

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, Editor.  
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## LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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the Post-office.  
O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

## For the Lewisburg Chronicle. LIGHT AND SHADE.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

Earth may own no sunny spot,  
Where unfolding flowers bloom,  
Where throughout the summer hours  
Never falls an shade of gloom.

For down the mountain's side,  
And upon each crystal stream,  
Shadows ever come and go,  
Like the phantoms of a dream.

Cloudless skies serene and bright  
Linger thro' the day, perchance;  
But all the brilliance fades away  
As the evening shades advance.

Sometimes where the sunlight gleamed  
Must be spread heaven's gloomy pall,  
Sometimes on the flow'et's head  
Must the heavy rain-drops fall.

Sun and showers, alike, are sent  
By the providence of Heaven;  
Each is needed in its time—  
And for each glad thanks are given.

O'er the varied path of life  
Shadows ever come and go—  
Clouds will sometimes dim our sun—  
Happiness gives place to woe.

Yet our Father's care decrees  
Both as needful for our good,  
And for both our hearts should give  
Constant, ceaseless gratitude.

Then in fervent prayer for thee  
Unto heaven I lift my eyes—  
Not to ask for perfect bliss—  
Sunny days and cloudless skies:

But imploring that for thee  
Light and shade alike may prove  
Blessings from a Father's hand,  
Tokens of His care and love.

LEWISBURG, Aug. 14, 1851

## Pretty Hands.

[Some matter-of-fact genius raps the  
knuckles of pretty hands very roughly.  
Just hear him:]

"Delicate, beautiful hands! Dear Miss,  
how do you contrive to make your hands  
so pretty? And such rings, too, as if to  
draw attention that way. Let us feel of  
them. Oh, dear, how soft and tender.  
Do you bake, Miss?"

"No."  
"Do you make beds?"

"No."  
"Do you wash floors and scrub the pots  
and kettles?"

"No."  
"So we thought. Look at your mother's  
hands. Ain't you ashamed to let that  
old lady kill herself outright, while you  
do nothing from daylight to dark, but  
keep the dust from your face and the flies  
from your hands? What are you fit for?  
Will a man of common sense marry you  
for your delicate hands? A person who  
is a real man would prefer to see them  
blackened occasionally by coming in con-  
tact with pot hooks and trammels, and  
caloused by a day or two's rubbing at the  
washing board. Pretty fingers indeed!  
what are they good for but to move over  
a piano or stick through gold rings? Like  
many of the vain things of earth, they are  
kept for show and nothing more. For our  
part, we would rather see them out in  
actual service, and as tough as a quonnet's  
conscience, than so tender that a fly's foot  
will make an impression upon them."

"The north wind driveth away rain; so  
doth an old countenance a backbiting  
tongue."—*Admonition*.

Mrs. Chalmers of Anstruther, mother  
of the Doctor, had an extreme dislike to  
all pretty scandal. She had one rule,  
which she made known among her ac-  
quaintances, and which she rigidly fol-  
lowed. "Whenever told of any thing  
that a neighbor had said or done amiss  
she instantly put on her bonnet and went  
at once to the person, and told what had  
been said, and who had said it, and asked  
if it was true." Those who follow this  
rule, we opine, will seldom have occasion  
to execute it. They who smile at scandal,  
or listen to it complacently, obey not the  
injunction of the wise man. He who  
pours scandal into my ears gives me just  
cause to be angry. He offends my  
good sense by presuming that I wish to  
make my head a lumber room instead of  
a storehouse of useful knowledge; he of-  
fends my good taste by presuming that  
I love gossip; he offends my piety by  
thinking that I will "rejoice in iniquity."  
I am justified by the wisest of men in  
"looking him out of countenance."—*N. Y. Observer*.

Poking Fun at Us.—Punch says the  
motto on our national coat of arms, should  
be altered and made "E. Pluribus Barium."

## Past--Present--Prospect.

BY "NOVUS."

