T., Nov. 5, 1860.
DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:— * * * Health is a great blessing, but it is almost the only temporal one we have bestowed upon us this year. The earth has refused to yield to its fruits almost entirely. I have raised but one bushel of potatoes, where there should have been hundreds, and they are very small that. I cannot name any thing else that I have raised. It has rained very little for the last eighteen months. I have frequently seen more rain fall in one shower than we have had during the last year and a half. The earth is baked hard, and cannot again be plowed up for future crops until rain does come. I have no hay, nor fodder for such cattle as I have left, nor is it to be had nearer than fifty miles. I must, therefore, haul it that distance or drive them to it.

I have no money. The little I had is gone for clothing, shoes and provisions, and what I am to do to get through the winter, the good Lord only knows. I have nothing to sell that I can get money for, and my stock I cannot give away. If I were the only one in such a fix, I could get work and would not fear the worst, but all are alike. You folks in the East do not know the true state of things here. Our people are near starvation. Corn cannot be had unless by going to the neighboring states, and it then costs from 75 cents to \$1.00 per bushel, and has to be hauled from sixty to one hundred miles; and we have no money to buy it. I felt a great anxiety all through the summer on account of our crops, hoping and trusting that the rain would come, but my hopes were never realized.

Dear Brother, there are many philanthropic hearts in your place, among my old acquaintances, or my brethren and sisters of the church? If there are, just state my case to them, and if they are in business and can give—or even lend—twenty-five cents, fifty cents, or one dollar each, according to their ability, it will be gratefully received, and will be returned as soon as times become better again. If twenty or twenty-five dollars could thus be raised, either as a gift or loan it would be a great help to us and would go far towards enabling me to get through the dreary winter that is before me, in safety with my family. Whatever you do, do it quickly.

Your Brother,
GEO. W. COSSLEY.

ANOTHER WORD FOR KANSAS.—We have written one small article on the Kansas famine for this issue of our paper, and, since that was put in type, additional facts having reached us, we again resume the subject.

One of our leading Merchants, Mr. Jacob Hoke, has shewn us a number of letters filled with the most heart-rending incidents of suffering among the citizens of Kansas.

He has also shewn them to other citizens (Ladies) of Chambersburg, who have undertaken to wait upon our kind-hearted citizens, and give all an opportunity to contribute of their abundance for the relief of those who are famishing for want of bread.

harm, for, if I let you live, you may some day muddy some stream at which I may want to drink.

This fable reminds us very much of the relative positions of the two sections of our beloved Union. The South has determined to crush out Freedom in the North; the spirit of Liberty asks why this murderous intent? The *indignant* South replies: I will break the Union in fragments, tear the Constitution into tatters, for fear you may some day endanger the Union, or weaken the Constitution, by violating one of its provisions. But, replies the North, we have no desire to injure either the Union, the Constitution, or of the South; nor have we the power so to do even if so disposed—the Senate, the House, and the Supreme Court are against us, and without the aid of all these we could not interfere with you, even if we desired to do so, which we do not. No matter, replies the South, our determination is that the Union must be broken up "to secure it from the polluting touch of Northern vandals;" the Constitution is too sacred for you of the North to violate; we will utterly destroy it—to keep it from harm."

COMPLIMENTARY BANQUET

TO
COL. ALEX. K. M'CLURE,
At the Continental.

A BRILLIANT ASSEMBLAGE.

Speeches by Gov. Curtin, Col. M'Clure, Hon. William B. Mann, Hon. Charles Gilpin, Hon. William D. Kelley, Messrs. Henry C. Carey, Wayne M'Veigh, of Chester, Joseph R. Flanigan, and others.

A complimentary banquet was given on Saturday evening last, says the Philadelphia *Daily News*, at the Continental Hotel, to Col. A. K. M'Clure, Chairman of the People's State Central Committee of the recent State and National campaign. The dinner was served up in a very handsome style, in the ladies' ordinary of that princely establishment. The head table was arranged across the eastern end of the spacious room, from which two tables extended nearly the entire length of the apartment, so as to form a hollow square. On the eastern wall were portraits of Abraham Lincoln, President elect of the United States, and Andrew G. Curtin, Governor elect of Pennsylvania; that of the former kindly loaned the Committee by Charles M. Neal, City Commissioner, and the latter by Wm. B. Mann, District Attorney.

At five o'clock the committee and guests commenced to assemble in the ladies' parlor and at 6 o'clock the signal being given, they proceeded in double file to the dining room. There was no crowding nor hurrying, because there were just seats enough for the party. Morton M'Michael, Esq., was President. In his right, Col. M'Clure, and Mr. Slifer, State Treasurer, were seated. On his left were Col. Curtin, Governor elect, and Mr. Cochran, the Auditor General of Pennsylvania. The party numbered about seventy, consisting of gentlemen who had taken an active part in the recent political contest, and influential citizens who are not particularly identified with partisan politics.

The hall was, of course, brilliantly illuminated. The tables were ornamented with bouquets of natural flowers, and ornaments of artistically arranged confectionery. Quite an array of waiters, specially selected for the occasion were in attendance, and they performed their part in the programme with commendable promptness and skill.

There was not an excess of wine, as we have observed at many banquets, spirituous liquors were entirely "non est." There was a flow of good genuine feeling, that naturally beats in the bosom of friendship which requires no stimulant to develop itself.

The cloth having been removed, the President, Mr. McMichael, delivered the following opening speech:

SPEECH OF MORTON M'MICHAEL, ESQ.

It gives me great pleasure, gentlemen, to fill the post which, by your courtesy, I occupy here to-night, as it furnishes me an opportunity of bearing my testimony to the personal worth and the public services of one whom I am happy to count among my friends. [Applause.] But I confess that, even in the discharge of this agreeable duty, I feel unusual embarrassment. We meet in the midst of trying times. Throughout the whole country a commercial and financial crisis, threatening to bring in its train distress and disaster and desolation, is now imminent; and in a large portion of the country, superadded to this, there is a political crisis, more startling in its present developments, more appalling in its possible ultimate consequences than any which the wildest imagination has heretofore conjectured.

