THE GLOBE.

Circulation—the largest in the county.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

Wednesday, August 6, 1856.

FOR PRESIDENT,
JAMES BUCHANAN, of Pennsylvania.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, of Ky.
FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,
GEORGE SCOTT, of Columbia county.
FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
JACOB FRY, Jr., of Montgomery co.

Democratic Delegate Elections.

The Democrats of Huntingdon county, are requested to meet at the usual places of holding elections, in their respective districts, (except Murray's Run district, which will meet at Donation School House,) on Saturday the 9th day of August next, for the purpose of electing delegates to a Democratic County Convention to be held at Huntingdon on Wednesday the 13th day of August, at 2½ o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of nominating a Democratic Ticket to be supported at the ensuing fall elections, and such other business as may be necessary.

SAMUEL T. BROWN, *Chairman of Democratic County Committee.*

July 15, 1856.

☞ Single copies of THE GLOBE done up in wrappers can always be had at the office. Price 3 cents.

Circulate "The Globe!"

THE GLOBE will be furnished to subscribers at the following rates:

For three months, payment in advance,.....$ 50
"...six....."....."..... 75
"...one year....."....."..... 1 50

☞ How many new subscribers shall be added to our list during the approaching Court weeks? Remember, THE GLOLE is the best paper published in the county.

The Democratic County Convention.

On Saturday next, the Democratic voters of the county, are expected to meet at their usual places of holding elections, for the purpose of electing Delegates to meet in Convention in this place, on Wednesday, the 13th of August, to put in nomination a Democratic County Ticket. We hope to see the Democracy of every township and borough in the county, ably represented in the Convention—harmonious deliberation—a strong ticket—and victory will be ours.

OUR TRIP TO HOPEWELL, BEDFORD COUNTY.—On Thursday last, in company with a number of our citizens, and capitalists from Philadelphia, we jumped into the handsome new car on the Huntingdon and Broad Top Rail Road, and in a short time, we were landed at Hopewell, where a large crowd of persons had collected for the purpose of purchasing town lots. The sales amounted in the aggregate, to $0,500. Some lots went as high as $600; some at $100. From all we could learn, and the advantages the place has over all others, on the route between Huntingdon and Bedford, we could not avoid coming to the conclusion, that the town of Hopewell must become the most active business place on the route. Several large buildings are now being finished, and others will be commenced immediately. The old buildings are generally small, but their occupants have hearts as big as an ox—no person came away empty—the latch string of every door was on the outside.

The Railroad is now completed to Hopewell, and a more pleasant road to ride over, can not be found in the State. The scenery too, along the whole route, is more grand than on any other road. By the construction of this road, a great country has been opened out to the pleasure seeking inhabitants of the cities, and capitalists generally, and as soon as they are sharp enough to find it out, we may expect to see the cars crowded with passengers for the Broad Top Region.

READ! READ!!

From the Huntingdon Journal of this Wednesday morning.

"In regard to the statement we made that the publisher of the Huntingdon *Globe* "owed his present freedom to executive clemency," we have a word to say. Lewis has had a notice in his paper for several weeks, denying the assertion, and offering to wager $100 we cannot prove it. We cannot "bet" for several reasons—we are morally opposed to gambling; we could not take money *made* in the manner the above named individual has his; we will not stake money on a blackguard. We assert that our statements are entirely correct, and shall substantiate them by publishing a brief history of this immaculate Wm. Lewis—commencing in our next: from the pen of "one who knows." We shall prove every word we have spoken."

☞ The reader will observe that Brewster & Whittaker have not included in their "statement" their former oft-repeated but false assertions that we are "*a pardoned convict,*" "*a Roman Catholic,*" "*a Jesuit,*" &c., &c., but they assert that *their statements are entirely correct,* and that they WILL *prove every word they have spoken!*

Now, all we ask of them is the *proof* to sustain their *assertions*—OF EITHER OF THEM.

But they say they "are *morally* (!) opposed to betting and gambling." We propose no betting—no gambling! Our proposition is to give, to bestow, the $100 in case they succeed in proving their assertions to be true!—*They refuse the proposition!* We will make them another, since they have become so "*moral,*" to which they cannot object as being immoral! We now propose that they select a committee of five persons—*members of their own party and their own church*—to investigate the charges they have made against us, and if said committe report under oath that said charges are true, we will pay the said committee and Brewster and Whittaker and witnesses, for their time and trouble, and will also contribute the sum of one hundred dollars towards the erection of the Presbyterian parsonage house. In case they refuse to accept this, our last proposition, or to retract, we pledge ourselves to give them both more than they have contracted for.

