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St John's Church, (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre Square. Rev. F. J. Clerc, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.
English Lutheran Church, Bedford, between Main and Louther streets. Rev. Saml. Sprecher, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6½ o'clock P. M.
German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. Samuel Philips, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M.
Methodist E. Church, (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt streets. Rev Thomas H. Sherlock, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.
Methodist E. Church, (second charge) Rev. S. L. Bowman, Pastor. Services in Emory M. E. Church at 11 o'clock A. M. and 3½ P. M.
Church of God Chapel, southwest cor. of West street and Chapel Alley. Rev. B. F. Beck, Pastor. Services at 11 A. M., and 6½ P. M.
St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Pomfret, near East street. Father Gerdeman. Services every other Sabbath, at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 3 P. M.
German Lutheran Church, corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev. Kuhn, Pastor.—Services at 1 o clock P. M.
When changes in the above are necessary, the proper persons are requested to notify us.

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Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M., meets at Marion Hall on the 2d and 4th Tuesdays of every month.
St. John's Lodge No. 260, A. Y. M., meets on the third Thursday of every month, at Marion Hall.
Carlisle Lodge No. 91, I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday at Trout's Building.
Letort Lodge No. 63, I. O. of G. T. Meets every Thursday evening in Rheem's Hall, 3d story.

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789. House in Louther between Pitt and Hanover streets.
The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted February 18, 1809. House in Bedford, between Main and Pomfret streets.
The Good Will Fire Company was instituted in March, 1855. House in Pomfret, near Hanover street.
The Empire Hook and Ladder Company was instituted in 1859. House in Pitt, near Main st.

NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

THE JOB PRINTING OFFICE

Connected with the AMERICAN VOLUNTEER, has just been supplied with the most modern specimens of Type issued from the Eastern Foundries, and, in connection with the Jobbing Office of the *Democrat*, which has been united with it, comprises the greatest variety of JOB TYPE to be found in any Office in Southern Pennsylvania.

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Poetical.

SONG OF THE FREEDMAN.

A freedman sat on a pile of bricks,
As the rain was pattering down;
His shoes were worn, and his coat was torn;
And his hat was without a crown.
He viewed the clouds, and he viewed himself,
And he shook the wet from his head,
And a tear dimmed his eye as he saw go by
A boy with a loaf of bread.
And he raised his voice in a doleful tone,
That sounded like a gong,
While the rain came down on his nappy crown,
And he sang to himself this song:

De wind blows cold, but I'se done wid toil,
And lef de cotton patch,
I guess old Massa tink he count
De chickens 'fore dey hatch.
I totes no more de heavy load,
Nor drives old Missus round;
I wonder who dey's gwine to get
To work de patch of ground.
Den fling away de rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I'se free.

But I tink last night as I tried to sleep,
Upon de muddy ground,
While the rain was drippin' on my head,
And de wind was whizzin' round,
I'd like to hab my light 'ood fire,
And my cabin back again,
For de wedder's getting berry cold
Out here in all dis rain.
But den I's done wid rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But Bress de Lord I'se free.

I'se got all ragged 'bout de knees,
My shoes is worn out, too;
My coat's so old dat from each sleeve
De elbow's coming froo.
And dare's de children dat once played
In shirt tail 'bout the yard—
I cannot buy a shirt for dem,
De time's so berry hard.
But fling away de rake and hoe.
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I'se free.

De odder day when Pinky died,
I tink it berry good,
Dat de dear Lord should take her off
Before dis cold wind blowed;
But den 'twas hard to se her die—
I wish she'd not been born—
I'se 'fraid she perished, for she asked
About the rice and corn.
But den I'se done with rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I'se free.

And Dinah sits dere on de ground,
And looks so thin and poor;
She cannot sing the song she sung
About the cabin door.
Her poor old limbs are almost bare,
Her cheek bones comin' froo;
I almost wish de Lord would come
And take her up der too.
But den she's done wid rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord she's free.

I drem't last night old massa come
And took us home wid he,
To de log cabin dat we lef'
When first dey set us free;
And der I built the light 'ood fire,
And Dina cooked de yam—
Dey say dat dreams are sometimes true,
I wonder if dis one am.
But den I's flung away de hoe
To hab a jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free.

Miscellaneous.

THE LITERATURE OF THE ABOLITION YANKEE.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered Before the Keystone Club of Bedford, Pa.,

JAMES F. SHUNK, ESQ., OF YORK, PA.