At such a period as this, with the public mind naturally stimulated to extreme sensitiveness, the utterances of all who occupy responsible positions receive a significance to which in the ordinary routine they would not be entitled. And however unimportant what I might say as an individual would be, yet, standing here as I do to-night, in some sort the exponent of this assemblage—an assemblage which for its numbers comprises as large an amount of the intelligence, the spirit, the activity of the People's party and the Republican party of Philadelphia, the thinking and the working power of those parties, as could be gathered together anywhere—standing in this relation, I feel that even what I say ought to be prudent and carefully and deliberately said. And feeling this, gentlemen, I should have come here having premeditated what, in fulfilling the office to which you have appointed me, I may be required to deliver; but I have had no opportunity to do so, and I stand before you now obliged to give unstudied utterance, so far as I give utterance at all to any sentiments, to such as may spring from the inspiration of the moment.

We have recently, gentlemen, achieved a very great triumph—a triumph not only momentous in the principles which it involved, but grand in reference to the contest which preceded it, and grand in its final consummation. [Applause.] And that triumph we have forborne to celebrate, as has heretofore been usual, by bonfires, or processions, or illuminations, or gorgeous ceremonials; but content with having won it bravely, as we did win it, we have won our laurels with no ostentatious display or parade, but with all "modest stillness and humility." Nor are we gathered now for any such celebration. We have not come here in the midst of the dark surroundings that gloom upon us to join in mere general exultations, to participate in mere party festivities, to proclaim in any tone that might justly be regarded as offensive, our great victory. We have come here feeling it is true, all the importance of that victory; not underestimating it by a single jot or tittle, not underestimating it in the slightest degree, not failing to recognize, as we recognized throughout the whole of the canvas, all the great issues that were presented, not yielding, nor desiring to yield, by so much as a hair's breadth, any

principle, (applause)—but we have yet not come here, I repeat, for the mere purpose of jubilant demonstration. Our object is personal rather than political.

We have come here to render our tribute of regard to him who, next to the gentleman who sits upon my left, (Col. Curtin) was our great leader in the recent contest; (repeated cheers for Col. M'Clure,) and we have come here to render him this tribute because we know that he has honestly, and truly and fairly earned it—(renewed cheering)—earned it by an earnest, sincere, unspiring devotion of his time, and his talents, and his means, to the cause in which he was embarked. (Applause.) For five long months the Chairman of the State Central Committee surrendered all his own private pursuits, subordinated all his own private affairs, gave up all the claims that were made upon him by his own private duties, in order that he might assist in marching our enthusiastic cohorts. And for this—for this service thus zealously, thus disinterestedly rendered—we have come here to-night to thank him, and—so far as this manifestation may be considered as a reward—to reward him—to render him the only recompense he asks, or will receive, except his own consciousness of having faithfully performed a great duty. (Applause.)

I know I speak the sentiments of this company, I know I speak the sentiments of the great body of the party here in Philadelphia, I know I speak the sentiments of the great body of the party throughout the State of Pennsylvania, when I give expression to this feeling. I know—I speak upon no conjectures, I speak upon no information derived from others merely, I speak of my own personal observation, when I say—that the State Committee, and especially its eminent head and chief, who sits by my side, fully discharged all the responsibilities that we imposed upon them, met and fulfilled in good faith all the duties that we confided to their hands; I know that, having done this, he and they are entitled, and especially he, as their leader, is entitled to the highest recognition of our regard, and that recognition we have met here to-night to bestow upon him.

Sir, (addressing Col. M'Clure,) in behalf of these gentlemen—in behalf of the party here in this City—in behalf of the party—so far as I may be permitted to speak for it—throughout the State—I thank you, we thank you, they thank you, all thank you; the great body of the People's party and of the Republican party of Pennsylvania thank you, and when they thank you, the great body of the party throughout the Union thank you, because it was through the triumph achieved here that the triumph was achieved everywhere. (Applause.)

It is not my business, gentlemen, here to night to make speeches. It is my province, rather, to introduce to you those who are to instruct and entertain you with speeches; but as your representative, and in your behalf, I have felt that it was proper I should say thus much before proposing to you the toast I am now about to offer, which I ask you to join with me in drinking with all the honors:

The health and prosperity of Col. McClure, the Chairman of the State Central Committee, in whose honor we are assembled here to-night.

The toast was drunk standing, amid vociferous and repeated cheers for the guest of the evening.

Col. McClure, on rising to respond, was greeted with most flattering warmth of enthusiasm, and said:

SPEECH OF COL. A. K. M'CLURE.

Mr. Chairman and citizens of Philadelphia—I could not but be profoundly impressed with the manifestation of your kindness and partiality which has been made to me to-night. Coming, as it does, from the great commercial emporium of Pennsylvania, and from the great manufacturing City of the Union, I could not but most deeply appreciate the honor. I appreciate fully, as does the distinguished Chairman who has just addressed you, the momentous issues involved in the late contest, and the great results which must flow from the consummation of the policy which we have advocated. I felt, in the midst of this contest, that even your commerce and your manufactures, as well as the strong arm of our industry in Pennsylvania, had all their vast issues at stake in this struggle; and however men may hesitate and may quail now at the threatened results of this great triumph, I have abiding faith that it was well for the country—it was well for posterity—it was well for every vast material interest of this Government. (Loud applause.)

Pennsylvania, in this mighty struggle, was emphatically the Keystone State. When her voice spoke in thunder tones in October, in favor of the principles which we are here to-night to approve, it settled the contest from one end of the Union to the other. (Cheers.) And now, when we see section arrayed against section—when we see one portion of this great confederacy even threatening us with revolution—all eyes turn to old Pennsylvania as the great rock against which the angry waves of discord may spend their fury in vain. (Applause.)

I rejoice with you most cordially, fellow-citizens, at this triumph; and if, in after years, it shall be conceded to me that I was instrumental, in however so humble a degree, in bringing about this crowning revolution and this crowning victory of the age, I shall feel that I have not lived entirely in vain.

Pennsylvania, by her vote in October, and by her vote in November, has called to the Presidential chair Abraham Lincoln, (cheers) one who is faithful to every portion of this confederacy; faithful to every law, and faithful to the Constitution. And now, when discord sweeps over the land; when we are threatened with revolution; when secession is staring us in the face, carrying its cloud of

disaster to your counting-rooms, and spreading its dark shadow all over the country, the North is called upon to make sure that it has not gone beyond the bounds of justice in dealing with our Southern States. It is now that Pennsylvania turns to look upon herself to answer allegations which are made with such sweeping bitterness against the North, to determine whether she has not ever been faithful—(applause.)