In the meantime we *demand* of them the publication of the "brief history" they have promised, by "one who knows."

From the Providence (R. I.) Post.

The Political Priests!

Every city and almost every large town in New England has its political priests. They are men who love distinction, and who cannot obtain it by preaching the Gospel. So they join hands with infidels and spiritualists, and feed their flocks with denunciations of democracy, and abuse of the government, to which they are indebted, more than to their own good behavior, for protection. With remarkable unanimity they are fighting men. They want to see civil war, and are therefore loud in their praises of Sharpe's rifles and bowie-knives. We will give specimens of the religion of this class of them.

In the Pittsburg convention, a few months ago, the Rev. Mr. Brewster said:

"He, for one, was in favor of using fire-arms and fighting for freedom in Kansas."

The Rev. Mr. Chandler said:

"He believed that Sharpe's rifles were the best peace-makers; there was no danger too many of them would be introduced into Kansas."

The Rev. Mr. Lovejoy said:

"He was willing to go either as a captain or private. He would use Sharpe's rifles, and *fire with good aim.*"

In the North Church, soon after, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said:

"*I hold it to be an everlasting disgrace to shoot at a man and not hit him!*"

The Rev. Theodore Parker said lately in his own church:

"He thought the people should rise at once in their might and by such a revolution as was never before heard of, *sweep the myrmidons of a corrupt obligarchy from power by the strong arm of physical violence.*"

At a Kansas meeting recently held in Boston, the Rev. H. James, of Worcester, said:

"There had been plenty of meetings and resolutions in favor of freedom. *The best way would be to ram the resolution down with powder and ball upon the top of it* For his part, he was ready to suffer, to go into the jaws of martyrdom, to save Kansas and his country. He knew not but that before this question was settled the country might roll in blood; but he was ready to enter the breach."

Much more of the same treasonable sort we might quote, and perhaps may quote as we find room for it hereafter. This however, will show the religious mood of these political preachers.

But our readers should not get the impression that the priests are now dabbling in politics for the first time. In the time of Jefferson the same class of hypocrites were as deep in the political mires as they now are; and during the war of 1812 they fairly foamed at the mouth with pious indignation. We will give a few sentences from some of the most *patriotic* of their sermons.

April 7, 1814, the Rev. Elijah Parish, D. D., of Bayfield, said:

"How will the supporters of *this anti-Christian warfare* endure their sentence—endure their own reflections—*endure the fire that forever burns—the worm which never dies*—the hosannahs of Heaven—WHILE THE SMOKE OF THEIR TORMENTS ASCENDS FOR EVER AND EVER."

The Rev. David Osgood, pastor of the church at Medford, in a discourse delivered June 27, 1812, said:

"If, at the command of weak or wicked rulers, they undertake an unjust war, each man who volunteers his services in such a cause, or loans his money for its support, or by his conversation, his writings or any other mode of influence, encourages its prosecution, that man is an accomplice in the wickedness, loads his conscience with the blackest crimes, brings the guilt of blood upon his soul, and, IN THE SIGHT OF GOD AND HIS LAW, IS A MURDERER."

The Rev. I. S. J. Gardner, of Boston, in a discourse delivered July 23, 1812, said:

"*It* is a war *unexampled in the history of the world:* wantonly proclaimed on the *most frivolous and groundless pretences,* against a nation from whose friendship we might derive the most singular advantages, and from whose hostility we have reason to dread the most tremendous losses."

And again, in the same sermon:

"THE UNION HAS BEEN LONG SINCE VIRTUALLY DISSOLVED; AND IT IS FULL TIME THAT THIS PART OF THE DISUNIONED STATES SHOULD TAKE CARE OF ITSELF."

This will show that political preaching is nothing new. And we may add, that it is nothing to be frightened at. The American Union and the democratic party have survived it, and will survive it while there is a spark of patriotism in the breasts of the American people. But of political preaching and political preachers, how can we better speak than in the language of that greatest of English statesmen and modern philosophers, Edmund Burke? The following are his words:

"Politics and the pulpit are terms that have little agreement. No sound ought to be heard in the church but the voice of healing charity. The cause of civil liberty and civil government gains as little as that of religion by the confusion of duties. Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave and the character they assume. Wholly unacquainted with the world, in which they are so fond of meddling, and inexperienced in all its affairs, on which they pronounce with so much confidence, they know nothing of politics but the passion they excite. Surely the church is the place where one day's truce ought to be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind."

