

EXCITEMENT IN KANSAS. THE U.S. ARSENAL ROBBED.

From The St. Louis Democrat Dec. 17.

By the politeness of a gentleman in this city, we have been shown a private letter from Leavenworth City, under date of Dec. 8, giving the following startling intelligence: "The people of Leavenworth are greatly excited—hands of Missourians from the border counties, known here as 'riffans,' have come over into Kansas and are threatening Lawrence with destruction. A company of some fifty, headed by a man called Estlin, editor of The Herald of this city, all drunk, and a majority of them border Missourians, started from here and marched off for the seat of war, as our sister city is now called.

The origin of the grave calamity which now threatens to stir up strife as follows: A private difficulty arose between two individuals about the rights of both to a claim. The upshot of the matter was, one of the two got killed. A false rumor, from this circumstance, reached the ears of the Governor that the Sheriff was resisted in executing the laws. At this time no writ had been issued and no complaint made by which to arrest any person supposed to have been guilty of violating the law.

"Those who bore the report to the ears of the Governor, however, knew their man; and as he had blustered a good deal at the hustings and on the stump that he would enforce the laws, and so on, he seized the occasion on the faith of a flying and partisan report, without making inquiry, as a prudent man should have done, to learn how the difficulty was, foolishly and hurriedly to order out the militia of the Territory, and to publish a terrible proclamation, calling upon 'law and order' men to aid in enforcing the law. This proclamation of the Governor did the work; it was intended to do by those who were instrumental in having him issue it. It was intended as a cover for an attack long since meditated on Lawrence by the fire-eaters. It has swept the scum of the border counties of Missouri over in our Territory, vowing death to every man in Lawrence.

General Richardson, a well disposed man, and of some prominence in our Territory since the excitement, has been to Lawrence and had a talk with her people. He reports that they declared that they were awfully and are now ready to deliver up to the authorities any one of their number for whom those authorities had a writ; but refused, as sensible men would, to suffer one of their number to be arrested by an irresponsible man.

"It is perfectly understood here that Gov. Shannon's proclamation and bluster were intended to play into the hands of Acheson, Stringfellow and gang. Voluntary companies were raised in the border counties of Missouri with wanton alacrity, immediately upon its promulgation. It is said there are now encamped near Lawrence from 1,000 to 2,000 armed men, and other companies are hurrying on to join them. Most of them are resident Missourians, and Acheson and Stringfellow are not urging an attack.

"The Lawrence men stand firm, and will not yield till they are forced. They have nicely calculated their strength, and they hold to the belief that it will take 3,000 men to take Lawrence, and even then with the loss of much blood. The Lawrence men are entrenched, have experienced commanders, and are well as to a man. They are calm and as steady as a rock. Col. Sumner of Lawrence has sent a dispatch requesting aid from this city. He says his light is favorable. Col. Sumner, commander in the fort, is awaiting orders from Washington. Richardson, commander of the militia, has been striving to bring about an amicable settlement, but Stringfellow, Estlin and gang say no.

Although the Lawrence men have shown a disposition to do what is right, it seems that they must fight or take the alternative of being massacred. Lawrence has at this time 800 men under arms; their weapons of defense are Sharp's rifles and revolvers. It is said that the Missourians have five pieces of cannon in addition to their small arms.

"These cannon were not by them in the following manner: About 100 of them broke into the arsenal at Liberty, Clay County, Missouri, secured the men in charge by tying him, took the cannon, shells, &c., on hand, and marched off to Lawrence. Col. Sumner has sent a force to recover the iron stolen, and to protect the arsenal from further plunder. Acheson, it is said, is accompanied with some 25 men, about fifteen miles from Lawrence, waiting for reinforcements. There is a report also that Shannon is much agitated, and is trying to advise the Missourians to go home—having at last convinced himself that this is the only way to avoid a collision. He is obliged, however, to advise with Acheson and Stringfellow, and they, I believe, require the Lawrence men to surrender their arms. This they consider as equivalent to laying down their lives, and of course they will not consent. Negotiation and compromise thus far have been fruitless. It is thought that the crisis in Kansas affairs has come at last; the fight is expected to begin to-day or to-morrow, and if so it must be a bloody one, for the Lawrence men will fight with no expectation of quarter. It is thought by the Free-State men here that the Missourians will attack this city, whether successful or not at Lawrence; they have avowed the destruction of The Register press, and may throw it into the river, as they did The Parkville Luminary.