It is charged upon the States of the North, and it is made the basis of complaint by Southern men, who say that the South must needs from the Union—(by many honestly, and by some, perhaps, not honestly,) that our great States of the North, including even Pennsylvania, have been faithless to their obligations—that they have sought to obstruct the execution of particular laws in which the Southern States have vast interests. Whatever may be the truth of that charge with regard to other States, I am proud to say that it is not true of Pennsylvania. (Enthusiastic cheers.) When the great Missouri compact—the offspring of the wisest and best minds of the country, and to which every tongue confessed and every knee bowed for thirty years—when that compact was struck down ruthlessly and wantonly by our National Congress, avowedly for sectional purposes, then, smarting under what was felt to be a great wrong, some Northern States may have gone beyond the bounds of fraternity and of justice. But even then Pennsylvania stood true and faithful to the Constitution as the need to the pole. (Applause.) And even when free trade descended with sweeping desolation upon your vast industry, to give triumph to a policy peculiarly Southern, desolating thousands of your homes in Pennsylvania, there never was a murmur against this great confederacy of States. The people of our Commonwealth were ever faithful, ever true, ever loyal to every compromise of the Constitution, even under a faithless government. (Cheers.)

I have said that Pennsylvania has never sought in any way to encroach upon the rights of sister States. I have said that she has been true to them; that she has sought to fulfill all the requirements of our great compact, not merely as the law demands, not merely because it is so written in the bond; she has sought to do it fraternally and peacefully, as a tribute to brethren, and so she will do to the end. And in this great crisis the voice of Pennsylvania will be heard rising above the din of faction, declaring to every portion of this Confederacy, and to the world, that every State, North and South, must be true to the laws and true to the Union (Prolonged cheering.)

I can speak confidently, when I say that I know Pennsylvania is not obnoxious to the charge of seeking to defeat in any way the faithful execution of the laws. It is charged that Pennsylvania has sought by her legislation to obstruct the rendition of slaves. I have looked carefully and in vain for any such legislation. (Applause.) And, as a legislator, sworn to support your Constitution, I hesitate not to say that there is (whether by design, or whether in effect merely) any statute upon your books which seeks to prevent, or which will prevent the faithful execution of any law, good faith, patriotism, and every dictate of our common brotherhood, demand that it shall be erased. (Cries of "good," and long continued applause.) We shall, with clean hands, demand of the South that they too shall be faithful to the laws. I believe that if the honest convictions of every Pennsylvanian were spoken, free from partisan considerations, free from that narrow contracted spirit which has characterized a portion of our people, because they have a certain political faith—men who seek to inflame the South by habitually misrepresenting their own brethren, by declaring that you, and I, and all of us are faithless to our obligations to the country—I say, if they would but express their honest convictions, they would declare that Pennsylvania sends greeting to all honest Union men of the South, and bids them be strong in heart, and purpose, for Pennsylvania will stand by the Union to the last. (Loud cheering.)

In this, fellow-citizens, I concede not a single principle, which I advocated before the election. I claim the full measure of that triumph; I claim it to the utmost. The country claims it, and shall not be disappointed. But as to those who have been taught to mistrust us, those who have been taught to distrust us. I rejoice that the time has come when we can teach them, not simply by words, but by the action of our Executives in the chairs of State and Nation, that these are our convictions, that these are our principles, and that this is our fidelity to every portion of the Republic. (Loud applause.) When we were powerless, and men judged us by what our enemies spoke of us, it was not surprising that many learned to think ill of us; but now, in this hour of our triumph, when we have rejoiced in moderation, and evinced fraternal kindness in every act upon the threshold of power, the country will learn how we have been wronged, and who have wronged us—they will learn with what matchless fidelity we shall execute every obligation that we owe to every part of this Republic; and, as I have said before, not merely because fidelity to the law demand it, but because we are brethren of a common country. (Cheers.)

I would be faithless to the truth, fellow-citizens, if I did not say that no one man in all this country is this triumph to so great an extent owing to Andrew G. Curtin. (Repeated and vehement cheers for Curtin.) One hundred and twenty times, I believe, has

he spoken to the people of Pennsylvania, and I am proud to say of him that he never publicly concealed a conviction, that he never concealed a single purpose of his party, but, to all men of all persuasions he uniformly declared the principle which would triumph with him; and he will declare the same to-night. (Cheers.) He will declare himself faithful to every issue upon which this contest was won, and he will show to all the world that they will never lead him for a moment to depart from loyalty to the Union—never! (Applause.)

I rejoice at this triumph, fellow-citizens, on account of Philadelphia. It may seem strange to many of your own citizens that I should thus rejoice, when men think it has brought gloom upon us. It has simply precipitated the purpose of secession, that which for years has been inevitable, that which was as certain as the rising of to-morrow's Sun, and the ultimate issue will be lasting tranquillity. We have those who declare to the world that they are for secession, and have been for secession, and that they now make a movement towards that end, because they believe this a favorable time for attempting to consummate it. Fellow citizens, when I declare for the North, that the North should be faithful to every law, to every constitutional duty imposed upon her, I say that the same rule must apply to the South. (Earnest and prolonged applause.)

The people of the North will be slow to respect the language of those who, defying all law, and trampling upon your sacred Constitution, yet declare, as a pretext for disunion, that we have been faithless to our constitutional obligations.

Gentlemen of Philadelphia, there can be no disunion. We have no machinery in this government for secession. (Enthusiastic cheering.) The time has come, I believe, to test this question thoroughly. It is time that you and I should know whether we have a government or not. (Cheers.) When we have constitutionally and peacefully called the man of our choice to the highest office within the gift of our people, it is not for men to say that we shall bargain and temporize before he shall be inaugurated. (Loud applause.) He will be the President of this mighty confederacy, elected in strict conformity to the laws; and it will be his duty, as I believe it to be his purpose, to execute the laws in every part of the Union; and let those who will aggress upon the government, take the fearful responsibility and the consequences. (Applause.)

I am free to say for myself, that if the people of this country cannot choose a President in conformity with the Constitution and the laws—if the people of the North must never demand protection for their labor, simply seeking earnestly to enforce their claims upon the National Government—if the assertion of these rights on the part of the people is ever to be made a pretext, from time to time, for sectional discord, for disarranging your commerce and throwing your whole monetary affairs into commotion—the dreaded day may come when the North will inquire of the value of this Union. (Applause.) They demand that the time has come when we shall know, in fact, that this Government is a failure—when the question shall be settled whether it is equal to the task of vindicating itself and maintaining the supremacy of its laws. (Applause.) This question should have been settled long since. New demands have been made from year to year upon the North—I hesitate not to say—demands which beggared our industry—demands which, in this State, an empire within itself, carried want to thousands upon thousands of our homes, and bankrupted to your counting-houses; and the time has come when the country must know whether, when these demands are made in vain, the Government is not equal to the task of maintaining its supremacy. (Cheers.) I rejoice, that the time has come when it is to be settled by establishing for ourselves and our children the supremacy of the laws in every section and in every State, so that our great flag of freedom in this country shall still wave for centuries to come, over a prosperous, a happy, and a united Republic.

