ADDRESS
OF
COL. JOHN W. FORNEY
AT THE
DEMOCRATIC CELEBRATION
AT
WEST CHESTER, PENN.,
ON
Wednesday Evening, November 20th.

After the procession had passed through the streets of the beautiful borough of West Chester, amid the firing of cannon and strains of martial music, the citizens of West Chester proceeded to Horticultural Hall, and were addressed by Col. Forney, who had been invited by the Democratic Committee to deliver the oration. We give below a report of his remarks, which were received throughout with the greatest demonstrations of enthusiasm. Col. Forney said:

I will avoid the bad taste of interrupting your festivities with a lengthy speech.—While I thank you for the invitation which you have extended to me, and admit that something more than words should be uttered in reply to it, the difficulty of making a speech, after such a result as we are here to commemorate, must occur to all. You do not assemble to revive unhappy animosities, to rejoice over your friends and your neighbors, nor to prepare the way for unpleasant political struggles. If I understand the objects of this celebration, it is to show that you are happy in hailing the success of certain great principles involved in the canvass which closed in the election of James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge. Standing here this evening, and looking back over the past four months, we are struck with amazement that to oppose these principles, there should have been so much organization and such wide-spread excitement. It was well said, early in the late contest, that when the election should terminate, hundreds and thousands would admit that they had committed a grand mistake in opposing the Democratic party, and that they were humiliated at the exhibition in which, in a moment of delusion, they had contributed. The idea that the citizens of a free country should get by the ears and wrangle over the plain and fundamental doctrine that they had the right to manage their own affairs, in their own way, lain itself so supremely absurd that we may well wonder, now that the agitation has subsided, it should ever have made any lodgment in the public mind. Of the many hundreds and thousands who voted against us in November, separating them from those who succeeded in firing the great mass with prejudice and passion, there is not one who, in his own heart, will not this day admit his alarm about Kansas, his apprehensions about the Gardner Letter and his disturbed dreams about the extension of slavery, to have been so many illusions of the hour resulting from the intoxicating scenes through which he had passed, and fading away when more sober and cool reflection came.

The moment the ballot box closed on the evening of the 4th of November the cry over bleeding Kansas ceased; and all those anxious and agitated gentlemen, who came hither from other States to educate us in their own peculiar politics, to chastise us down to their own exemplary morality, to elevate us by their own excessive benevolence—in a word, to improve us by their own superfine standard—returned to their respective firesides, and have, by this time, recovered their voices and their reason together. Now, we may go to Church without hearing the names of political advertisers grossly commingled with that of Him who came to save mankind. Now we may sit under the drippings of the Sanctuary and feel that no poison is mixed with the sacred draught. Now we may indulge our honest judgments without being scolded and scowled at from the holy desk. Now Sabbath, peaceful Sabbath will come to us unstained with reproaches. And now we may return from the House of God soothed by the consolations of an upright Clergy, and no longer irritated by bitter and malignant political opinions.

The fearful struggle which takes place every four years, when the people come to elect their Chief Magistrate, teaches many valuable, many fearful lessons. The last one educated us in both these respects. It infused into the public mind a profound consciousness of the weakness and the virtue of our political system. It simplified the principles which underlie the whole structure of our institutions. It forced upon the contemplation of the masses, truths which an unsuspicing faith had hitherto left obscure.—It gave us to know that while we had rights to maintain, so also had we duties to perform. Thousands and tens of thousands who had repposed their faith in this Government of ours, because it had succeeded so long, gave themselves up to the task of realizing why it had succeeded. We were taught the lesson that because our Government is good, it is not therefore immortal; because it is right and necessary, therefore it is not indestructible; because to us it is like the light and the air, it is *not*, like the light and the air, beyond the reach of bad men and their unholy passions. We were also taught that, happy as we are, we could be brought close to the brink of political suicide. So closely allied are our blessings and our dangers that, in the midst of an almost universal consciousness, in the midst of an almost universal concession that no human power could impair or overthrow our free institutions, we were deliberately marching forward in that path which must have terminated in desolation and civil war!