I propose, to-night, to discuss, as fully as I can, within the limits of an hour, the *Literature of the Abolition Yankee.* The subject is almost a novel one. I have had no time and been in no mood during the past five years, to examine the structure of the Yankee's prose, to count the feet in his couplets, or to discuss the merits or the morality of either. He has given us reading of another and heavier kind, which could not be put off. He has entertained us with tax-bills, which took away our money, and proclamations which stood in stead of our laws, has diverted our attention from the light and demoralizing literature of the stalls, to the perusal of health tracts, showing to our delighted minds the blessings of a national debt and the joys of an early death in the arms of Conscription To suppose a people with such pressing literature as this thrust into their hands, capable of reading anything else, is to give mankind credit for an amount of industry and a deal of composure which few of them possess. I venture to assert that there is no writing in the English language so thrilling, or which excites such lively personal interest in the reader, as the notice that he has been drafted and has ten days allowed him in which to prepare for glory or death. The hard prose of the Conscription Act, has shaken hearts with a mightier touch than the loftiest lines of Shakspeare or the tenderest melody of Burns, precisely in the proportion as it is sadder and more tragic for a human creature to read his own doom than to dream over the woes and tears of visionary men and women, or of generations that are in the dust. Nor is the tax collector a better friend to study than the provost-marshal. It is impossible to read poetry with satisfaction when you are engaged in estimating the comparative advantages of being shot or starved, conscription or sold out of a home. Odes, ballads, plays, histories, novels, are alike impotent to engage the attention of the citizen, who is listening to the breathing of a government spy at his keyhole, waiting for the rap of a provost-guard at his door, or watching from his window for the approach of the bayonets which are to stimulate his patriotism. Since, then, the awful scenes of the years just past, have afforded us no time to charm our minds with the fancies of the world's wisest men, it is not likely that we should have given many midnights to the scribblings of the meanest race that ever read books or wrote them. Hence it is that my subject is not a hackneyed one.

Before we go further it is well to understand that by the *Abolition Yankee* I refer, and refer solely, to that band of malignants who now dominate over New England, and, as has been most truly said, "rule us for their pleasure, and plunder us for their profit." There is a Democracy in the Eastern States which we must all respect and cling to, not merely because they are one with us in devotion to the constitution of our country, one with us in their contempt for the "higher law," one with us in the determination to preserve this government as a hermitage for white men and their children, but because they bravely, steadfastly and year by year, cast votes utterly hopeless for present effect, in the calm belief that God will bring us better days, and that, in any event, it "is better to be right than to be popular." Every word that we can utter in denunciation of the cruel and corrupt abolitionists is a word of praise to the noble men who have stood up against him in his home, and who have fearlessly sought to wipe from their own States the stigma of his crimes, and to redeem the rest of the land from the curse of his rule. The names of such men as Pierce and Toucey and Seymour and the Curtises are thrice dear to us because they have proclaimed the truth and stood steadfast to it in the face of the most ferocious and lawless majority that ever held a land under its heel.

I have said that my subject is a novel one. It is, nevertheless, one of the most important that can engage your attention. It is impossible to overrate the power of books, of reading of all kind. A printed word is the most potent influence on earth. The speech of an orator, no matter how eloquent he may be, no matter how much his music may charm the ear of those who hear him, dies out of the mind. You are delighted with it; you repeat it; you chat about it with your friends. But time weakens the impression. The words begin to fall and to be forgotten; new sights and sounds crowd them out of recollection. But a printed book is another thing.—It addresses itself persistently, constantly and forever, to the eye and to the mind. Children see it although it may be but the rubbish of a library. It fetches its impression on young minds and, with a firm, sharp touch which, beyond the power of [illegible], and which, if it begin to fade, can be deepened and renewed as often as you take up the forgotten pages. It never dies. Everywhere in the land you will find books, written by inconsiderable and even contemptible men, bought by chance and preserved by accident, which have influenced the minds of the millions who make up the people. To ignore such an influence, or to attempt to slight it, is as idle an undertaking as to seek to stay the flow of the tides or stop the sun in his rising. You *need* to [illegible] it; you *must* recognize it—the only thing you can do is to regulate it, and divert a flood which cannot be checked into channels from which you and your children may draw the water of life.