Mr. McClure took his seat amid a storm of applause, which did not subside for some moments.

When the cheering for Col. McClure had subsided, Mr. Joseph B. Myre proposed "three cheers for the Chairman of the evening, Mr. McMichael, a man who had done more service to the eastern part of the State than any other man living." The response was most heartily given. Mr. McMichael, after returning thanks for this manifestation, proceeded to propose the next toast, saying:

We are honored to-night, gentlemen, with the presence of one whom I am sure we all delight to honor—the Governor elect of the Commonwealth Andrew G. Curtin. (Prolonged cheering.)

To all that Col. McClure has said in regard to the efforts which our friend Col. Curtin made, and the value of those efforts, for self and for you, I heartily subscribe. (Cheers.) When you chose him as your standard-bearer in the recent conflict, he pledged himself that he would carry your banner from Lake Erie to the Delaware; and he did it. (Three cheers for Col. Curtin.) He did it wisely, he did it well; and we now thank him for what he has done; we congratulate him upon what he has done; we welcome him here among us; we welcome him here in the metropolis of the great State over which the next three years he is to preside; we welcome him with all our hearts and with united voices. (Re-echoed cheering.)

You do not require to be told, gentlemen, by me (because you are all observers and have seen for yourselves) what Colonel Curtin did. It was my fortune to meet him more than once in the late canvass, and I say, that

which I know, and that which all of you know, that from the beginning to the end he bore himself as a gallant leader should bear himself. (Applause.) In the thickness of the fight, everywhere his white plume was seen waving, cheering the troops that were behind him to victory. That victory has been accomplished. He is here to tell you, gentlemen, in what spirit, now that he is elected Governor, he means to administer the high office which you have confided to him.

I propose to you, gentlemen, the Governor elect, and before we drink it, I propose that we shall give the cheers.

The cheers were given with the heartfelt unanimity.

Col. Curtin responded in his usually happy style. We regret that we have not got the room for it; and for the whole of the speeches delivered upon the joyous occasion. All the gentlemen whose names appear at the head of this article, delivered appropriate addresses. Everything passed of very happily.

THE PACIFIC CALAMITY.

We find in the Owensboro (Ky.) *Shield* some interesting details of the Pacific disaster at Unioontown, which have not before been made public. Mr. John R. Sharp, of Owensboro, was present, standing on the bank at Unioontown, when the Pacific took fire. He states that the Pacific was undoubtedly set on fire by some miscreant, and that a gentleman standing on the bank saw a man thrust a torch into a loose bale of hay, and remarked at the time, "see that scoundrel setting that boat on fire," and rushed down towards the boat; but immediately consternation spread over every person, and the incendiary was not discovered.

Mr. Sharp rushed down the bank of the river, in company with two other persons.—He threw off his coat and vest, and gave his watch and pocket book to one of his companions who could not swim. He discovered two ladies, cabin passengers, who had come down to the rear part of the boat. He called to them to jump overboard, when he and the other gentleman leaped into the water. The ladies jumped overboard, and, obeying Mr. Sharp's instructions, they were both saved, each gentleman swimming ashore with a lady. Mr. Sharp delivered the lady, in a fainting condition, into the arms of her husband, who had rushed into the water to meet them from the shore. Mr. Sharp, without going ashore, swam back and brought a child ashore that was floating on the water. By this time he was benumbed with cold and exhausted from his efforts in the water. Looking back, near the burning boat, he discovered two ladies who had jumped overboard, struggling in the water, clinging to each other and scream for help. He started to go to their assistance, when, after a desperate struggle, they sank, locked in each other's arms and he saw no more of them. The scene around, by this time, was truly appalling.—The cables of the boat had burned in two, and were not cut, as had been stated, and the burning boat had drifted out and passed slowly down the river. Two fine gray mares, owned by Mr. Yantz, of Washington, Indiana, jumped overboard and were not injured; some ten or twelve more head of stock reached the shore with all their hind legs burned off, their eyes burned out, and the flesh and skin dropping from them in many places. A son of Mr. Yantz, in his heroic efforts to save the horses, came near losing his own life. He rushed among them with a knife, cutting the ropes and halters which bound them, and, when he had released the last horse, it rushed over him, knocking him down and injuring him severely.—His clothes were all on fire, and he would certainly have been burned to death, when the mate of the boat seized him and threw him overboard, and he was rescued. Mr. Sharp says there is no doubt that over forty lives were lost.

The books, papers and money in the office were all lost. As the Fairchild moved off, some gentlemen who had thrown his trunk containing \$500 in money, overboard from the Pacific, stated that his name was on the trunk, and that he would give a large reward for its recovery. The next morning the trunk was found below town broken open and rifled of its valuable contents.

BY TELEGRAPH.

Congressional.
WASHINGTON, December 4, 1860.

SENATE.—Gwin, Harlan, Johnson, of Tenn., Thomson, and Wilkinson appeared in their seats. Prayer by Chaplain.

Bigler, in behalf of Committee to wait on President, reported that they had performed their duty. The Presidents message was delivered by A. J. Glassbrenner his Private Secretary.

HOUSE.—Chaplain Stockton prayed that Congress may wisely consider the propositions presented in the Presidents message, and deliberately act on them in all righteousness and truth.

The Speaker laid before House the annual statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, which was referred to the Committee of Finance.

Speaker.—Committee to wait on President reported that they had performed their duty, that the President requested them to say he would communicate the message in writing to-day at noon.

M. Phelps.—That hour has already arrived.

After some unimportant proceedings the Message was laid before the House and read by Col. Forney.

Philadelphia Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 4, 1860.

Flour is quiet. Sales at \$4.75@\$5.24 for superfine; \$5.25@\$5.50 for extra; \$6.44@\$6.75 for extra family and \$6.44@\$6.50 for fancy brands.

Wheat is steady. Sales of 5,000 bushels at \$1.20@\$1.27 for red and \$1.28@\$1.35 for white.