It was the victories in October that decided the victory in November. Our State, for months before the 14th of October, was one great field of conflict, the struggle, as it were, in a vast amphitheatre, with the champions of opposing creeds entered upon the fate, and thirty sister republics standing by breathless with suspense, awaiting the issue—the South, a silent but anxious spectator, as if convinced that upon the result depended her vassalage to Northern fanaticism, or her equality before the Constitution,—while the Abolition North staked all its hopes upon the success of its own advocates, assured that if Pennsylvania gave way, a geographical party would henceforth control the destinies of the country. Our State on two great sides—the New York and Ohio borders—was attacked by an infuriated sectionalism. The bitter waves of Abolitionism, running mountain high in New England, in New York and Ohio, overflowed into Pennsylvania, and deluged many counties, some of which had long been proof to fanaticism. And, although there was in each a minority phalanx of able and well-tried national voters, the majorities rolled up against the friends of the Constitution were immense. Happily for the country, however, *the heart of the State* beat healthily and boldly. The mad torrent did not reach the centre. Here where I stand,—here and throughout all the middle of Pennsylvania—here in the midst of this true-tried and intelligent population—the great battle was fought and won, which not only saved the State, but rescued the country from those who sought to sectionalize and overthrow the government. While the outposts were driven in, the citadel remained impregnable. While hordes of fanatics poured along our Northern and Western frontier, appalling the stoutest hearts and overwhelming the stanchest majorities of past days, Pennsylvania feeling had been intrenched so deeply and so securely in the bosom of the State, that formidable and violent as the onset was, it was repelled with noble and with resolute courage. The German Democracy, the German national Whigs,—those who inhabit the fertile field of the Tenth Legion—those who have made Berks and Lancaster to blossom as the rose,—those who have converted your neighboring county, Montgomery into a paradise,—the dwellers in the great counties of Schuylkill, Centre, Lycoming, Northumberland, Clearfield, York, Adams, Cumberland, Perry, Franklin—all came to the rescue, and by a vote which exceeded all their past achievements, prostrated the high hopes of the opposition and sent a thrill of joy from the centre to the circumference of our beloved Union. In the mountains of Cambria, Huntington, Blair, Bedford, Fulton and Westmoreland, in distant Clarion and along the Maryland line, the irresistible sentiment of state pride was at work, and the constancy and courage of the Eastern masses were effectually responded to. Nor must we forget, while recounting the events and the energies of the October contest, the bold and opportune demonstration made in Philadelphia, that great metropolis the city of refinement and of wealth; where in my opinion the masses are happier than upon any other spot on the globe; where labor is better paid, where industry and enterprise are more liberally rewarded, where great public and private charities, and a munificent and unparalleled system of public education, speak trumpet-tongued of the virtues, the generosity, and the happiness of every class of society: that great city, although addressed and assailed by every species of argument and of sophistry, and for long years the head-quarters of an eloquent and, let me say, in all frankness, an irresistible opposition to the Democracy, yet when her people saw the Constitution, adopted in their midst, and the Declaration of Independence, proclaimed from their consecrated Hall, about to be trampled under foot amid immeasurable evil and woe, both to the present and the future, they nobly forgot their prejudices, and fixing their eyes alone upon the standard which symbolized that Constitution and that Union, voted for the only party pledged to the preservation of those sacred guarantees of human liberty. It is much to ask of an old opponent to abandon his prejudices. Pride of opinion, pride of character—all conspire to keep him in the wrong, rather than publicly to confess it. It is much to ask that men should forget the contest of the past; that they should quench in their bosom the recollections of those struggles, when, as Whigs, they stood out against the Democracy, and contended for their own peculiar specialities; and therefore, when on the 14th of October, the friends of Clay and of Webster, led on by those who had reflected lustre upon that gallant organization, threw behind them the passions of other days, and refused to be misled by new appeals to those passions, should we not here and everywhere return to them profound and public thanks? The victory, then, is not ours alone, but theirs and ours together. It was won itself, will never die. It was won also in the name of those great Whig leaders, who, whatever may have been their faults, were always steadfast to the principles which prevailed in the late canvass.

Yes, it was the battle in October which decided the battle in November. And although all, or nearly all, the counties to which I have referred, did better in the latter than in the former election, although Philadelphia rose to a plurality of more than 18,000 in favor of James Buchanan, yet we must not forget that if we had not spurned from our midst the influences which assailed us in October, if we had not proved we were stronger single-handed than the combined hosts of the enemy on that day, the contest of the fourth of November would have been a defeat to us and a defeat to our country. Both sides appealed through their ablest champions. It is quite true—and herein consisted our advantage, and herein must always consist the advantage of a party fighting for civil liberty—that many of the most eminent opponents of the Democratic party in days gone by, who were not openly with us in this struggle, refused to cooperate with those who were against us; and hence the destinies of the sectional antagonism were committed to the hands of men who had been educated in other schools and who came flushed with triumph in other States. But, misguided and desperate as these men were, they were nevertheless, able and dangerous opponents.