The abolition Yankees were the first people in the country to recognize this power. Deny them everything else—take away from them all the virtues to which they have no claim, honor, patriotism, common honesty—you must still concede to them the craft which selects the fittest means for a chosen end.—They know the value of types and ink, the power of newspapers, the might of books, the witchery of words which speak to a people in their homes, by their hearthstones, and all the time.

It is hardly necessary to say anything to a Pennsylvania audience, especially if there are any middle-aged persons among it, of *Yankee* [illegible]. The time is even within my recollection, when the venders of tinware, clocks and [illegible] split boots, swooped, summer by summer, from the [illegible] of the North through the peaceful dells and valleys of this innocent old State, on their annual pilgrimage of swindling. Thousands of honest matrons, who [illegible] checks the bloom [illegible] yet faded, have been vexed out of all [illegible] by these deceptive pots and kettles which glittered so fair in the sunshine, and lost their bottoms with such [illegible] alacrity when they were set upon the fire. Thousands of stalwart men, old enough now to [illegible] the grasp of a Conscription Act, have had their toes peep out and their feet go bare through those boots which the cunning [illegible] of the wagon-man would [illegible] them to refuse. Clocks are still standing on the mantel piece of many a country homestead whose motionless hands, although unable to tell the time, speak loud enough of the rogue who brought them from the East. The yeomanry of Pennsylvania purchased their knowledge of the Yankee dearly, with hard cash, and with a good deal of it. But they *have* the knowledge, and, if they remember it and apply it now, they have driven no hard bargain.

The tin-ware, the [illegible], the clock businesses have all passed away. The gentlemen who vended these valuable commodities have retired upon their fortunes. Some of them have become saints, and are preaching the gospel; some of them Senators and are doctoring the Constitution; some of them contractors, and have set their squadrons in the field armed with cast iron sabres, mounted on skeleton horses, and clad in picturesque rags of shoddy; some of them poets and are tuning their lyres in praise of John Brown and the noble black; but all of them—Senator, saint, shoddy contractor and tuneful warbler alike, are simply clock and tin pedlers in a new disguise.

Their lyrics and their essays are of a piece with their kettles and their shoe-leather. They are a *sham*. The artist who has spent his early years in the contrivance of mechanical cheats is not likely, when he turns his attention to poetry, to forsake his old tricks, or establish any very close correspondence with the Muses. His sauce-pans, his similes, his shoe pegs and his metaphors, are equally ingenious frauds. He is alike a dishonest tinker, whether he wields the pen or hold the lapstone.

Hence, the Abolition Literature is not the out cropping of spontaneous genius, nor even the result of honest and patient labor. It is made to sell, to cheat, to deceive, not to improve or instruct. Its histories are artful and malicious inventions, designed to varnish the infamies which have blackened the whole history of the Party of Negro-Emancipation, and to defame the party of the constitution which held these States in firm and glorious Union as long as the reins of power were in their hands. Its theology has nothing of the spirit of Christ and the Apostles, or of the long line of worthies of all ages, of which each sect and sub-division of the Church can claim its share, whose patient, innocent, prayerful lives were given to seeking a clearer knowledge of God and bringing aliens and wanderers into closer communion with him. On the contrary, it is a kind of mixed, mad nonsense, made up of a series of incoherent interpretations of the Gospel, or strictures upon it, by insolent exhorters who rate their own bellowings higher than the thunders of Sinai. No two of them precisely agree in the portions of the Sacred Book which they scout and defy; in the exact texts which are to be cast out and rejected; but they are beautifully united in scorning and sneering at all of which does not accord with the sentiments, the passions, or the aggrandizement of each.

The songs of this Abolition Literature are by no means suggestive of the trill of birds which sing because song is their natural speech. The nasal pipe of the Puritan has nothing of the warble of the woods about it. His attempts to chirp after the fashion of Nature's born minstrels afford a pleasure, it is true; but it is the pleasure of a downright, hearty, shaking laugh at the ludicrous failure of the poor devil, who fancies, because he has counterfeited notes with success, he can manipulate melody, and cheat you as readily in song.