Corn is quiet. 4,000 bushels sold at 65@66cts for old yellow and new at 58cts @ bush.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S TROOPS.—One of the most obnoxious and blant Disunionists in Washington City, who holds an important appointment, was recently in a mixed company discharging his customary bombast about what South Carolina was going to do. When asked if she should secede alone, where she would get troops, having only about one half as many voters as New York City, he replied, "From France or England." A diploma was present, and in answer to the inquiry Franklin would assist, he replied, "Oh, yes, I South Carolina will abolish Slavery!"

REPORT OF THE MARKETS.

PRICE CURRENT

EYSTER & BROS. Corrected Weekly.

CHAMBERSBURG, Dec. 5, 1860.
BUTTER.....
EGGS.....
LARD.....
TAUPE.....
BLOOD.....
BACON'S SIDES.....
OUR BEEF.....

POTATOES.

MERCER, New
Pink Eyes.....

Corrected Weekly, at Chambersburg Mts.

FLOUR—White.....
FLOUR—Red.....
WHEAT—Red.....
RYE.....
OATS.....
CORN.....

CHAMBERSBURG GRAIN MARKET.

Corrected Weekly by Chambers, Gehr & Co.

White Wheat.....
Red Wheat.....
Rye.....
Corn.....
Oats.....

New Advertisements.

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY

IN THE

REPOSITORY & TRANSCRIPT,

THE PAPER HAVING THE

LARGEST CIRCULATION!

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office, at Chambersburg, Dec. 1, 1860:

Albert Peter..... Huber David..... Proulx Wm B.....
Brown Rev Wm..... Hough J..... Relyea J.....
Burkholder Jn..... Horner A H..... Rupert Sue.....
Messer..... Hutton J..... Rosenbund Jno.....
McKeehan Mrs..... Hollister J..... Remond Jno.....
Homan Gleason B..... Hunter—Calum.....
Brainer Elizabeth..... Jones S..... Reinhart Sam'.....
Brown John E..... Steven..... Reiner J.....
Brown John F..... Tamm J..... Reiner J.....
Baxter Eliza..... Jones Catherine..... Reiner J.....
Boor Josiah..... Kaufman Aaron..... Reiner J.....
Crissie J..... Knobell Geo J..... Reiner J.....
Cochrane J..... Leech J..... Reiner J.....
Cell-Jacob..... McNeely J..... Reiner J.....
Danthum John..... McKeevill J..... Reiner J.....
David Clark..... Moore Milton J..... Reiner J.....
Ernst John..... Wheeler Wm J..... Reiner J.....
Fitzgerald Jacob..... Williams Wm J..... Reiner J.....
Linn Burne..... Wm J..... Reiner J.....
Campbell Mrs..... Wm J..... Reiner J.....
Crissie J..... Wm J..... Reiner J.....
Fitzgerald J..... Wm J..... Reiner J.....
Fitch Geo..... Wm J..... Reiner J.....
Hodgkin David..... Wm J..... Reiner J.....
Guy Doug E..... Wm J..... Reiner J.....
Henry F..... Wm J..... Reiner J.....
Holloway C J..... Wm J..... Reiner J.....
Harmony J F..... Wm J..... Reiner J.....
Hornsey Walter..... Wm J..... Reiner J.....
Persons calling for the above Letters will please state that they have been advertised. JOHN LIGGETT, P. M.

HEADS UP.—A new article for Headache will be offered this week, at NIXON'S.

TICKLISH.—Italian Liqueur—a very nice thing to allay irritation of the Throat and Coughing.

GROUP.—The true "Reber Syrup" for Croup. &c. Made and sold only by NIXON'S.

WINTER BIRDS.—Canary and Hemp Seed, with first-rate Cattle-hose, bone, &c. NIXON'S.

RISE UP EARLY.—Nixon will receive this week a new article for getting up bread and cakes in a hurry.

A N ELECTION FOR DIRECTOR'S will be held at the Chambersburg Saving Fund, on Saturday, the 15th inst.

W. G. REED, Cashier.

LADIES ATTENTION.—Black Cloth Ladies' Laundry and Wash, solo Twenty per cent more than any store in the County, and for Spring.

Call and examine at A. J. WHITE'S, Dec. 5, '60.

NOTICE.—A Meeting of the Board of Directors of the Farmers and Mechanics Industrial Association of Franklin County, will be held at the Secretary's Office in Chambersburg, on the first Monday of January, A. D. 1861. A full meeting is required of all members.

JACOB S. WHITMORE, Secretary.

STATE OF GEORGE EISNER,

deed'd.—Notice is hereby given that L. S. Eisner, of Warren township, has been granted to the undersigned, residing in Franklin township,

the right to have a mill or factory erected on the land described in the Deed.

He will be required to pay to the undersigned, against and Estate, to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JACOB S. WHITMORE, Attorney.

AUTOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned

is the author of the book "The War in the West."

He has written it for the benefit of the public.

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From the New York Mercury.
AN OLD NOTE.

BY JENNIE MORRISON.

I was rummaging among the old papers and letters in my desk the other day, when I came across an envelope bearing a familiar handwriting, and, opening it found it to contain the following note:

"The compliments of Charles Patterson to Miss Jennie Morrison, requesting the pleasure of escorting her to the 'Meeting of the Choir,' this evening."

"March 12th, 10 o'clock, A. M."

"And thereby hangs a tale," mused I.— Shall I tell it to you, dear reader?

It was the spring of my last college year at M—, where, as the catalogue said, "ladies and gentlemen were admitted on an equal footing." The college building contained only the rooms necessary for college purposes—chapel, recitation rooms, laboratory and society halls; and in consequence, the students, male and female, boarded with the citizens.

Of course, we were not subject to the restrictions which bind students who board in the "institute buildings," but did generally as we pleased when we were not in sight of the faculty. So we had access to the society of each other—not so much, to be sure, as if we had been at home—but still enough to enjoy ourselves hugely. The boys waited on the girls home from prayer meeting, singing school, etc., and occasionally we had a party, given by some of the girls who lived in town, or by some kind friend who took pity on us poor, pale victims (?) of the "midnight oil." As might be expected, most of the girls had their gallants—some of them two or three, I, being a tolerably good looking girl, and "one of the seniors," of course had my share; but I couldn't manage, hard as I tried, to lose my heart.