It would be invidious to signalize those who come here in our behalf from other States, and it would be almost impossible to specify those who spoke on the right side who grew up amongst us; but I am sure the Democracy of Chester county will pardon me if I refer to two names conspicuous in the recent conflict, the one because this was the theatre upon which he won an ennobling triumph over prejudice, and the other because his fame is national and his merits universally admitted and venerated. Howell Cobb is the type of a high toned constitutional nationality. He came here from the South to speak to northern communities, inflamed by Abolition misrepresentations, and in too many cases, poisoned by preconceived judgments against himself and the region where he was born. Without abating one jot of his opinions, without compromising a single principle of the creed of which he is so eminent a champion, without yielding an inch to the arrogance and the recklessness of his adversaries, he went forth, and with his persuasive eloquence, his unrivalled candor, and that characteristic fairness, which, while it challenged reply, never shrunk from controversy, he confounded those who came to denounce, and he converted those who came to listen. And I know you will allow me to add that much of the good result which crowned your exertions here flowed from the captivating arguments which he delivered upon your invitation. Take next, that other name, that Northern, that Western name, the name of the venerable Lewis Cass. In the midst of our congratulations, let us not forget him who, when beyond the Psalmist's age, mounted the husting and spoke, day after day, to listening crowds, travelling hundreds and thousands of miles, that his appeals might be heard by his countrymen, and his example followed by those who believed in him. It is true that on the scene of some of his proudest triumphs, it is true that in the State which he has done so much to rescue from barbarism, and upon the theatre where he has long been a distinguished actor, a sudden eruption of fanaticism has temporarily prostrated him, and an ingrate posterity answered to a brilliant life of usefulness and patriotism by a declaration against the Constitution and the Union, which he has so long defended. Ingrate, let me say, not by way of including the crowd of good men and true, who gathered round him from the beginning to the end of the fight, but in the sense which comprehends the men who are now realizing in their prosperity the value and the efficiency of his philanthropic and heroic efforts.

Mr. Burke, in one of his finest speeches, referred to a British statesman, who had touched, during his lifetime, two great extremes of national prosperity; and I have often been reminded of this picture while reviewing the career of the great Michigan statesman. Beginning with his own humble adventures, and while the great West was in the infancy of its development, he has marched onward from scene to scene, and from stage to stage, comprehending within its range alike his own rapid and brilliant advance, and the rapid and brilliant advance of his country itself. But suppose that the angel of this auspicious man, foreseeing his manly virtues, which made him one of the most eminent, as he is one of the most fortunate leaders of his age, had opened to him in vision, in his early youth, that in the fourth generation, the thirteenth President of the United States,—he having seen the first elected—should take his seat in the chair of the Chief Magistracy of the Union; and suppose, amid the exciting scenes of the earlier life of Lewis Cass, that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the advancing grandeur of America, the same genius should have pointed out to him a spot of earth hardly appreciated in the mass of the national interests, and should tell him—"*Young man, there is the North West*—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world." Had this state of his country been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it!—Fortunate he has lived to assist in it. Fortunate too, that the greatest act of his life has been to contribute to the victory which has secured to his country uninterrupted peace and freedom, let us hope throughout enduring ages. What need such a man repine at the false judgment of a perverted public opinion?

It is surprising that, in the election which has just terminated, there should have been such an amount of delusion on the subject of slavery. If Kansas had been the battle ground between opposing systems, if the admission of that territory into the Union as a free or slave State could decide the equilibrium between the North and the South in the councils of the nation, there could hardly have been more excitement. It was in vain that reason opposed to this misguided sentiment the fact that at least five territories were preparing to enter the Union as free States; that the principle involved in the Kansas-Nebraska bill is the same as that recognized in the Constitution; that State equality and Territorial equality are one and the same thing; and that Congressional domination over the sovereignty of the citizen of a State could no more be exercised than over the sovereignty of a citizen in a territory; the eyes and ears of large masses of our countryman were closed to such appeals as these; and the election came on amidst acrimony and intense excitement.—Now that the hour of reflection has arrived, now that we have witnessed the bursting of the bubble expanded by the breath of faction into such unwieldy dimensions, we can also realize the utter nothingness and folly upon which the opposition to the Democratic party subsisted for four long and bitter months.

It is true there are those who still refer us to the long column of figures which celebrates the vote thrown for John C. Fremont. More than one million citizens, animated by the sophistry to which I have alluded, gave him their suffrages. These suffrages, we are admonished, stand forth as a monument in favor of Sectionalism and must henceforward be treated with distinct reference to the peculiar views on the subject of Slavery which they are known to represent. And it is upon this idea that the candidate defeated on the 4th of November is put forward in certain quarters as a candidate four years hence. But, if four months have served to show that the texture of the Sectional party is a mere web, woven out of sheer deceit and misrepresentation, what absurdity it is to expect it to last the wear and tear of twelve times four months? It is the fate of all factions to endure for a brief period. Success never attends upon a party of one idea in a long struggle. Impulse may carry the day in the conflict of an instant. But principle endures forever; and therefore it is that the 1 133,147 citizens who voted against James Buchanan on the 4th of November will soon grow tired trusting themselves to the tender mercies of men who have shown that they have embarked in this crusade against the South simply for selfish purposes, a narrow, geographical, and proscriptive policy.