Man with a pinched lip severely sweeps  
The dim horizon bounded by his nose,  
And vainly thinks, within whose sunshine sleeps,  
He sees the world enveloped in its maze;  
But hinders lives, by human vision hid,  
Were not the brink of what the eye can see,  
Nor veil the scenes along the endless glade,  
Which bright Progress finds and bids go free.

A wave of Memory's wing transports me where  
I met a wanderer from another clime;  
A tear—a sigh—a groan—a breath of prayer—  
All certified that spot through coming time.  
But shall the fifties of the Present mind  
The golden times with secrets yet to be?  
Nay! for to know that struggle's fate, the mind  
Must scale the ramparts of Eternity.  
LEWISBURG, Aug., 1851.

## Interesting Letter from Europe.

MENS, DEPARTMENT DE L'ISERE, FRANCE,  
Among the Alps, June 27, 1851.

Agreeable to your request, I have much  
pleasure in writing to you, particularly  
from this place, Mens, where some of the  
scenes mentioned in D'Aubigne's History  
of the Reformation took place, and be-  
cause I can give you some account of the  
Vaudais, (the Waldenses), whose descen-  
dants are here and whose religion is here,  
although this town is but on the outskirts  
of their country. But first, as this is an  
age of panoramas, let me give you a  
bird's-eye view of my tour to these "Al-  
pine solitudes." Whoever has been out  
on "the wild waste of waters," for thirty  
consecutive days, in an old-fashioned ship,  
from New York to Liverpool, knows some-  
thing about the thousand and one refugees  
that a ship's company must make to "kill  
time." Bad work that, too, but let the  
retailer of "wise saws" make the voyage,  
and he will discover that he is obliged to  
make himself agreeable to each one of the  
monks, circumscribed little world, a  
crowded ship. And boating on the At-  
lantic, in a sail vessel, the last half of the  
voyage, is about as monotonous as a voyage  
out the West Branch canal, unless it is  
when old Neptune gets his back up and  
demands the customary but unpleasant  
tribute at the shrine of sea knowledge.

Then is the time, when every body is  
looking things unutterable, over the ship's  
side, and when every body, as he holds  
on to the ropes, and walls his eyes at the  
sharks and porpoises, and sea cows, the  
receivers of the tribute—then is the time  
that the men of all nations are all brought  
to the same democratic platform, much  
the same as the general level when dig-  
ging the bridges on the Susquehanna pack-  
et. "A life on the ocean wave" for them  
that like it, but, as a Juniata Dutchman  
would say, the next time I go by a sail  
vessel I'll go by a steamer, and be boiled  
in a straight line, across the Atlantic, in  
"nine days and twenty hours," or less,  
by a huge kettle of hot water, and be done  
with it, in preference to tacking to every  
point of the compass, like a worm fence  
around a mill dam. The fact is, sail ves-  
sels, like canal packets, are too slow for  
this progressive age, and for the short life-  
time we have to do everything in. The  
old world and the new has but just dis-  
covered this grand secret, and all that is  
wanting to bring them into about as near  
proximity, comparatively, as Philadelphia  
and Pittsburg will be when your railroad  
is completed, is that competition bring  
down the price of passage one-half, which,  
it is thought, will pay very well.

But, saying nothing of the Brazilian  
captain of the vessel, and the negro stew-  
ard and his Scotch wife of sandy ringlets;  
passing over the blustering old English  
quaker, of Rochester, New York, who  
found fault with every thing in the States,  
and declared that the women of the States  
pretty generally all swore and did crimes  
where they would be hung for in England,  
whenever I and one Mr. Flagg, consul to  
Venice, took occasion every day or two to  
stir up the old wretch, and make him  
believe and boil over with rage—to say  
nothing of him, or of the crazy Yankee  
phenomenologist who lectured gratis every  
few nights, in the steerage, and examined  
bumps at a dime a head, without charging  
for the somersets and ground and lofty  
tumbling in day-time, which, by the way,  
was a Yankee trick to bring out subjects  
to his night lectures; and passing by the  
returning organ grinder, and the Scotch,  
Irish, and French, who all intend to re-  
turn, and bring all their kin, if they can;  
and leaving the Irish Jesuit monk to his  
own gloomy meditations—for he walked  
the deck alone and spoke to nobody, while  
a poor Mormon woman in the steerage  
waited on the sick and prayed over them,  
and was the first to run to the assistance  
of the third mate, who fell fifty feet upon  
the forecastle, in a gale, at which times  
the captain always swore harder than ever.  
Leaving all this for a variegated back-  
ground to the panorama, we sweep around  
the southeast coast of Ireland for half a  
day, seeing nothing but lofty ranges of  
rocky hills, without trees on them, where  
herds of small, black cattle graze—cattle  
so small that, as some Larry, a wild Irish-  
man on board, told me, a man could carry