TRUE LIKENESSES.—Mr. GEO. H. AUXER, has taken a room in the Court House, where he is now ready to take Ambrotype and Daguerreotype Likenesses of all who may desire to have a true and beautiful picture of themselves or their friends. His specimens are numerous, and can be seen by any person calling at his room. Now is your time if you want a correct likeness of yourself or friends. Call and examine specimens. *

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Order Reigns in Kansas--The Wars are over--The Border Ruffians Gone.

Unless Lane with his banditti can kick up a muss, Kansas will now remain quiet. What new scheme the "screechers" will yet get up to make blood-and-thunder capital out of, remains to be seen. The New York *Tribune's* special correspondent, July 6th, writing from Lawrence, says:

"Never did the Free-State cause stand in greater jeopardy. We have more peace now than we have had for many months, and the lull witnesses an activity in agriculture, building and business affairs.

* * * * * * *

"This morning the work began on the new hotel. A considerable number of men went to work removing the ruins to clear the site for the new building. Three hearty cheers for the work were given before they began. Taking advantage of the peace for the last week or two, buildings have been going up very rapidly, and Lawrence again presents a flourishing aspect."

There's truth for you! There is peace in Kansas! Think of it! And *this* puts the Free-State cause in jeopardy—*i. e.,* the election of Fremont. What *will* the sectionalists do? Look out for some new card? The only thing that can minister to the diseased Free-soil cause is a fresh batch of murders, burnings, broils—a new rebellion—something to stir with—anything horrible. Look out!

The dreadful condition of the slavery agitators suggested to the *Jersey Telegraph* the following mode of relief:

"*Wanted.*—Some half dozen smooth-faced Aminadab Sleeks to station themselves somewhere on the Missouri line, to manufacture *'border-ruffian outrages,'* of the *steepest* kind, for 'down cast' consumption. Full employment given until November 4th, 1856.

"For further information apply to Ward Beecher, at the Church of the Holy Rifles, or of Horace Greeley, at the *Tribune* Office.

"P. S.—Political preachers preferred who are accustomed to 'shrieking for freedom' and 'bleeding Kansas' in the sacred desk on the Sabbath."

The Son of Henry Clay for Buchanan.

Our readers will remember that we stated, in a late number of our paper, that there was no truth in the allegations of the opposition that "Mr. BUCHANAN was the slanderer of HENRY CLAY," and that their personal relations were of the most hostile character. In substantiation of our position we gave the rumor that a son of Mr. CLAY was favorable to the election of Mr. BUCHANAN. Below will be found a verification of the rumor. Can any one, after reading the following, doubt that the most friendly relations existed between those two great cotemporary statesmen? Could the son support the slanderer of his father? Is not a son the most watchful guardian of his father's reputation? And had that reputation been injured would not the son resent it? Who will say nay to either of these interrogatories? Who will attempt to deceive the public in reference to the relations existing between Mr. B. and C., after reading the subjoined extract from a letter addressed to the Lexington *Statesman,* by JAMES B. son of HENRY CLAY?

There is also a statement copied into the *Observer and Reporter* of the 5th inst., "that I had been heard to say that I was not for Buchanan." I may have said that Mr. Buchanan was not my candidate, or was not my choice for the Presidency; but I have not said that I should not vote for him. I prefer Mr. Fillmore personally, and if he stood upon the same principles he did in 1850, I would vote for him in preference to any man I know. But I expect to cast my vote for that candidate who, in my opinion, may have the best chance to defeat the candidate of the Black Republican party, and, as at present advised, I think Mr. Buchanan has the best chance to do so. I wish it, nevertheless, to be distinctly understood that if I shall think it my duty to vote for Mr. Buchanan, I shall vote as an old-line Whig making a choice of what he believes to be evils, for the good of the country, and that whenever the Whig standard shall again be raised, adhering always to the principles which I have been instrumental in asserting at Lexington, and at Louisville, on the 3d of July, I shall be ready, fairly, honestly and fearfully, to battle against those principles and practices of the Democratic party which conflict with my own views.