But there is a more striking philosophy in the statistics of the late election. If we take the column of figures which gives us the vote thrown in the North, we find that the Democratic candidate has received over one million of votes: the American or Know Nothing candidate 330,000, and the Abolition candidate 1,133,000. Turn next to the figures which represent the votes thrown in the South, and we find that the entire vote, with inconsiderable exceptions, has been thrown for Buchanan and Fillmore. In nearly every Southern State there was not a vote thrown for Col. Fremont. This fact shows the appalling sectionalism of the party which has just been overthrown. It shows the purpose of those who supported, or led in the support of Col. Fremont. It proves that his success, if faithful to them, must have been to sectionalize the Government. A candidate for the Presidency, running before the people of thirty-one States and repudiated and rejected at the polls by fifteen of them! However startling this suggestion before the election, it becomes intensely so now when we have the statistics before us, telling us that all our fears were well founded and that we have been rescued from a calamitous future by the national feeling and good sense of our countrymen.

But let us look at these figures a little closer. There were two theories enlisted in the late canvass. You will bear witness, friend and foe, how utterly insignificant all other suggestions became when contrasted with the national and sectional ideas standing out antagonistically to each other in that campaign. The low wages calumny, opposition to the late war and all the other silly coin so current in former political campaigns against Mr. Buchanan passed out of existence the first few weeks of the canvass, whilst the fact that Col. Fremont was incompetent to his own high aspirations and unworthy the office for which he had been nominated, were also forgotten; so that the two main candidates stood out as the representatives of their respective creeds,—one the embodiment of an unconquerable and irresistible nationality, and the other the embodiment of an arrogant and insatiate sectionalism. These are the only two ideas prominent before the American people; and when Mr. Fillmore came in he had to choose between them. Indeed, when he sought to address himself to a subordinate fanaticism, like that of religious proscription and political intolerence he failed to make the impression his partizans and friends expected.—And now, with the fact before our eyes, unanswered and unanswerable, that the two ideas engaged in the last contest, one against the other, were the nationality of Mr. Buchanan and the sectionalism of Mr. Fremont, the vote cast for Buchanan and Fillmore as a vote for the former, and that for John C. Fremont a vote for the latter. And therefore, in any analysis which may be made of that vote, the historian will combine the two columns for Buchanan and Fillmore as a demonstration in favor of the Constitution and against those who would destroy it.

And where does this analysis leave Col. Fremont? It leaves him in a minority in the North of more than 207,000, and in the South of more than a million, while in the Union there is a national majority against him of 1,225,000—and a clear majority for Buchanan over Fremont of over 400,000.

Mr. Buchanan has been closely identified with Chester county during a long period of time. He may be said to have been your representative for forty years, and ten of this period he was your immediate servant in the House of Representatives of the United States. When he passed from the popular branch of Congress to the Court of St. Petersburg, you did not lose sight of him. He whom you had known as man and boy, whose voice you had heard in your Court House, whose speeches you had read, and whose character you had admired, was still your representative, as you were his constituents. And when, on his return from that mission, he was chosen in 1834 to the Senate of the United States, Chester county still looked forward to her old Congressman. Re-elected to that body twice, he was called into the Cabinet of Mr. Polk and there you could see in his straightforward, Pennsylvania character, the faithful representative who had for years stood up for your interests in the House of Representatives. Coming back into retirement, to reside as it were in your midst, within a few hours ride of where I now speak, he became the associate of his old friends, and interchanged with them the generous hospitalities peculiar to both; his door always open to welcome, his heart always filled with gratitude to those who had stood by him. Called once again to another sphere of duty, at the Court of St. James, the people of Chester and of Lancaster saw him go forth, well convinced that as he had been true to his country and to them, in days gone by, so would he honor both in days to come. And finally, this representative of yours, this fellow citizen, your own State man—I had almost said your own countryman,—after having carried the nomination of his party under circumstances of almost providential significence, now stands revealed to the world as the President elect of the United States; and on the 4th of March next, if God spares his health, he will go into the Presidential chair to apply to still higher objects and on a grander arena, those sterling, safe and enduring characteristics, which have always made you proud of him.

Public life, beset with responsabilities and temptations, generally leaves to him who pursues its shadowy honors a wearied heart and a welcome grave; and posterity, too apt to believe that the good men do "is interred with their bones," remember only his frailties and his short comings. But in the case of James Buchanan we have a statesman who is an example, not only to his cotemporaries, but to all who shall follow him. And now, even factions forgets its malignity, and, with here and there and exception, all patriotic men demand that he shall have a fair trial in the high position he is shortly to assume.