To affect a thorough acquaintance with everything the Abolition Yankee has put into print, would imply an immense amount of leisure and a very small amount of taste on the part of the person who might set up any such claim. As it is not necessary to drink perpetually of the waters of the Nile, or even to take more than a single glass of it to taste its flavor and judge its quality, so with the tide of literary trash which, year by year, rolls from its New England fountains through ten thousand channels over all the rest of the land. It is as monotonous as the current of the great "Father of Waters," and, I may add, quite as muddy. Indeed, one of the most amazing things about the [illegible] of these people, is the sameness of their mode of dealing with their subject and their [illegible] dressing it. [illegible]

[illegible]

Those [illegible] at a which these people have carefully fostered, and which has gained a certain prevalence through the agency of their politified allies in this State, that they are naturally the intellectual superior of our own citizens; [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] that they read more books than are read, written or produced by all the rest of the country besides; and we must concede to them, therefore, a great amount of activity with the pen and with the press. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] *quality* is [illegible] the [illegible] we owe the [illegible] these terms. Their bark [illegible] Their names avail nothing [illegible] estimate of the minds from which they emanate. A pocket copy of Shakespeare is worth all the trash which the presses of New England have issued, all the millions of [illegible] which different scribblers ever festooned between covers. To thank a nation of [illegible] literary [illegible] simply for giving [illegible]

[illegible] It was impossible to [illegible] their political and [illegible] with the will of God, [illegible] a word. Men [illegible] the rude reading of a [illegible] country [illegible] pathway to the accomplishment of their deer designs must need be soaked with blood and strewn with corpses, could find no warrant for their schemes, but only awful rebuke, in the teachings of the Prince of Peace. Hence, since God's word could not be construed so as to sanctify their plans, they rejected it utterly. They sought their bloody patent in a "*higher law*," [illegible]

[illegible] Holy Scripture, but [illegible] to the government [illegible] and [illegible] that famous sentence which Garrison inscribed at the head of "*The Liberator*," as its motto, and which was the watch word of the original Abolitionists for a quarter of century —"*The Constitution of the United States is a Covenant with death and an agreement with Hell!*"

At the earliest period of their existence before they had even attained sufficient importance to be courted by demagogues for their vote, they manifested by the expression of this, and kindred sentiments, that disregard for the decencies and humanities of life, that contempt for the feelings and the judgment of others, which has characterized them ever since. They ignored the possibility of the existence of an *honest* opinion opposed to any scheme or dogma of theirs. They shocked the religious feelings of pious people who had been trained to respect the Gospel, the name and teachings of Christ, by the most awful blasphemy. They hooted at the clergy and denounced them as a pack of crafty wolves, preying on their flocks and gathering an easy substance by playing on the fears and superstitions of mankind. Theodore Parker, their ablest writer, could not conceal his scorn for the popular faith in the Redeemer. He spoke of Christ as a man of considerable talents, fair character, personally unpopular because somewhat in advance of his age. He sneered at the Lord's Supper in so many words, as "*a mere eating of bakers bread and drinking of grocers wine.*" Abby Kelly took some what different ground, and by way of reconciling her brethren to the plan of salvation, [illegible] *Jesus Christ* [illegible] Their newspapers, their tracts, their anniversary addresses, their [illegible] under the name of sermons they produced the Sabbath, were stuffed with such sentiments as these. I think, however, that their blasphemy culminated in the celebrated declaration of Henry C. Wright, published in "*The Liberator*:" "If God Almighty has decreed [illegible] slavery, [illegible] HE IS A VERY GREAT SCOUNDREL!"

It we believe that the Abolition excitement was the work of [illegible]

[illegible] their mother tongue in referring His as a "scoundrel," [illegible] His sacred Supper [illegible] and His revealed will [illegible]

Of the Literature of the Abolitionists up to the time when they grew to be a political force, little need be said. It consisted chiefly of [illegible] articles, abusing everybody but themselves, sermons by divines who got their texts out of the "higher law," [illegible] written by middle aged old women in England, [illegible] in Boston, and [illegible]

[illegible]

They [illegible]

[illegible]

The abolitionists were now the dispensers of patronage. Sword and purse were theirs. The rights and liberties of the whole people were at the disposal of their rabble [illegible] They no longer [illegible]

[illegible] mother's bosom, and to drag [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] sanctified the [illegible] for the want and miseries of [illegible] "party or passion," [illegible] slavery [illegible] of their own race.

I am not discussing the merits [illegible] causes of the late War, nor will it be time to do so until [illegible] ripened. If it were for the *Union* [illegible] Abolitionists were striving with all their might to make it inoffensive by driving the cause of the Union [illegible] which are [illegible]

[illegible] simply to show the [illegible] sistency between their sentimental philanthropy when out of power and their brutal inhumanity when they gained it.