A month before the date of the foregoing note, as I took my accustomed seat in the chapel one morning, I noticed a new student in the "junior pew"—the one immediately behind ours. He was tall, and rather slender, with a countenance which told, at a glance, of a deep, earnest nature. A heavy mass of dark-brown curly hair surrounded his noble, white brow; and when my eye rested on him he was looking at me with those deep, tender blue eyes of his. I felt in a moment that he was very different from the wild, mischievous students we girls loved to tease. But chapel exercises commenced, and, after they were over, the students dispersed to their respective recitation rooms, and I did not see him again.

In the afternoon, when I returned to my room, I found my room-mate, Kitty Miller, waiting very impatiently for me. I was surprised; for I knew that she had a recitation after mine, and I broke out with: "Why, you here, Kit! What's the matter?"

"Yes, I'm here. Don't it look like me? And for your accommodation, lady-mine, here's a note from Bon. He wants an answer right away; and I must hurry back to the botany class, or give an excuse, and that wouldn't do you know. So quick I forgot to tell you, didn't I?" She rattled on, "Bon told me last night that Prof. Young's nephew, Fred, Morrow had arrived. He was in the chapel this morning; I suppose you saw him. Well, Bon says he is a splendid singer; and Professor wants you and I to go down this evening and sing. I suppose that is what the note is about?"

"Yes," I answered, "and as you are in a hurry I will not wait to write an answer. You may tell Bon that he may bring him up."

"*Oui, mademoiselle,*" said Kitty; "and I suppose we will have some broken hearts ere long."

"Bah!" said I. "Run off, pussy, or Bon will never forgive you for depriving him of the light of your countenance so long."

Bon Morgan and Kitty were engaged, and of course, together nearly all the time. He was our bass singer; and Kitty and I were considered, respectively, the best soprano and alto in the college. Professor Young and his wife were both passionately fond of music; and had suggested to their nephews and Bon, both of whom boarded with them, to bring us over in the evening for a quartette. Bon wrote me, stating that if it pleased me, he would bring Morrow over and introduce him.

When Kitty had gone, I sat down to write an essay, which I was expected to read in chapel next morning; but the first thing I knew, my head was resting on my hand, and my thoughts wandering to the handsome stranger of the junior class; and then I wondered if that were Fred Morrow. "If so, must look out for my heart," thought I; "That's so!" But that wouldn't write my essay; so I resolvedly banished every thought of blue eyes and brown curly hair; and, at last succeeded in finishing my writing. In the evening, when I descended to the gentlemen, I found Bon in the room, with my beau ideal of the morning.

Arriving at Mr. Malden's, the singers were all there, and Bon and Kitty eyed me curiously. After a few pieces had been sung, he came to me with:

"What is the name of all that's reasonable is the matter? Your face is as long as Jack's bean-pole! Where's Fred? Didn't he call for you?"

"Not much danger, Bon," said I laughing. "You know I've been trying for the last dozen years, and haven't succeeded yet."

"A very early beginning surely; you must have been a baby in long clothes then, eh?"

"No, sir," said I fiercely. "I was some feet taller than you are now!" (Bon was a little fellow.) "Bah! I hate little men. If I were Kitty I'd be ashamed to be seen with you."

"A reason why Jack wouldn't eat his supper!" retorted Bon.

"Humph!" said I scornfully, turning away. "Mr. Morrow is determined to like you just to spite Bon."

"Thank you," said he, with a quiet smile "and I shall endeavor to deserve your liking."

"Don't let's get mad, sis," said Bon. "Where's Kitty?"

"Don't know," said I sulkily. "She was upstairs when I came down."

Kitty entered at that moment, received an introduction, and we all started.

Morrow sang charmingly that night; and his voice, in conversation, which was remarkably low and musical for a tenor voice, quite finished the assault which his appearance had begun on the citadel of my heart.

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Presently he said:

"I came to tell you that the choir meets at Mr. Malden's this evening."

"Yes," said I, with a desperate hope that he would take the hint. "Mr. Patterson sent me word."

But he didn't take it.

"You great goose!" says some one, "why didn't you tell him plainly that you were going with Patterson."

Ah! but my dear sir, or madam, as the case may be, are you quite sure you would have done it; if you had been in my place? I could not tell him then, and waited for a better opportunity; but the longer I waited the more desperate my situation seemed. At last he said, looking at his watch.

"I guess it's time to start, Jennie, if we are going."

"Yes," said I, absently, looking out into the twilight, to see if Charlie were not coming, thinking, perhaps, that would relieve me, but I could not see him, and I hurried up stairs, leaving Fred to think I was getting ready.

I sat down, wondering what I should do.

One moment I thought I would send down a note of explanation; but kitty was gone, and there was nobody to send it by. Then I was tempted to put on my hood and shawl, and go with Fred, which I would infinitely have preferred; but that would never do, for I should lose Charlie's respect, and Fred would certainly be a will by which he bequeathed his princely fortune for the erection and support of an institution for the destitute orphan children, and this day more than two hundred orphans are receiving sustenance and education within its walls. Each succeeding year more than a hundred leave that institute disciplined and educated for business, and their vacant places are filled by hundred others, the wrecks of disordered home-circles, who gather in there as children gather round a father's fireside. This life of beautiful self-consecration, this calm, this quiet, unobtrusive career of benevolence, with its secret heart-sacrifices, and more than all, its peripatetic in a wider and everwidening circle of improving home-influences, deserves a record.

The mortal part of Leake has long since mouldered away in an unmarked grave, but the seeds which so silent fell from his patient and untiring hand, are now as silently blooming into faithful and multiplying harvests. Mystery and silence belong to every thing beautiful and enduring in this life. The rose bursts into beauty, and the tree spreads its wealth of foliage in silence. Its growth is never seen or heard. And so the noblesse work with the least pretension and noise. Their acts of benevolence and their words of love silently fall and apparently die, but other generations reap the golden harvest, and lift from obscurity their forgotten names.

Mr. Leake resided for many years in Park Row, No. 14, we believe, near the old Park Theatre, and had for his next neighbor the well known and eminent physician, Dr. Edward Miller, brother of the Rev. Samuel Miller.

D. D. He was known to many as the friend of the widow and the orphan; and in a way, that was thought almost mysterious, found out and relieved those who were suffering.

His executor was John Watts, Esq., who resided in Broadway, near the Bowling Green.

The large estate left by Dr. Leake, was devoted to the building of that noble edifice at Bloomingdale, known as the Leake and Watts Orphan House.