It will be twenty years on the 14th of March next, since I assumed the control of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, in my native city, over yonder border. During all that period it has been my good fortune to be identified by many agreeable relations with Mr. Buchanan. During that period, too, his friends in this and other States have four times presented his name for the Presidency and in this intelligent assembly I recognize more than one who was always found under his banner. Had he been nominated in 1844, 1848, or 1852, his election would have been sure; but his hour had not yet come. Destiny seemed to have reserved him for that exigency, when after his own ambition had been moderated, by the course of events, his name had become familiar with men of "wisest censure," and his nomination a national necessity. The public danger made him a candidate and the patriotic national sentiment elected him. His very opponents anticipated his nomination as the only alternative that could defeat their plans; and the sequel answered to their augury. He will go into the Presidency, after having defeated a geographical party filled with the elements of disunion and demoralization; after having answered the hopes and wishes of those who called for his nomination as necessary to the deliverance of our country from a selfish and unscrupulous sectionalism. You, fellow-citizens of Chester county who have stood by his side during so many long years, may well congratulate yourselves that the confidence you reposed in him, has been vindicated by his public life, and that the services you honored, have fitted him, at a period so grave and significant as this, for the highest office in the gift of a brave and free people. And, after all his trials, it is probably the most gratifying of recent events, that the vote of his old Congressional District should have shown such a high appreciation of his character, and that when the whole nation demanded him as a candidate, local animosities universally surrendered before him, and majorities which had been thrown against his opinions were overwhelmingly reversed.

A CALL UPON THE PRESIDENT ELECT.

"Burleigh," a correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, has called upon Mr. Buchanan, at his residence in Wheatland—not, however, in the capacity of an office-seeker—but being on a business engagement at Lancaster, went a little out of the way to make a friendly call upon the President elect. After describing the approach to that gentleman's residence, he continues as follows:

"Now I stand at the gate of the residence of the President elect. The mansion is picturesque and elegant. A plain black wooden fence separates it from the road. A circular path, hidden by forrest trees and shrubbery, guides up to the mansion. The carriage drive is of hard gravel, and the whole area is carefully and neatly swept, trimmed and in order. No steps of childhood mar the elegant borders, and no playtoys litter the land. The dwelling-house is of brick, unpainted, repising amid, and hid partly by, a grove of trees in front and in the rear. It is composed of two stories, with brick wings on either side of the main building. A large portico, supported by substantial columns, adorns the front entrance, and the whole place indicates taste and comfort. In the centre of the garden is a small white house, the dwelling of the gardner. Mr. Buchanan is not a farmer.—His whole estate comprises only eighteen acres.

"On my passage out to Wheatland I fell in with one of the farmers who live near Mr. Buchanan. He spoke warmly of Mr. Buchanan's character as a neighbor and a man; said he was a plain man and a kind neighbor; that he seldom rode to Lancaster, but travelled the distance on foot; that he kept and open house for his friends; and that Miss Lane, his niece and housekeeper, was one of the most accomplished and benevolent of ladies. My informant was a warm personal, but not political friend of Mr. Buchanan, as he is called here. The front gate swung open as seemed to invite an entrance. I walked in and looked round the area. I was a stranger, with no claims upon the inmates of the house, and was not disposed to intrude. But while I stood near the gate I saw a gentleman approaching. I soon perceived it was Mr. Buchanan. He had been to the city of Lancaster, and was coming home with his mail. He is a fine looking man—tall and stout, with a dash of the old school dignity about him—florid from his walk—with a wide and benevolent face, and a speech full of frankness and intelligence.

"I apologized for my intrusion. I gave him my card, and he invited me in. I was not a politician nor an office-seeker. I remained but a short time; but I was impressed with this—that Mr. Buchanan is elected to be the President of the nation—that he will seek to restore peace to the country, and confidence to the people—that extreme men, North or South, will not guide his councils, nor gain the ear; and that it will be his aim to give a purer and a better government than shall be modelled after Washington's Administration than of any other, and that extreme men will find no favor in his sight."

The Watchman.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL

BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 3, 1856.

THE COURT.—During last week Court was in session in our borough, and we had the pleasure of meeting a large number of our fellow-citizens, and greeting them with the salutation of good fellowship. The Democrats particularly, appeared in good spirits, and it was a source of honest joy for us to congratulate them upon the glorious victory we have so recently achieved. But we were particularly gratified with the manifestation of that acquiescence in the will of the majority, that constitutes so striking a trait in the American character. Vanquished and victorious appeared to forget all the animosity of party strife that so recently arrayed them against each other in political combat, and they met in the proud character of American citizens, as the result of which, good feeling, peace and quiet pervaded all circles.

Our new Court Room was finished, and whatever opposition may have existed in the community to the improvement, must have been dispelled by the apparent convenience, order and expedition with which the business of the Court was conducted, to say nothing of the beauty with which the building is adorned. Every citizen of the county must feel proud of the edifice, and although it may add some little to the taxes, we feel sure that all will realize the fact that they have received an equivalent for their money. Our enterprising friend, George W. Tate, the contracter, deserves the thanks of all, for the neat workmanship he has put upon the building, and the expeditious manner in which he has executed the work. Although there are Court Houses that have cost much more than ours, we can truly say that we have the neatest, most convenient and well arranged building in the State.