But grossly inconsistent as the abolitionists themselves have been, what shall we say of the reverend clergy who have struck hands with them? One would fancy that there could be little in common between men who claim to be ministers of God and expounders of His word, and blatant infidels who spit on the Book and defy the master. Granting even to these clerical gentlemen a spirit tolerant enough to endure insults to their Maker, the common [illegible] respect for their own cloth would seem to require that they should have [illegible] of a party which could so recently find no more endearing name for them than "wolves" and "impostors." But it would really appear that affection for the negro [illegible] stronger [illegible] self respect. Half the pulpits of the country have echoed during the past five years with the harangues of a murdering intruder who never held a Bible in their hand, except when they swore on one that they were too old for the draft. Reverend gentlemen have suffered their flocks to be addressed by a class of men who [illegible] would exclude them from any decent household, not to say any pious one. The [illegible] and [illegible] have [illegible] number [illegible] sometimes [illegible] look curiously up at the organ, and trace out the saintly figures on the painted glass to satisfy himself that he is not in a potion [illegible] Aisle and chancel, transept and spire, mere architectural outlines—are all that are left to identify hundreds of churches in this land as temples of God.

The consequence of this alliance between [illegible] and the clerical abolitionists [illegible] reproduction of a new [illegible]

[illegible] revealed the Scriptures [illegible] instruments and appliances of the original, scolding abolitionists. They have been reared in the [illegible] and taught to respect God's Book. To impress their minds, appeal must have the gloss of religion, at least, even if they have nothing of its spirit. This want has occasioned the production of by far the greatest mass of publication that have been issued in the abolition interest. They are written sometimes by feeble minded divines who really believe what they [illegible]

[illegible] but, most generally, they are the work of crafty rogues who deliberately [illegible] with the design of poisoning the minds of the rising generation. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] Brown in those [illegible] Little [illegible]

[illegible] eye and eager forehead, [illegible] and with a [illegible] it was embellished with a picture of a magnificent and vicious [illegible] man, carrying a young [illegible] A gallows [illegible] and underneath was [illegible] "*The Saint on his way to glory.*" Of course it was "Old John." I said nothing, but uttered a mild, mental aspiration that the worthy missionary might, at an early period, join "the Saint," in "Glory," or wherever else he may happen to be situated. This is but a [illegible] incident, but it is significant, showing the kind of trash which is being thrust into the hands of the young at every turn.

As children grow older, "Histories," [illegible] and "Readers" are prepared [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Yankee [illegible]

[illegible]

As soon as the war had fairly broken out and the [illegible] subscription list was hopelessly [illegible], the press [illegible]

[illegible] in the country. Not content with [illegible] the people actually engaged in the rebellion, they have continued, ever since, to [illegible] word and picture, the [illegible]

[illegible] talk, descriptions of hospitals, scenery, etc., filled in according to the taste of the compositor. It is the simplest thing in the world to write one. Reuben Tarbutton goes soldiering, (the bounty in Reuben's district, I may remark, was $1500) and leaves Nellie Doolittle disconsolate. Nellie devotes herself to knitting stockings for the negro troops until news comes of Reuben's demise, which, of course, takes place in the very middle of the deadly breach. Nellie, thereupon, having dried up her tears on her apron, concludes to soothe Reuben's departed spirit by ministering to his companions who are left behind, and forthwith becomes an army nurse. Finally, she happens to be wandering through the wards of a strange hospital when she hears a familiar voice exclaiming, "Oh! that I could but see Nellie, and die happy!" She bounds forward, tears back the curtain, there is a simultaneous squeal—"*Reuben!*"—"*Nellie!*" and these two pure-hearted young beings are locked in each other's arms. Of course, Reuben wasn't killed at all. The story was invented by a [illegible] who was his rival and hadn't pluck enough to go to the war. He was merely wounded by a 20 inch cannon ball in the chest—soon gets on his legs—they are married—settle down in a neat cottage with an elligible onion patch attached—are blessed with a brood of healthy young Abolitionists who come by twins, and there the moral [illegible] are steady purchasers of all the stuff the Harpers print. Fortunately it is in the power of the Democracy of this country who have bought, in past times, thousands of books and periodicals with the name of the Harpers on them, to cut down the circulation of this nonsense sensibly and right speedily. That is the only way to reach such mercenary souls as theirs.