MORE HELP—THE WHIGS.—We quote the following extract from that popular and influential paper, the *Spectator,* published at Erie, Pa.

It will be seen that the *Spectator* has always been, and now is, an old-line Whig. That in the present campaign, "*there being no Whig candidate*" in the field, it finds itself impelled by every feeling of patriotism to support Mr. BUCHANAN, as a man alike worthy of the honor, and the only one who can defeat the nominee of the black conspirators. The *Spectator* views Mr. Fillmore in the light in which he views himself, as having abandoned the Whig party, and having formally joined the American party.

"The proprietor of the German Erie *Spectator* would respectfully announce to his patrons that for the past eighteen years he has published a paper invariably devoted to the promotion of Whig principles. That as to the correctness of those principles his opinions remain unchanged, but in the present presidential canvass (there being no Whig in the field) his services shall be devoted to the success of the most experienced statesman of this nation, Pennsylvania's favorite son, James Buchanan. Believing that sectionalism forms no part of his political creed, and that all the diversified interests of this country would be faithfully protected under his administration, we cordially invite the co-operation of our patrons under his banner for the sake of the Union."

☞ Old Mr. Singlestick mystifies a tea-party by remarking that women were facts. When pressed to explain his meaning, he said—

"Facts are stubborn things."

Another Important Letter from William B. Reed, Esq.

THE DANGEROUS CHARACTER OF BLACK REPUBLICANISM EXPOSED.

The Democratic Committee of Franklin county having extended an earnest invitation to William B. Reed, Esq., of Philadelphia, to address the people at the mass meeting of the Democracy at Chambersburg, on 7th August next, that gentleman makes the following reply, in which he presents most conclusive reasons for sustaining Buchanan and Breckinridge:—

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 26, 1856.

GENTLEMEN—Absolute inability to speak in the open air will prevent me from uniting in your Mass meeting on the 7th of August, for I am very sure you will not be able to compress within any room built by hands all who will be with you in doing honor to Mr. Buchanan. Franklin county, if I mistake not, was his birth-place. Thence he started to win his way in life, and those, and the children of those, amongst whom he was born, will gladly and resolutely come forward to sustain him now. The intelligent, thrifty men of your county, descendants of the robust Scotch, Irish and German pioneers of the Cumberland Valley, will not be wanting at a crisis when civil and religious liberty and the Union of the States are endangered. To the multitude which will be sure to assemble there, I could not speak—much as I wish it—but my written words of sympathy and encouragement—of earnest anxiety for the success of the Democratic ticket at both the approaching elections, (one scarcely less important than the other,) I cannot withhold. I shall have my abundant reward if they influence a single reader. Take them, I beg you, for what they are worth. They are at least sincere and disinterested.

I have some associations with Franklin county which are peculiar. I have had friends there, in public and private life who, as contemporaries, were dear to me, and as my seniors, honored me by their counsel. Many of them have passed away—though some are still surviving. I was in the Legislature, on the same side of politics, too,—for I am not ashamed of my antecedents, and you would despise me were I to deny them—with David Fullerton and Thomas G. McCullok—and I am very sure, if they were alive now, they would be neither Know-Nothings nor Abolitionists, I served long with Thomas Carson, of Mercersburg, an honest and independent man,—and if there be any one whose private worth and dignified public integrity, I have been taught especially to respect, it is he who still lives honored and esteemed among you—George Chambers. These are the personal associations which affect me. May I allude to some others.