The Grand Jury of last week was no farce. It was truly the grand inquest of the county, and the promptness and firmness with which they despatched business, saved the county a large amount of costs. Of 11 bills before them they ignored five. There are too many petty prosecutions brought into our Courts of Justice, instigated by malice, and nurtured in a litigous spirit, the trial of which not only burdens the County with costs, but occupies the valuable time of the Court, to the delay of important business. If Grand Juries should always exercise the power they possess, as did the last one, many such cases would go no farther than their chamber. The impartial and speedy manner in which Hon. James Burnside performs the important and onerous duties of his position, deserves more than a passing notice in this category. Our oldest citizens all admit, that the ermine borne upon the shoulders of his illustrious father has fallen in all its purity upon the son, and the name of Judge Burnside will lose none of its character so long as the present incumbent remains among the living. Presiding over a Bar with the members of which he has always been intimate, he not only commands their respect, but secures their confidence and esteem. On Friday evening a supper was given by the members of the Bar to the retiring Judges, Hassan and Strohecker, at the house of Captain R. D. Cummings. We were not present, but have been informed that the best of feeling prevales, that the speeches were witty, moral and entertaining, and the toasts rich and expressive. We have frequently been impressed with the harmony that universally exists between the members of the legal profession, but in no place we have ever been, has the truth of the following lines been more forcibly illustrated than among the Centre county lawyers.

"We lawyers, like shears so keen,
Cut not ourselves, but what's between."

We have not room to comment on all the incidents of the week, nor speak of all the advantages our county enjoys, as fully as our inclination would prompt. We may do so at some future time.

DANVILLE AFFAIRS.—The Bank of Danville has declared a dividend of five per cent for the past six months, payable on or after the 10th inst. Many of the public and private buildings are now supplied with gas, and workmen are busy introducing pipes into the dwellings and shops along the principal streets. The growth of the town is still rapidly onward. There has been several cases of small pox and varioloid lately, but no deaths are reported, unless it be small children whose parents or guardians have neglected precautionary measures.

SWIFT RETRIBUTION.—When they do nab a scoundrel in England whose crime can be legally punished, they make short work of him. About the same time that Huntington, the great forger, was arrested in New York, a man named Robson, who had defrauded the Crystal Palace at Sydenham of £10,000, was arrested in England. The City of Washington brought the intelligence that Robson has been indicted, tried, found guilty and sentenced to 20 year's imprisonment. Huntington, on the contrary, has not yet been indicted.

CALIFORNIA ELECTION.—The electoral vote of California will be cast for Buchanan. The returns now are: Buchanan, 14,946; Fillmore, 11,417—Fremont, 8,872. The Democrats have also secured a majority in the Legislature, which secures to them two U. S. Senators, provided the party can agree among themselves on a choice.

CONGRESS commenced the short session on Monday. When we went to press we had received no report of the proceedings.

THE TYRONE PAPERS.—The *Era* and the *Iron Dominick* are offered for sale.

[illegible] OF DEMOCRATIC [illegible]—Whenever (says the Albany *Argus*), the enemies of the Democracy in their various disguises are repelled in their attacks upon the constitution, they avenge themselves upon Democrats by attempted social or political disfranchisement. The various "nativist" movements, which in former years grew out of the discomfiture of the Whig party, were the result of this feeling. The proscription of small dealers who refused to join in the panic manifestations of the bank campaign; the proscription of Democratic workmen in the high-tariff times; and the recent propositions to set up new tests and prerequisites for the right of suffrage by the masses, are manifestations of the same insolent mood. Fortunately, so far as political rights are concerned, the insolence is coupled with an impudence that makes it utterly unworthy of condemnation, except as a manifestation of an evil spirit.

The last demonstration of this tyrannical mood is the avowed purpose of the Black-Republican press to proscribe and exclude from public hearing, such lecturers as may utter views not in consonance with those of the fanatics and demagogues who control that faction.

This is not (continues the *Argus*) an idle threat, or one that is not meant to be executed in its highest significance. When Wm. Gilmore Sims attempted in New York to defend the part taken by the Carolinas in the American revolution, and to show the great services and sacrifices of the men of the revolution, he was set upon by the kennel of the New York press, and barked down by the mangy cars.