"Possibly Col. Sumner, in endeavoring to retake the arms stolen from the arsenal, may bring about a collision between the United States troops and the border riffans.

"In the present condition of the public mind a trifle may turn the scale into quite a different channel from that anticipated by those who originated it. To give you an idea of the excitement in this place I need only state that business is entirely suspended, and groups of men are on the streets talking of the war, as if a terrible calamity was impending which cannot be averted.

The Methodists of New York have this year appropriated two hundred and sixty thousand dollars for Foreign and Home Missions. Congress is yet unorganized.

THE AGITATOR.

M. H. COBB, EDITOR.

WELLSBOROUGH, PA.

Thursday Morning, Dec. 27, 1855.

Republican Nominations.

For President in 1856: Hon. SALMON P. CHASE, of Ohio. For Vice-President: Hon. DAVID WILMOT, of Penn'a.

TO THE REPUBLICAN PRESS.

The Republican Association of Washington city, being desirous of procuring as early as possible a complete list of all papers advertising or favorable to the Republican Party, for publication and for the purpose of forwarding them desirable political information and documents from this important point during the next session of Congress and Presidential campaign, earnestly request the editors of all such to send to one number of their papers addressed to 'The People,' Washington city.

We are requested to state that Vernoy's Ball will come off on New-Year's Night, instead of New-Year's Eve, as stated last week. Query: if Jan. 1, 1856 begins at 12 o'clock A. M., when is New-Year Eve?

Attention is directed to the advertisement of T. B. Peterson, in another column. Every man who loves Humanity must love Charles Dickens. He is the Shakespeare of the 19th Century. Peterson gets up a fine, substantial book.

We return thanks publicly to Mr. J. B. Niles of Dulmar, for the present of a fine, fat chicken for Christmas. Although we do not indulge in such delicacies, it was duly appreciated and appropriated by our folks. We hope the donor may live a thousand years.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR.—We regret to learn from the last Coleridge Journal of the death of Addison Avery, late Journalist Editor of that paper. Mr. A. was a faithful laborer in the field of Progress, modest and retiring and meritorious. His absence will be deeply felt in the circle of which he was one of the brightest ornaments.

AS AN EDITOR.—Soon after the Teachers' Institute held in this place, we received through the Post-office an Essay upon "Woman's Prerogative to teach." This Essay got buried under a mass of miscellaneous papers and so escaped notice and publication in its proper time. We will repair the neglect next week, hoping that this will be deemed a sufficient apology until that time.

JUDGE WILSON has commenced a suit against E. B. Chase, of Monroe, for libel. Chase has made his paper the channel for the most violent and abusive attacks upon private character. Men who thus habitually prostitute the journals under their charge to the vilest of all purposes, should be read out of the fraternity and soundly strappined in the bargain. We sympathize deeply with the Judge in view of the dirty job he has to encounter in a suit with E. B. Chase. One can hardly expect to come out of such a quarrel with clean hands. If justice triumphs we would not like to stand in Ebenezer's shoes.

You trust!—of course!

"Just set it down." "Oh, yes, certainly." "I shall doubtless be able to pay you in a few days—a month at the most. Spare me some money in the mean time." "I will be able to pay you Brigs for cutting that lot of logs. You cut them last spring, you know." "Brigs owes Simpson for some wheat, and Simpson owes Muggs, the butcher, who owes Crisp, the shoemaker, who owes Wiggins, the tanner, who owes me for ten cords of brick. When Jones pays Brigs, he will pay Simpson, who will pay Crisp, who will pay Wiggins; then Wiggins will pay me and I will be able to settle for this little bit of goods. So you see that the money must come in time." "In time! Well, maybe, but it looks as if it might trespass a little upon eternity." "Reader, call this a fancy sketch of who you choose. It is, nevertheless, a transcript of daily business transactions between buyer and seller in your stores, groceries, butcher shops and printing offices. Every man in this region can bear witness to the faithful truth of the transcript.