I realized, for the first time, that Fred had become essential to my happiness, and I feared that now I had driven him away, and he would not return. But hearing Patterson's footsteps on the sidewalk, I bathed my eyes and prepared to go out with him. Before I was quite ready, I heard him inquire for me, and receive the answer that I had gone out with Mr. Morrow.

"Surely not," said he.

"Yes," was the reply, "she went out with him only a few minutes ago."

I hurried to the head of the stairs, and called out; "No Mrs. Ashton, I am not out. Wait a moment, Charlie, and I will be down."

And, drawing on my hood, I descended.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Ashton had made many apologies, saying that she really thought I had gone.

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LETTER TO A SOUTHERN.

To the Honorable James R. Chestnut, of
Camden, South Carolina, U. S. Senator.

MY VALUED FRIEND.—What is all this fuss about in your State? One would think that the North was going to visit her with thunder and bludgeons, and fire and brimstone, and tar and feathers—indeed, that we were about to retaliate upon the Palmetto State all the insults, and injuries, and abuse and wrongs which we have endured from her for the last fifteen years. On the contrary, all here is as placid as a Summer lake. The people know very little of what is going on in South Carolina, and care less.

Our boys here have been in the habit, on gala days, of marching about the streets with cockades in their hats; but it is an amusement I did not know men resort to until I saw the acrobats from your State. A few men parading the streets with blue cockades must present a truly imposing and sanguinary aspect. Why did not our Wide Awakes think of the cockade?

My most honorable friend, you threaten "Secession." What for? I can't discover the cause, the mode, or the benefit. You say it is because we have elected Lincoln for President. Well, I suppose we had as good a right to elect Lincoln as you had to vote for Breckinridge. I believe we have infringed no law or right. His election, therefore, can furnish no just cause of offense.—And how do you propose to do it? Wearing cockades is a harmless matter—somewhat eccentric, to be sure, but quite harmless. I would suggest, also, the three-cornered hats of Revolutionary notoriety. This would make a grand show.

Your State proposes to levy an army of 10,000 men. This is moderate indeed; for if you are determined upon an intervening war, all that will be needed to take care of your two-faced cattle, ay, and many more, as 400,000 of a hostile race, strong, determined, and having no restraint of conscience, when roused, must be a formidable element in your society of a smaller number. You propose to raise \$1,000,000 to carry out your plans; offer, just now, your State bonds to your sympathizing Union-lovers in Wall street. Perhaps you can sell them. If you should I will thank you to send me a note of it, and tell me how much premium is paid for them.—Perhaps, though, you expect to sell them to your own non-paying banks. If so, I recommend that you employ Mr. J. Quincy, Jr., to draw up a short account of the Continental currency for circulation in your State. After all you may need more than a single million. It costs us \$80,000,000 per annum to carry on our Government in time of peace. I am afraid your resigning Federal officers will hardly be content with their pick at \$1,000,000. No, we at the North understand these things better, and we must advise you to add thirty or forty millions to your first levy. I would not be faultless, nor undervalue the capacity of your plucky little State; but it is not possible, barely possible, that your revenues may fail? A tax of \$50 or \$60 on each slave would bear upon that species of property; and then, as to revenue from imports, a revenue cutter or two—I admit it would not be cordially friendly in the Black Republicans—but a revenue cutter or two in the offing of Charleston would have an ugly aspect, and then the first drop of blood shed by the Black Republicans would set all astir on fire. Why, my friend, we don't shed blood; we leave all the pleasurable sport of hanging and burning with you. Lincoln is a peaceable man, and (though I say it privately, I am not in his confidence,) I venture the opinion that starving you out would be the worst, and certainly the easiest and most natural resource. If you don't want Judges, and Marshals, and Postmasters, and importers, why, we can't and won't force them upon you.

But I see that Toombs threatens to levy 10,000 soldiers in Georgia and march North, and when he again crosses Mason and Dixon's line it will be, he says, with a sword in his hand. His enmity is against the Constitution, for letting old Abe Lincoln be elected. He may just as well, then, tear out the leaves of an old state book and make them the target at home, for his soldiers to shoot at, and so avenge himself upon the Constitution. Or, it may be the means to put down public sentiment; for that, however, blank cartridges would do his work as thoroughly as leaden balls. But if he marches upon Washington and attempts to execute his treasonable projects, he and his ten thousand will find it cannot be done without the aid of more "tombs" than one.

After the 4th of March next we shall not be governed by the Democracy, and shall make a note of all bullying, brow-beating, and bludgeoning. The North are slow, and mean to be about right; and when they know they are right, they will go ahead.

For thirty years the whole country has been kept in an uproar and feverish excitement the threats of "secession" and "nullification" in South Carolina. She has been dissatisfied, supercilious, domineering, impudent and abusive, carrying her point by blustering, and not by reason; by her refractory course, she has brought dishonor upon the good name of the whole country.

Friend Chestnut, I have read your stirring speech, at Charleston, with uncommon gusto. It is truly characteristic. The sentiments are Carolinian, and full of grit—such as naturally sprout up in the dry and driving sands which compose your soil. It will do good, depend upon it. Do you remember what Popes says about "Vice," &c. Your speech "needs to be seen" to have the same excellent effect.

But my dear friend have you ever read a treatise on Constitutional Law, and especially on the law of "secession," published in 1820,

by one Andrew Jackson, L. L. D. Is it possible you have not read it? Then let me recommend it to your earnest perusal. It is worthy of the closest study; for it was penned by a doctor of the common, civil and canon law, and though you are not familiar with its contents, I have heard that no work on law, was ever read with so much interest and advantage by the fathers of the secessionists in South Carolina, and a great omission it was that they did not ordain it a school book for the benefit of their hot-blooded offspring.

But are you certain that 10,000 men will do up the work? We have no intention of fighting you; but if you come up and fight us, that is another matter; then it is quite possible that an army of over 10,000 may be needed.

Perhaps you rely upon the aid of Governor Wise, for he, too, promises to raise and equip 10,000 men for a Northern expedition. Nay, with this puissant force, he promises to overrun the Free States, conquer Canada, and even shake the fast anchored isle with his thunder. If we had not had a fortunate of his prowess in the Ossawatomie war, we might hope, as it is, we do tremble a good deal in anticipation of his formidable irruption. We, however, hardly believe that he can accomplish all the feats he promises, even with the gallant chivalry of Virginia, without the aid of the horned and cloven-footed fellow, who once carried on a like war on his own account; still, in our distress, we remember he got worsted.