A SILVER CHAMBER.—The Sultan of Turkey is building a silver chamber, the furniture and appurtenances of the boudoir to be composed entirely of solid silver. The round table in the midst is of admirable workmanship, the surface is of polished silver, engraved in rich arabesques, the legs of twisted pattern, highly burnished. The sofas, the chairs, and the piano are all of the same precious metal. The boudoir is to be hung with cloth of gold, looped with silver cord. It seems that the Sultan has destined this unique specimen of oriental recklessness of expense to be his favorite retreat in the garden of the seraglio, whence every ray of daylight is always to be excluded, and where he intends to retire for the repose and solitude he cannot enjoy in the palace.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The *Herald* says of the Woman's Rights movement:

"The plain fact of the matter is, that all this nonsense about down-trodden women is gotten up by a few hundred persons, supposed to be females, but whose sex is not accurately defined by exterior developments."

The *Herald* had better be careful how it talks, or the Black-Republicans will repudiate it.

NAMES ENOUGH.—The infant daughter of the Duchess de Montpensier has the following names, enough for a very large family: Maria de Regla, Francisca de Asis, Antonia, Luisa, Fernanda, Amalia, Felipa, Isabel, Adelaid, Cristina, Josefa, Joaquina, Justa, Rufina, Lufgarpe, Carolina, Bibiana, Pelonia, Gaspara, Melchoira, Baltassara, Ana, Agueda, Lucia, Francisca de Paula, Ramona, Todos los Sancos, Brigidia, Dionosia.

TRAGEDY IN GEORGIA.—Dr. B. H. Perkins, of Cuthbert county, Georgia, went to Americus, on the 8th ult., with $1,500, to pay a bank debt, but was entrapped into a gambling house and lost it all. He then opened an artery in his arm and bled to death. A public meeting was then called by the Mayor, and resolutions adopted to rid the town of gambling houses.

SECRETARY OF STATE.—The New York *Tribune* of to-day gives prominence to the following announcement.

We learn on good authority that Mr. Buchanan has offered to General Cass the position of Secretary of State, and that the offer was accepted on Tuesday last. The statement comes to us in such a form that we cannot withold it from the public.

ANOTHER ELOPEMENT has taken place in Poughkeepsie; Mrs Marcy, the keeper of a boarding house in Garden street, and one of her boarders named McKelvey, went off together. She is the wife of a respectable blind man, and the mother of three children. She is 25 years of age, and the young man 20. They were last seen in Albany.

A LATE Lebanon paper says the Lebanon Valley Railroad is fast approaching completion. A considerable portion of the track has been laid between Reading and Lebanon, and it is confidently expected that division of the road, at least, if not the whole line, will be open for travel some time between March and May next.

A SERVANT of Mr. Robert Hammer, while plowing on the farm of that gentleman, in Albemarle county, Va., recently, turned up a gold ring, on which was engraved the name of the owner, Rebecca Harper, and the date, 1746—110 years ago.

ONE OF THE LARGEST manufacturing establishments in Newark, N. J., employing 1,200 hands has been obliged to suspend operations on account of dry weather and scarcity of water.

ISAAC COLE has recovered a verdict of $2,225, in a suit against the City of N. York, for leaving a hole open in pier No. 82, N. R., into which he fell and broke his leg.

AT FUNCHAL, Madeira, it is the fashion to wear white boots instead of black ones, and a lump of chalk does the service of the blacking brush.

THE CANAL COMMISSIONERS will close the State Canals on the 10th of December, unless sooner closed by ice.

ONE MILLION one hundred thousand dollars have been raised in New York for educational purposes.

THE CITIZENS of Harrisburg, among other "improvements," have a new Masonic Hall, a theatre, and a race course.

PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENCE

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29, 1856.

DEAR SPIRIT:—The past week, may well be called fatal time, for no less than nine cases have come to light. The first was the finding of the body of a tramp in a stalk down town; the second was a man cut to pieces on the Reading railroad; then two unknown men were found with their throats cut; on Sunday night a man named Samuel Harvey was run over with a fire engine and killed; on Tuesday morning a colored boy was killed by falling from the third story of a new building in sixth street above Market; on Wednesday morning, a man named Henry Lawrence was found dead in his cell in prison, where he had been placed at the request of the Coroner, on the charge of poisoning his employer, P. A. Boutel, the keeper of a restaurant in Walnut street below 4th, and who had died under suspicious circumstances. Lawrence opened an artery with a knife and bled to death. A man named Edwin Cooper, who had been committed to the 14th Ward Station house for drunkenness, on Tuesday night attempted to escape, but fell and fractured his skull, which caused his death in a short time. A man named Wm. Clark was killed by a wall falling upon him; on Friday at the new Belmont Presbyterian Church, another was so badly injured that no hopes are entertained of his recovery.

To add to this catalogue of crime, we have had some pretty severe fires, nearly all of which were the work of incendiaries—fiends who manage to keep clear of the hemp which was grown for their especial benefit. The most destructive fire of the week took place this morning early, destroying the large five story building in Seventh street below Market, occupied by Courtenay & Willetts, as a Cottage Furniture warehouse, and in the basement by "the Kossuth Exchange," and various other tenants. The building was owned by Mr. Hyman Gratz. Mr. G.'s loss is about $15,000, of which $10,000 is covered by insurance.