It is all wrong—all wrong and almost hopelessly wrong. In a moral and social point of view the Credit System is among the greatest curses that a wicked love of Mammon ever entailed upon any community. We lay the responsibility upon Mammon, and hence it becomes us to give, briefly, the reasons for the conclusion.

At an early day it is probable that exchange was the only method of commercial transaction. Yet now the exchange of goods and wares for coin, as it goes to day. The keeper of flocks exchanged the wool for the fruits of the tiller of the soil. So with the artisan: he exchanged his wares for the fleece and the fruits. The water of bark and spears gave his handiwork an equivalent for the necessities of life. So with the maker of the harp and the psalter and every worker of common toil.

It is impossible to fix the date of the adoption of the Credit System, as historians have generally held themselves aloof from the common details of national and individual business transactions. We read of the Gracchus and of his exploits in the field and in the forum; but of the business of every-day life at Rome, we read comparatively little. We can learn sufficient of the prowess of Spartan fathers and of the heroism of Spartan mothers; but of every-day-life in Sparta, we are in comparative ignorance. We know that Cincinnatus was a farmer but we do not know whether he and his brother farmers sold their produce "on tick" and purchased their groceries "on tick."

to think it would attract some hoarded capital from the coffers of commercial Shylocks, maybe, and in this way make an apparent addition to the circulating medium. Admit that our place forests are a source of wealth to the county. But is there no better way of converting the pine forests that curlew our hills, into cash, than the present lumber-all-winter-and-shiver-theories;—indeed spring-rafting-the operation—by virtue of which some of us hope to pay our debts some day?

Can the pay-down system be successfully introduced into lumber regions?

Yes. Why not? If A has \$10,000 in ready money, which he is desirous of investing in timber land, how can he do so and not hire his work done on a promise to pay? He has only to invest one-half his ready money in the business and put the remainder in bank. Then he is prepared to pay his workmen cash, every Saturday night. True, this may seem a small business to the trader on fictitious capital; but gentlemen, it is the only right way to do business in this world. It is the honor, the value received principle in business transactions. B works for A at \$1 per day. On Saturday night A owes B \$6. A has no right to retain that money for a single hour after B makes his demand. It is B's money—his value received for services rendered. In the case supposed, the employer has \$5,000 in bank, and therefore when Saturday night comes he is prepared to pay every man his dues.

But the reverse of this chance is not true in most cases just now. A is \$3000 worse than nothing. He wishes to mend his fortune. He hastens to contract for \$10,000 of pine land and embarks in the lumber trade. He hires laborers and commences operations. Saturday night comes and he owes perhaps \$20 for labor. Some must wait, some take an order on Grab the grocer. Grab knows his pay depends on the briskness of the lumber market next Spring. He reasons: "Now, if A gets his lumber sold and sound to market, and the demand is good, he will be able to pay me by the last of May." If the market is dull, it will come later; and if A happens to starve up a rail or two, why, then—?

Here, Grab smooths out the little strip of paper and if dry-goods and groceries don't take a sudden rise, why, then it's Grab's fault. The lumber trade is overdone. We can admire the bluntness of Jackson's remark when he was told that the removal of the deposits would precipitate hundreds of business men into the Gulf of ruin. "It can't affect the man who does business on a cash capital," said the old hero, "and he who trades on borrowed capital ought to break!" This was right in theory; but what it reduced to practice to-day, in Northern Pennsylvania, heaven only knows how many business men would be able to carry on business to-morrow!