There is another kind of Abolition Literature of which I have a word to say, although there is hardly time left to say it. It is the poetry written by that vast body of domestic patriots who prefer the work of animating their neighbors with a military spirit to that of showing one in their own persons. The amount of jingle of this kind which has appeared during the past five years is one of the most distressing consequences of the war. It has employed a large amount of muscle (for the labor of producing it is purely mechanical) which, considering the political sentiments of the writers might have been more gracefully employed in carrying a gun. Still, it is valuable, for it illustrates the cowardice and hypocrisy of the Yankee Abolitionist more clearly than anything that has ever come from his pen. It is really almost incredible that men exist shameless enough to print the martial appeals and threatenings in which scores of these rhymesters have indulged, while toasting their shins between drinks in a custom house clerkship, or engaged in the perilous work of weighing out links of sausage and plugs of tobacco from a sutler's wagon. How they can face their names in print appended to exhortations to "rouse," to "march," to "conquer," and to "die," and to do other ferocious things of that nature, is more than I can comprehend. One specimen of this species of writing, selected at random from a large collection, is all that my limits will allow me to give:

> "[illegible] meet them *breast to breast!*
> [illegible] South and West—
> Not with [illegible]—they laugh them to scorn,
> And tears they despise—
> But [illegible] in your hands,
> And *death* in your eyes!"

Can you believe it that this most desperate bard, who is resolved to meet the rebels "breast to breast," who carries "death" even in his "*eyes*," (he ought, for the safety of society, to be compelled to wear goggles) has been engaged for the past five years in the peaceful occupation of driving a quill in the New York Custom house! There are scores more of his kind. They have all passed safely through the war. But they have been the most marvellously afflicted class of people in the world. There is no disease known to medical science which these loyal warblers have not carried to the exemption office. Indeed the fact is worthy of physiological and metaphysical investigation that the power of rhyming developes itself among Yankee Abolitionists, only in those who are over forty-five years of age or in bad health. No man, of all the New England choir who solicited his countrymen, in song, to carry arms in the late war, admitted his own ability to shoulder a musket and take the field.

I have endeavored merely to sketch the evil and the danger of this Yankee Abolition influence as developed in literature. It is a subject which could not be exhausted in many addresses, and which, I trust, will be kept alive in our newspapers, by our firesides and everywhere. The remedy is as simple as the evil is patent. *Let us buy no more of their books*, or buy only those which we have cautiously examined. I do not propose to exclude the publications of these Abolitionists from our houses because they advocate political views in opposition to ours. I am willing to concede the largest liberty of thinking upon all public questions, and regard the Abolition fashion of suppressing newspapers, imprisoning editors, and kidnapping speakers as one of the gravest of crimes. But it is because their books are grossly immoral, shockingly blasphemous; because they make a murderer and horse thief a god, and call the Divine Father of us all a "scoundrel;" because they teach disobedience to law as a virtue, and lawless despotism as the right of a dominant party; it is for these reasons that we should snatch their polluted pages from the fingers of children and close our doors against a plague more terrible than the locusts or the lice of Egypt.

Let us beware of the incursions of their agents, colporteurs and tract-pedlers. Let us search a publication which is brought to us by such hands, as carefully as the officers of quarantine inspect an infected ship. Let us encourage home books, home magazines, home newspapers which inculcate at least a decent reverence for God and a common respect for the Constitution. We have the whole range of English literature from which to fill the shelves of our libraries, and if we produce fewer books than the Yankees, they are a great deal better ones. Let us have the satisfaction of knowing that those miserable people, if they will still persist in writing falsehoods and blasphemies and printing them, are also doomed, exclusively, to the task of paying for them and reading them. Pennsylvania will then become as hopeless a market for their poetry and their tracts as it is now for their clocks, kettles, and all the mechanical cheats with which they beguiled us thirty years ago.

We see it recorded that a soap peddler was recently caught at sea during a violent storm, when he saved his life by taking a cake of his soap and washing himself ashore. This soap, or the story, must have been made from very strong LIE.

ADVERTISING TERMS.

[illegible] will be inserted at Ten Cents per line for the first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Quarterly, half-yearly, and yearly advertisements inserted at a liberal reduction on the above rates. [illegible] should be accompanied by the [illegible] When sent without any length of time specified for publication, they will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

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