I remember, years ago, on a bright summer's afternoon, toiling up the turnpike road on the Cove mountain, in your county, and when I reached the summit, turning to gaze on as beautiful scene as ever gladdened my eye—the valley of peaceful beauty which stretches off to Maryland and towards the Potomac. It is a familiar scene to most of you. To me it was new, and its impression has never faded from my mind. As far as the eye could reach, there was fertility—the signs of tranquil industry; all was beautiful—all was peaceful—it looked, as it was, like the abode of a happy and united people. The political line, separating Pennsylvania from Maryland, traced by those old fashioned surveyors, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, was visible to no eye. The trees on which they marked it had long been felled or disappeared. Many a farm was separated by it, but, except in the eye of the law, no one knew it or cared about it. I have often—for painful thoughts are thrusting themselves upon me—recalled that scene of actual beauty and united interest, and realized what it would be—what your condition will be—what must be the condition of every county of this Commonwealth lying on the Maryland line; Chester, Lancaster, York, Adams, Franklin, Fulton, Bedford, Somerset, Fayette and Greene; if disunion be forced on us, and the fracture be, as it would be, between what are popularly but falsely called the free and the slave States, between us and Maryland. I wish every man could be made to understand what a frontier is, even that of civilized life. Its daily, hourly vexations and dangers—its line of custom-houses to keep the smuggler in and out—the crowds of fugitives from justice and labor, infesting every avenue and concealed in every thicket—the murderer striking down his victim to-day and flying with the fresh blood on his hand to a foreign territory to-morrow—the bickering, the strife, the hot blood of conterminous dispute—all this would be the daily doom of every Southern county of this State; and across the beautiful valley I have spoken of would be distressingly visible, the actual, broad, perhaps bloody line which disunion must trace. This is true though hard to conceive. Pennsylvanians, and you, citizens of Franklin county, have so long reposed in the very centre of the Union, that you cannot understand how you become a frontier and how you will suffer when you do.

There was a time, before the Union was framed, unless my reading of history much misleads me, when these fancied dangers were realities. Let the Union be broken, and they will be realities again. I read in the history of your own county (and it applies to every border county) words which it is well to think of, for they may become truth again to-morrow:

"It surpassed," says a writer, "the powers of the settlers to curb the wild and lawless spirit of the traders and frontiers men. The Conocochcaque settlements were infested with bands of desperate marauders and counterfeiters, who bade defiance to all laws. They had an organized line through the Cumberland Valley into Virginia. They drove a brisk trade by stealing horses and cattle.—After the British retired, they carried on an extensive trade amongst themselves by stealing horses at the South; passing them along the line to the North where they could not be recognized, and exchanging them for others stolen at the North. The long narrow valleys and secluded coves of the Blue Mountain afforded a convenient route and secure hiding places. These were no shabby villains; they wore the finest dresses, sported the best horses, and could display more jewelry than any others in the settlements, and though the source of their sudden wealth was suspected, no one dared to prove it against them. When not engaged in stealing, they resorted to counterfeiting Continental money, and sauntering round the towns, passed it on travelers. If any one resisted or threatened to bring them to justice, his barn or crops were destroyed by fire." This is history, and why may it not become history again? It is the Union and the Constitution alone which prevent it—and you are asked to put them at risk.

This is no rhetorical exaggeration. It is the sure fore-cast of an inevitable truth—and I exaggerate as little when I say, that never until now, have I felt the danger of disunion to be imminent. I tremble, in no imaginary panic, but on sober conviction, when I think how near it may be—how sure in one event it must be. Let me in temperate and guarded language say why I think there is danger and how Mr. Buchanan's election can alone avert it.

There now lies before me as I write, a few words of prophetic wisdom, written long before the present division of parties arose, which are very striking. They are the words of John C. Fremont's father-in-law: "The substitution," says Mr. Benton in the early pages of his "Thirty Years," "of geographical parties discriminated by the slave line would, of course, destroy the just and proper action of the federal government, and lead eventually to the separation of States." "If," wrote Mr. Madison nearly forty years ago, when the danger was very far off, a state of parties should arise founded on geographical boundaries, what is to control these great repulsive masses from awful shocks against each other?" Now if these be words of wisdom, if such are to be the probable consequences of geographical parties strictly drawn, may not the trial of the Union be at hand? In speaking of geographical parties, no sane man means to say or ever has said, that the mere fact of the candidates for President and Vice President on a ticket, being from one section of the country, makes a party sectional or geographical. Our political history shows this is not so—and it may admit of some question, (Mr. Fremont's residence being rather ambulatory,) whether his is in this sense a sectional party now. No one yet knows exactly where the Vice President is to hail from. But that which makes a party sectional and geographical, is the principle which underlays it, the influence that controls it—the aggregate men that compose it, the flags that are flying over it; and looking at them now, when was there a party more intensely and malignantly sectional, more offensively geographical than that which in the last coinage of counterfeits, dares to call itself Republican. I have not time, nor is the work congenial to my taste, to point to the proof of this, so far as individuals are concerned. There is not a leading Abolition agitator in Pennsylvania who is not enrolled in the Republican ranks. You know it in your neighborhood. I see it in mine. The campaign is conducted on purely Abolition principles, and those principles are avowed to be, hostility to Southern interests, and insult to Southern feelings. Nay, further: so confessed is this sectionalism, that this Republican party does not pretend to ask a single electoral vote, or venture to circulate on an electoral ticket south of Pennsylvania. It is meant to be an absolute triumph of the North over the South. Nothing less will satisfy those who control it.