Chaffer, chaffer, chaffer! Screwing and twisting into a thousand nameless shapes for the sake of us twenty dollars when some twenty hundred dollars are being lost? That is the rule in more than one community we wot of. Is it a good rule? Is it an honest rule? No! All of us know better. Let a invest no more of his capital than will enable him to pay as he goes. An extensive business confers no benefit upon the masses unless it pays. No man can swim with a ton weight on his shoulders. He must get down, and not a few must go down with him. It will do no good to cry for Cassius then. Sturdy Saxon Cassius!—he can help the miserable victims of the Credit system, and he alone. Pay as you go. Then Tom, Dick and Harry can pay the grocer, the butcher, the tailor, the shoemaker and the printer, when he takes on the goods. Then the grocer will pay for goods, the butcher will pay cash for cattle, the tailor and shoemaker will pay cash, and then the printer can live, and not a tender credit system, merely exist, because of the destructibility of matter.

You don't believe it! Very likely. If you can get some good devil to work for you on "tick," you can make 25 or 50 per cent off his wages while he runs in debt for the necessities of life. Is that not your don't believe in the practicability of the pay down system? Is it? And don't forget this: Whether you pry down or never pry—your pay cash for paper and labor. We stated some facts relative to this last week; we did so because slow pay-menters forced the alternative upon us. We did it neither in sorrow nor in anger. We did it because, for the year and a half we have been with you we have been robbed by this virtual Credit System. To the man who means to pay his debts the system is a well-spring of bitterness. To him who does not, it may have attractions. We can less that it is most hateful to us.

As-suming you to be a farmer, let us ask you one question: What would you think of the man who should propose to purchase your wheat on condition that you should receive pay for it when it should be eaten up? Soberly, how would you treat such a proposition?

Friends, we shall certainly siew out the renewed Credit system on the 15th day of February, 1856—should we be here, and if not, somebody else will. Alone, we prefer no bread to bread unpaid for. If you choose to put your shoulders to the yoke of Progress, come on—we shall push it into yours to be, alone. In conclusion, should any one feel moved to speak in behalf of the credit system, these columns are free to the discussion.

What are they doing in Congress? Bless you! they are having great times. If they are unable to elect a Speaker they are defining the positions of the non-committals hereafter. There is Mr. Henry M. Fuller, member from Luzerne, whose reputation lies in a pleasing address and a long purse. He was elected on the anti-Nebraska issue, but having secured the votes of some score and a half of cotton whigs for Speaker, his head is straitway turned and he has gone over to the South, bold and soul, long purse and all. Very well, let him "dicker," as the philosophical folks call it. He can bespeak—and should some fanciful abolitionist his—"good riddance to bad rubbish" after him, who cares? Not we.

Then there is Mr. McMullin from the region of disunion fire-eaters. He made a speech the other day, full of "sound and fury, signifying"—McMullin—nothing more. He said he had promised not to notice the member from Ohio, Mr. Giddings, which may have relieved the sturdy Old War Horse not a little. It is no light affair to be dogged with a mullin without the Mas, as we learned a dozen years ago. Mr. McMullin said that he should oppose the sectional issues that the Republicans were endeavoring to create on that floor. If the North should elect an Abolition President then it would repeal the Fugitive Slave Law, and restore the Missouri Compromise; and then the chivalric South would knock the blessed Union into splinters! You may think that this frightened some of the Congressmen to a little;—it only raised a hearty "haw-haw!" at Mr. McMullin's expense. "Shookin' oneself!" wasn't it? He thought so, for he said the House had better not laugh at such a serious matter. That's our opinion too. Just think how Virginia would look if it were jammed into Pennsylvania, and the "punch-handle" run through Canada like a spit! Just think of that, ye audacious M. Cs., who laughed at the mighty McMullin! That's what a dissolution of the Union would do. Are you prepared to see

the Union dissolved and, Canada spitted like a roast turkey? Are you?

We ask one of the conservators of the public morals—we ask whether the representative from this district, Mr. Grover, so far forgot himself on that fearful occasion as to laugh in view of such a terrible catastrophe? Why do we not hear of him that whist in the reckless and unfeeling patriotism, with shivering in the threatening shadow of that coming dissolution! Fellow citizens, did you not send him there to help save the Union! Of course you did! Yet to sit there as calm as a clock while the fire-eating McMullin threatens to tear the Union into innumerable tatters! Will you suffer this and strike no blow for insulted patriotism? La-sake alive! will you be so careless!