YOUNG M. E. N.—Young Men especially, who have become the children of a Military life, that is useful and instructive, but which annually sweeps up an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant qualities. They will have no time to learn the lesson of self-reliance, while their relatives are more fatigued by their relative than the sons of the Presidents the master Ulysses, weighing their responsibilities, preserving their health, marrying, and leaving their wives.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS!

IMMEDIATELY UNDERTAKEN AND PULLED DOWN! This disease is the pestilence most frequently paid by the Greeks, and among the rest Xenophan. His record of the wonderful retreat of the 10,000, you will remember, has been famous, in all time. But if your South Carolina 10,000, and Gen. Toombs' 10,000, and Gov. Wise's 10,000, all come down upon us, the consequence will be awful; the glory of that retreat of the 10,000 Greeks, will be squelched out, eclipsed, and utterly forgotten, in the more nimble retirement of the 10,000 under the solemn Toombs, the discreet Wise, and the puissant Carolina chief.

I have heard it said that you have 400,000 head of bimanous cattle, which, a few months ago, were worth \$1,000 per head. We don't know much about this kind of stock up here, but some of the papers say the enemis, in your State, has reduced their value to \$250 each, equal to \$100,000,000. Now, my valued friend, is not this abolishing Slavery to the extent of one-quarter, and if this trivial spirit of disaffection, this threat of secession, by base politicians, abolishes one-quarter of your Slavery, who knows but the execution of the threat will do up the job entire? It has always been preached up by the Garrisonians that disruption would abolish Slavery; and hence they have prayed for it and labored for it. Now you know, my very dear friend, that I am a Black Republican; but you do not know—you cannot imagine how my heart bleeds to see you and your orthodox Pro-Slavery friends co-operating with Garrison and Phillips, and Smith, to verify their prophetic prognostications. My dear friend Chestnut hob-nobbing with Garrison, and Phillips, and Smith, to abolish Slavery in South Carolina Tell it not in Bitha: publish it not in the streets of Boston.

But were you not a little hasty in resigning your Territorial honors? Only think of \$3,000 a year, beside pickings and stealings! But, friend Chestnut, we are sorry for you—When we think of poor South Carolina, our eyes water; they become encrusted with salt. Poor South Carolina, poor in population, poor in poverty, poor in reputation, and poorest of all in statesmanship. Why, in 1833, the great men of South Carolina gave dignity even to treason. But Calhoun is gone, and Hayne is gone—and Chestnut is left! You are not to blame for it; a Higher Power has taken away Calhoun and Hayne, and left Chestnut. Pity it's "itis"; so bad, I say again, you ought not to be blamed for it.

I see that your merchants refuse to pay Northern claims; that is right; that is, if any body is to be cheated, it should be those merchants who have been driving a heavy trade in packing up their principles along with their goods. But you, also, refuse to receive Northern manufacturers; right again. Go at yourselves. Your boundless deserts of sand offer the most captivating inducements to the manufacture of glass; with 400,000 negroes you can supply all Christendom with glass—Go at it, by all means.

SOUTH CAROLINA almost equals, in wealth and population, that splendid adjunct of this State, Long Island! Only think of the "Session" of Long Island! We should hate to lose her. But, still, Long Island might float off into the ocean, and so far as wealth is concerned, she would hardly be missed. Ask Gov. King what he thinks of Long Island setting up on her own account. Magnificent little kingdom.

And now, friend Chestnut, take my advice. Don't be hasty. Drink a glass of cool lemonade, and then look the business square in the face, and count the cost. If you do not like your head with numbers, get some one else to do it. If white folks won't study numbers and count the cost, get a colored person to do it. I don't mean an African; but one of that class whose beautiful complexion betrays the commingled tint of corusion and ebony. I am told there are thousands of this class among you who know the multiplication table; get one of them to do the hard work. I know it is vulgar for gentlemen to count cost at all; but do it this once; but there are hundreds of Palmetto actions who are not as able as you are to lose their places and their pay. And then there will be an army and navy, the civil list, and the foreign intercourse, besides rewards for runaway negroes, and pensions to the retiring Federal officers—all these will cost something; and unless you will give yourself a

POOK BINDERY.—M. KRIFFER & CO. have removed their Bindery to the 3d story of the MANSION HOUSE, 100 Broad St., Diamond, above Sharswood's Book Store. Entrance behind the Store and Saving Fund. OLD BOOKS, PERIODICALS, MUSIC, NEWSPAPERS, &c., bound in any style. BLANKS will be made to order. *Specimens of any Pattern Chambersburg, Jan. 5, '60.*

CUSTOMER WORK.—C. CROFT solicits orders for CUSTOMER WORK, which will be promptly executed in a neat and elegant manner. His Books and Shoes will be made of the best material. [Oct. 10, '60.]

YOURS can save money by calling at DECUS' before purchasing elsewhere, your Hat Cap or Ladies and Children's Fancy Furs.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL

DR. JOHNSTON,

THE FOUNDER of this celebrated Insti-

tution, over the most certain, a speedy, and only

reliable cure, Pain in the Loins, Gonorrhœal Inflammation, Impotency, &c.

Nervous Irritability—Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose, & Skin—Inflammation of the Heart, Ulcers, &c.

WASHAWAUGH'S AND LUDWIG'S ALE,

successfully used by their friends and

patients.

Yours without "secession."

43° N. LATITUDE.

FRANKLIN HALL RESTAURANT.—

DODDICK & BROWN, Proprietors. This well-known

Establishment is kept in elegant style, and the

waiters are prepared to serve up Fresh OYSTERS,

SHRIMP, KICKENS, TURTLE, CLAM SOUP

and Game of all kinds.

WASHAWAUGH'S AND LUDWIG'S ALE,

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Yours without "secession."

CAIRNS, December 5, 1860.

CABIN AND CABINET MANUFACTURE.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public that he continues the manufacture of the various articles in his line, at his factory upon West Queen-st., a few doors from Main. He has always on hand a large variety of Cabinet-work, Chairs, Tables, Cupboards, Boxes, Bottoms and Winds, Chairs with Plain and Curious Heads, Picard Tables, Bureaus, Washstands, &c.

TURKISH CLOTHING is manufactured with promptness and dispatch. HOUSE PAINTING, WALLPAPER, &c.

PAINTING.—Particular attention will be given to this department, and satisfaction is guaranteed.

Having employed a sufficient number of competent workmen, he has engaged a number of assistants, and is enabled to offer a great variety of services at moderate prices.

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