Now when it is said or foretold that to this the South cannot submit, and that in this refusal, the Union breaks asunder, I appeal to candid conservative men in the North, is there not reason in it? If the converse of the proposition could be stated, would the North submit? Certainly not, and that which is called disorganizing rebellion and treason now, would be honorable resistance then. It is painful to write or talk about such things, but we cannot shut our eyes to them. An Executive administration elected on the principles of the Republican party, and influenced by its spirits, could not organize itself—and when the hour of distraction and disunion comes, it will require a wiser and calmer intelligence than fanaticism can furnish to compose the storm—a hand stronger than that of an adventurer to hold the helm.

The danger is before us and around us.—As a citizen of the North, I have sought to conceal it from myself, but it will not down at my bidding. I do not draw this inference from the language of extreme men; but when I hear a Senator from Kentucky—a Whig Senator—a moderate and conservative man, within this month, in his place in the Senate, say—"I have never paid much attention to the talk about a dissolution of the Union; but I have often thought on the subject, and my conviction is that the election of Fremont, or any man of that party, is the knell of the Union"—(speech of Thompson, National *Intelligencer,* July 17.) When such words as these are uttered, not by the heated South, but by the temperate and loyal West, we have a right to say there is danger and very great danger too. The South on this subject of the Presidency, is not violent or loud, but its silence is very ominous and most impressive.

Mr. Buchanan stands before the nation—and this is the ground over which conservative men should come to his support—as the representative of the principle which alone can avert their evils, that of repression and extirpation of all agitation on this subject of slavery, let it come from what quarter it may. He has said in simple and earnest language, that this will be his aim. It must, for the good of the nation, come to an end. It can only be put an end to, by the strong moral power which a national man can exercise, and at a time when the relations of the Union are not disturbed but harmonized and reconciled by the expression of the popular will, rebuking decisively fanaticism of any sort;—and this rebuke the Northern and Middle States are bound to give. Without this co-operation, Mr. Buchanan may strive, and strive unsuccessfully to stay this noisy current of political agitation. With it, his success is easy, and the peace of the nation is secured. It is the conviction of this—aside altogether from personal regard that has brought me and thousands like me to his support.

For a Pennsylvania man—for one whose earliest lesson was reverence for the great principle which William Penn enunciated, and whose habits of thought and education make him adverse to secret or intolerant political organization, there was no other path open. That into which some inconsiderate people are now seduced, of what is known as the "American" organizations, can have no attraction for me or any conservative man.—Believing as I do, that Mr. Fillmore took more than one initiatory oath in a Know Nothing Lodge, by which he bound himself to proscribe politically his fellow citizens who professed one form of christian faith, and those who happened to have been born abroad, and to conform his opinions and regulate his political action by the decision of a secret, oath-bound, political club, I cannot vote for him. My antipathy to this secret and unconstitutional organization is no new feeling; I spoke it out long ago; I shall never change it. As one of the leaders of this party of intolerance, as one who gave to it the authority of his name and past position, I hold Mr. Fillmore responsible for a deep wound to the cause of political morality. If there is one thing about which the people of this country are and ought to be sensitive, it is their right to worship God as they please. They claim to worship God under such forms of ecclesiastical discipline as they choose to enforce upon themselves,—with such ceremonial, simple or elaborate, as they please, on such days, and in such places as they choose for themselves, and this great privilege of religious duty, the Constitution guards and protects. It is equally the privilege of all. There is not a Protestant who is not as much interested in guarding this constitutional right as the Catholic Christians whom Mr. Fillmore, and his secret confederates have sworn to proscribe. It was, I repeat, the worst wound ever inflicted on political morality in this country, when these secret oath-bound associations of religious intolerance were created. It was a sad spectacle when a statesman like Mr. Fillmore joined them.

Regretting once more that I am unable to be with you, and to say what I have thus written,

I am very respectfully, your friend,
WILLIAM B. REED.