But Mr. McMullin did not stop here. He said that when the Union should be dissolved the North would be without a Seat of Government! Washington, he said, was the property of the North, South, East and West, now; but when the Union went down it would belong to the South! Then, if any abolitionist should dare to enter, he would have to sleep over the dead body of McMullin! "Terrible, terrible!" We would go a long way around rather than walk over McMullin's drunk, or McMullin dead! Valorous McMullin! The terrible Astracade could not hold a candle to you! So you would die rather than suffer the feet of the Abolition Vandals to pollute the Southern Capital! Godfrey de Bouillon! Awake! McMullin is stealing your laurels!

Christmas—ITS FAULTS.—Since Christmas has come and gone, it is proper to remark upon its merits. Christmas is properly a religious holiday. It is observed by many religious societies as the anniversary of the advent of the Saviour. Properly observed, its influence would doubtless be beneficial. But how is this anniversary observed throughout the Christian world? It is made the scene of gluttony and drunkenness, and Christmas Night is but another name for bacchanalian orgies. Indeed, Christmas may be properly called the Sabbath of Buechus and Apiculus, rather than the birth day anniversary of the Son of Man.

None will more loudly denounce what we are about to say than those who habitually deprecate holidays by making beasts of themselves with meats or drinks. Among such gentlemen we hope to pass as infidels to their faith, now and forever. We have no superstitious veneration for Santa's Days, Feast Days or Fast Days. Every day is God's day with us, for doth He not lead to Man all his lifetime to work in His garden?

Plinly, we hold that the observance of Christmas, from being a day sacred to the memory of Jesus Christ, has degenerated into a curse. Better close the doors of the sanctuary and suffer the day to pass from the memory of man, than to behold the birthday of Him remembered in deep potatoes of maddening drink. It is remembered now. You, reader, know it, and we have yet to see the man who is hardy enough to deny it. Lasting On Christmas night, the usually quiet streets of Wellsborough were made hideous by the howlings of drunken men and boys. Living one-fourth of a mile from town, the horrible din reached us in all its variations. We thought how harshly those wretched orgies must fall upon the ears of those good Christians who observe the day as one hallowed by peculiar associations, and yet had no mortal courage enough to hunt up a peace officer and set him at work. Alas! We dare not say that there might not be a second crucifixion right here in Wellsborough, and not a tongue would denounce the deed!

To those parents who wink at the dissipation of their children we say: if you believe that they have souls to save or lose, on your shoulders rest a terrible responsibility. The Penitentiary and the gallows will take care for your sons if you do not. Drunkenness among boys in their teens is freightful on the increase in our midst. The sons of some of our best men are included in the list. And we now give fair warning that we will not leave one stone unturned, so far as our limited time will permit, to expose to the proper persons the dissipation of those minors who are on the high road to ruin. Those men who preach temperance in secret society meetings, will do well to shift their eyes when in the streets, as they usually do, lest they be led to take some step that may lessen their popularity.

MARK HIM!—So says our delectable Wayne County brother in reference to Hon. G. A. Grover "the reputed democratic member of Congress from the Bradford and Susquehanna District," to use the Herald's own words. Mr. G., votes steadily for Banks for Speaker; therefore the Herald cries—"mark him!" The editor in our District rest assured that the good and true men of this District are "marking" their Representative, and feel proud to know that they avoid his convictions of duty. Let such traitors to God and Humanity as Asa Pecker, mark him. Let such second-fiddle flatters as that editor who and grew at him. Still, he will continue to move on, laying up treasure in the hearts of an appreciating constituency. He has his reward in the consciousness of having fought the good fight of Freedom.