During the height of the conflagration, a very large portion of the southern wall fell outwards with a tremendous crash. The falling wall fell upon a small one storied brick building adjoining and crushed it to the ground. This small building was used as an office by the Philadelphia Gas Company.

The ruins of the wall also fell upon the roof of the old two storied building upon the south, occupied as the principle office of the Gas Company.—This structure, as well as the small office already referred to, belongs to the Gaslight Society. The second story is used by the Society as a library.—The roof and ceiling were crushed through, and the library was considerably damaged by the crush and by the water which was thrown in to prevent the building from taking fire from the burning ruins.

An old man named Samuel Myers, who was in the employ of Courtney & Willetts, slept in the fifth story of the warehouse. When Mr. Myers awoke, the flames had cut off his retreat, and he was compelled to remain in the fourth story until a party of firemen placed a ladder to the windows, and gallantly mounting it, lowered Mr. M. in safety to the ground, by means of a rope.

The fire at one period had a most threatening aspect, the flames pouring out from every door and window, and sending up clouds of sparks and blazing flakes. Fortunately, about the time the flames broke out, a heavy rain commenced and continued during the night, aiding the firemen materially in preventing the spread of the flames. The firemen did all that men could do in their efforts to extinguish the fire, and they did succeed in preventing its spread outside the building in which it commenced. As to evidence of their prowess we will state what they accomplished in one instance. Immediately in the rear of the warehouse was a five storied structure occupied by Courtney & Willetts as a manufactory. This edifice was only separated from the main building by a narrow area upon which the windows opened. In fact, the two buildings were connected together at one point by a wooden stairway. This stairway was destroyed, and all the window frames of the rear building were burnt, yet the back building was saved.

The fire burned during the entire night, and long after daylight the embers rekindled to such an extent as to require the services of some of the firemen.

The total loss is said to be near $60,000—about half of which is covered with insurance. Messrs. Courtney & Willetts were the lessees of the building and occupied the whole of it with the exception of the basement and the 2nd and 3d stories.—This firm had a very large stock of furniture and materials on hand. A portion of the damaged furniture was saved in a damaged condition. They estimate their loss at $15 000, $10,000 of which is covered by insurance. Their workmen lose all their tools.

The second floor was occupied by Mr. B. B. Barnes map publisher. But little was saved from this portion of the building. The loss of Mr. Barnes is $6,000, of which $2,000 only is covered by insurance.

The number of deaths in this city for the week ending November 29, was 232, of which 45 were by scarlet fever, 25 of consumption, 14 by convulsions, &c., adults 81, children 151, under one year.

Gen. Rufus Welsh, known throughout the country as the celebrated circus manager, died at his residence, 810 Walnut street last evening. He was aged 56.

The steamer Illinois has just been telegraphed as having arrived at New York with near $300,000 in gold. She brings news which indicate that the State has gone for Buchanan, thus giving Buchanan 174 electoral votes, Fremont 114 and Fillmore 8.—In regard to the popular vote it is not yet officially known.

A magnificent banquet was given to Captain Wylie and the officers of the noble steamship "City of Washington," on Thursday at the La Pierre House.

The contested election case of District Attorney was up to-day in Court, and the Judge decided it should be regularly tried. Yours Trio.

THE HOUSEHOLD IN OLDEN TIMES.—A servant who is absent from prayers to be fined one penny. For uttering an oath ore penny; and the same sum for leaving the door open. A fine of two pence from Lady day to Michaelmas to Lady day, for all who are in bed after seven, or out after nine. A fine of one penny for any bed unmade, fire unlit or candle-box uncleaned after eight. A fine of four pence for any man detected teaching the children obscene words. A fine of one penny for any man waiting without a butcher, or who is absent at a meal. For any one breaking any of the butler's glasses twelve pence. A fine of two pence to one who has not laid the table for dinner half-past ten or the supper by six. A fine of four pence for any one absent without leave. For any one man striking another a fine of one penny. For any fellow-servant tilting the cook, one penny. A fine of one penny for any man appearing in a torn or broken hose, untied shoes, or tattered clothes. A fine of one penny for any stranger found left for four hours after he be drunk. A fine of one penny if the hall be not cleaned by eight in the winter and seven in the summer. The porter to be fined one penny if the court gate be not shut during meals. A fine of three pence if the stairs are not cleansed every Friday after dinner. All these fines were deducted by the steward at the quarterly payment of the men's wages.

THE LARGEST MIRROR plate ever imported into the U. States has just been put up in the bar room of the St. Nicholas Hotel. The plate is seven feet wide, eleven feet high and half an inch thick. The original cost and the cost of importation was $1,200; the frame and putting up $200; making the aggregate $1,400.