To Messrs. Brewer, Reill, Nill, McClintock, Sinsiny, Democratic Executive Committee, Chambersburg.

The Hards and Softs United.

NEW YORK SAFE FOR BUCK AND BRECK.—Both wings of the Democracy of the State of New York met in State Convention last week, and harmoniously agreed upon a State ticket and the Cincinnati platform. The *Pennsylvanian* says:

"The State ticket was named by acclamation, and it is one of which it may be said emphatically, that "the offices have sought the men." In a word, it would be difficult to conceive a more satisfactory result. But the feature of the reunion that is most gratifying, is, that it is based upon *the principles of the party proclaimed at Cincinnati.* The hearty good will with which the national platform is endorsed, will send a thrill of congratulation through every Democratic organization in the land. This action of the Convention at Syracuse has swept the great stronghold of the Black Republicans from under their feet. They are not left the shadow of a chance to carry New York. The great party which carried victory on its eagles in '32, '36, '44, and '52, is again in the field in one body, and animated by one mind. There can be no doubt as to the result."

Patriotic Old-Line Whigs.

At a democratic ratification meeting held in Springwells, Michigan, a few days since, Judge Bacon, an active and zealous old-line whig, was called to the chair. The Detroit Free Press says:

"Upon taking the chair the Judge stated that he had heretofore acted with the whig party; that he had been a warm and earnest supporter of Mr. Clay; that he had loved the old party and revered its gallant and patriotic leader, and that it was with regret that he found himself, in common with thousands, without a party. He had witnessed the old whig organization broken into fragments, each of which was warring directly or indirectly against the Union. In this national crisis—when there was danger threatening our confederacy—he found but one course to pursue, but one party with which to unite, and that to-day he identified himself with that party which professed an earnest and sincere desire to preserve the Union at all hazards. With it he would take up his political habitation, and with it remain so long as it proved true to the constitution and the Union."

So they come—so they will continue to come—these patriotic old-line whigs!

WAS HUGH CORRIGAN MURDERED?—Notwithstanding the elaborate inquisition into the cause of the death of Hugh Corrigan, it is not clear to the minds of all, that the unfortunate criminal actually committed suicide. The Greensburgh "Argus" intimates that he might have been poisoned in order to prevent the completion of a confession which he was making, and which it was alleged, would implicate citizens of Westmoreland county, in murders and robberies. The "Argus," in referring to the verdict of the jury, says:

"The 'true intent and meaning' of this verdict is that the jury was not satisfied that Hugh Corrigan committed suicide, in the legal acceptation of the word. That the poison was prepared by scientific hands, all are satisfied, and that some of the poisonous substances found in his stomach are not to be had or kept by physicians, and all only in extensive drug stores. Any one of them was sufficient to destroy life, yet it was possible for one or more of the poisons to be taken into the stomach, and that organ to be in a situation, to permit the poison to lie dormant for a considerable time, or be ejected without fatal effects. Antidotes might have been applied and life saved. But with the compound of deadly poisons found in his stomach, death is inevitable and fearfully speedy.

"It is well known that the deceased had told several gentlemen that he knew of several robberies and murders that had been committed in this neighborhood. That the guilty perpetrators were not far off, and were not suspected. One was that of John Winn, who died many years ago in Blairsville, from the effects of arsenic administered to him by a person he refused to name. Winn was robbed of a sum of money.

"Another was a pedlar murdered in Derry township and five hundred dollars of money taken from him. He denied all participation in the murders, but said he knew the perpetrators. He said that if he must be hung, there were three or four in the county that ought to share the same fate. Mr. Keenan had written from his own lips a history of his early life, and he had made arrangements to make a clean breast to Mr. K. on Sabbath and Monday. Our own opinion is that the deadly compound was prepared for him by some skillful hand, at the instance of some one who dreaded further developments, and to whom it was all important that his lips should be more speedily sealed in death, than the law contemplated. The deadly compound, serreptitiously conveyed to him by some one permitted to visit him in his cell, and told by them, that it would soothe and calm the nervous excitement under which he was laboring. This opinion is supported by the fact, that on Saturday evening, he desired Mr. Keenan to visit his cell on Sabbath morning, and complete his biography."

Fremont's Biography.

A millionaire without a dollar—a statesman without a speech—a legislator almost without a vote—a military chieftain without a battle. Make room for Col. Fremont—the gentleman who is never in the right place at the right time.