A word more: There is no need of marking the man who either has no sympathies in common with the oppressed and down-trodden, or, having them, deliberately tramples them under foot. God has branded such men as he branded Cain—that all may recognize and pity them. Such men are moral lepers, without the gates where Humanity abides. We would not see uncharitable; but there is no excuse for that man, who, while acknowledging the turpitude of an action, deliberately commits it for the honors and emoluments of the highest place, or what is the same, for some petty appointment lying far away in the dim perspective. That is all.

CHILD ATTACKED AND BITTEN BY A RAT.—A most singular circumstance occurred at the house of William Crawford, (formerly keeper of the old St. Charles) on Pennsylvania avenue, last Monday night. A young daughter of his, a mere infant, was lying in the bed asleep, when she was attacked by a huge Norway rat, which began to inflict bites upon her arm and hand. A little boy in the same bed awoke and endeavored to drive the animal away, but he too was bitten in three or four places in the hand. The girl's hand, was bitten in a dozen places, and she is quite seriously injured. The screams of the children attracted the mother to the bed, and not until then did the vile beast leave them. He was afterward caught and summarily vengeance executed on him.—Pittsburg Gazette.

From Kansas.

We learn from Mr. J. Willets, who arrived in this place yesterday from Lawrence, K.T., that Willets, who had returned to his home, and that peace and quiet once more reigned in Kansas. The ruffians were very much exasperated at the Governor when they learned that he had concluded not to use them in an attempt to reduce the people of Kansas to the vassalage of Missouri. They charged his Excellency with perfidy, and threatened to visit him with their very particular vengeance at some future time. The ruffian army, some 1,200 strong while stationed at Franklin, made prisoners of all who passed that way, either going to or coming from Lawrence, and as a rule robbed their prisoners of such articles of value as they happened to possess. They stopped the United States Mail, made a prisoner of the carrier, and detained him about an hour, when some of the shrewd ones came to the conclusion that they might perhaps get themselves out with difficulty with Uncle Sam, so they finally released their prisoner and let him go with the mail to Lawrence; but Mr. J. S. Mont, a passenger in the mail coach or wagon, was detained as a prisoner and robbed of a railroad ticket or pass which he had procured for use in returning to his former home in Michigan. Mr. Mott returned with Mr. Willets.

Mr. Willets assures us that not more than fifty of the Governor's twelve hundred men were residents of Kansas; but to make a show of regularity, they come across the Missouri line into the Territory (fetching their arms with them, of course) before being enrolled into service. That they were not residents is also evident from the fact that after they had been disbanded by the Governor and had drunk up all their whisky, they took their departure to Missouri at once. They left their camp on the 9th inst.

Thomas Barber, a worthy citizen residing near Lawrence, and formerly from Gov. Shannon's neighborhood in Ohio, was killed by Clark, the United States Indian agent, on the 6th inst. Mr. Barber, in company with a couple of young men, was riding out on horse-back unarmed, when the party were met by Clark, who was in a carriage with Dr. Wood. The party in the carriage fired on the others without provocation, hitting Mr. Barber in the back, and killing him almost instantly. The horse on which one of the young men was mounted was also shot. Clark is said to have boasted of this dastardly act when he reached the ruffian camp, saying that he had killed one d—d abolitionist, that he saw the wool fly, &c.

Coleman, the murderer of young Dow, is still at large, and during the invasion was promoted to office in the camp of the marauders. Governor Shannon excuses himself for the callous figure he has been cutting by saying that he did not understand the position of the Free-State men—in other words, the people of Kansas—but the state of things had been grossly misrepresented to him or he never would have issued his proclamation, &c. Perhaps if he had sought information from the people at Lawrence, instead of taking counsel of cabal and cabals, he might have saved himself the mortification of his present position. Our informant is of opinion that had the Governor had his officers against the people at Lawrence he would have been badly beaten. They were very well fortified, had a force of about 1,000 strong, with 300 M. Sharpe's rifles, capable of discharging ten times a minute, and doing execution at a distance of one mile; and from practice it had been demonstrated that there were plenty of men in Lawrence who could hit a mark the size of a man, four times in five, at a distance of half a mile. So, had the Missourians marched against Lawrence they would have stood a "right smart chance" of being cut to pieces by the 300 Sharpe's rifles before coming in range of the 700 common rifles.

The story extensively circulated in Missouri and the East that the people of Kansas had needed from their position as a condition of being let alone is utterly untrue and without foundation; but the story had to be told as a cover for retreat by the Governor and his party. Indeed, there were decided signs of mutiny in the Missouri camp until the rabble were assured by their leaders that the people of the Territory had made all the concessions demanded of them. The people of Kansas occupy precisely the ground they occupied before the war, viz: that of law-abiding citizens; but they do not recognize as laws the atrocious acts of the sham Legislature forced upon them by the Missouri invaders, nor will they recognize as law officers the appointees of the ruffianly mob. Governor Shannon is said now to be disposed to side with the people of Kansas, and will probably take up his residence at Lawrence.—N. Y. Tribune.

Things that get into the Papers.

A SHOCKING CASE OF MINISTERIAL DEPRIVACY.—The Rev James P. Jennings, late pastor of the First Methodist Church of Rome, has been indicted, and subsequently arrested, by the Methodist ecclesiastical authorities, upon a charge of gross immorality, and is to be tried on the 18th inst., upon charges preferred against him. A young woman attending Fairfield Academy is said to have been in correspondence with Jennings, and from intercepted letters, it is reported that the Church, the cause of morality and the peace of families have been most heartlessly and shamefully sacrificed. Jennings has a family.—Manhattan Courier.

From The Utica Herald.

We have been cognizant of the facts in the above case for some time; but we were requested not to make them public until it had been further investigated. We are informed by those whose painful duty it has been to investigate the case that it revealed an extent of depravity on the part of the accused which is absolutely shocking. The girl is young—only 17, and of one of the most respectable families of the Town of Rome. Her parents, and we believe herself, were members of Jennings's church. The family reposed the most implicit confidence in him; permitted him to make their house his home during the absence of his wife in the East; requested him to watch over the conduct of the daughter and reprove her for

her occasional idleness—in fact, rather placed her under his charge, and bestowed upon him a thousand expressions of confidence. While they were doing this, he was compassing her ruin. During a residence of some weeks at her father's house, he had peculiar opportunities for carrying on his infernal purposes. After the girl had been sent off to school, her reverend seducer entered a correspondence with her. In these letters various meetings and assignations were appointed, some of which were fulfilled, and some providentially miscarried. We are told that the style of the letters written by Jennings to the girl is most disgustingly filthy.

The case is one of the most painful on record. Hitherto Jennings is said to have borne an irreproachable character. He was commended for his kindness of heart and eminent piety universally. The church over which he presided was in a most prosperous condition. By his fall the cause of Christianity and good morals receive a heavy blow.

Mysterious Disappearance of a Man.

Some 18 months since a man by the name of John G. Veitangruber and wife and a little boy 10 years of age, together with a man by the name of John M. Kamm and daughter of some 9 years of age (Germans) came to this County, purchased a piece of land at Elk Lake, where they erected a house and dwelled therein, and made improvement on the land, and purchased personal property in common. Veitangruber being a shoemaker by occupation, did sometimes leave home for several weeks to work at his trade at such places as he could obtain work, and on the 14th of May last, left again, to go to Canton, Bradford Co., Pa., since that time he has not been heard from. The long absence of Veitangruber has aroused the suspicion of the neighbors, who have arrested the wife of Veitangruber and said Kamm, on suspicion of having murdered said Veitangruber, and they are now lodged in jail at this place, awaiting their trial. Said Veitangruber was a man below medium size, black hair, fair complexion and about 38 years of age. It is hoped that exchange papers, and others, will publish this notice, and much obliged the anxious sorrowing prisoners.—Salisbury Democrat.

A Grasshopper from Utah was exhibiting in New York last week. It was five inches in length. MARRIED. At the Presbyterian Parsonage, by Rev. J. F. Collins, on the 18th inst., Mr. SAMUEL PIERSON, of New Jersey, and Miss FRANCES BENSON, of Delmar.

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