two under each arm; but Larry would  
sometimes exaggerate. Even the verita-  
ble "god" from which St. Patrick drove  
the snakes was a gratifying sight, as long  
as we could see it, for we were soon among  
the English fogs, of all fogs the  
thickest, and approaching the country  
where the year is said to be divided into  
eight months of winter and four months  
of bad weather. Anchored out in the  
stream, Liverpool looms up through the  
fog, with its railroad running over the  
tops of the houses, and again passing un-  
der the hill, on which compact ranges of  
houses are built, which is a very common  
way of economizing space in the cities of  
England and France through which rail-  
ways pass. The docks are all that is  
striking to an American just arrived in  
Liverpool. We have nothing of the sort  
in America. Anchored out in the stream,  
you see nothing of the thousand ships in  
port, except their masts and rigging. Lab-  
ryriths of high, winding stone walls and  
dry roads are between you and them, and  
the vessels are shut in with massive gates.  
The custom house opens a new world  
again—a reunion of the voyagers of the  
dozen ships, perhaps. Thither all the  
trunks and hand-boxes and carpet-bags of  
our party were transported, and we sent  
toddling after them, like condemned crim-  
inals; in the rain, too, and it two miles  
off. The custom house is another demo-  
cratic place, and yet a man who under-  
stands it, and has the money, can buy  
himself off from a close examination. This  
I know took place with one of our passen-  
gers, who had a number of separate pounds  
of tea, besides segars, packed down in his  
trunks. An artist of our number took a  
different mode—his wife carried his pic-  
tures among the dresses she had on at the  
time, and thus he escaped paying a high  
duty on them. But, saying nothing of the  
curiosities that were exposed to view,  
as the contents of trunks were emptied  
out on the floor, before the curious crowd,  
and merely mentioning the fact that a  
poor woman had to pay forty shillings  
duty on some Daguerrotypes, after paying  
an English shilling for having her regalia  
overhauled, (which all had to pay whose  
trunks were examined after 4 o'clock);  
leaving all that, and all comment upon  
English taxation and English bluntness,  
(I speak of those in the custom house),  
we rest a day to see the town, dry our  
clothes, and get a taste of the far-famed  
English beef-steak. Handsome city streets  
much cleaner than in New York, beef-  
steak unequalled; but as for drying your-  
self, and remaining dried, that's impossi-  
ble in Liverpool, where it either rains  
some every day, or else there is an Egyp-  
tian fog, almost thick enough to drive a  
nail into to hang your hat on. But moist-  
ure makes the grass grow, and that is  
one reason why English cattle and  
sheep are so celebrated. A railroad depot  
in Liverpool is something more substan-  
tial looking than anything of the kind in  
America. One of these in Liverpool you  
reach by a winding way, an ascending  
stone street. But, lo! for London. There  
are three grades of cars. The ten thou-  
sands go in the parliamentary train—so  
called because parliament made a law that  
each railway should have one train that  
charged but a penny a mile, and stopped  
at all the stations, for the accommodation  
of the public. Lord John Russell added  
to his popularity by first proposing this  
measure. But, you take your seat in the  
cars, always entering in at the side, never  
at the ends, looking down the chimneys of  
part of the town, and pass under the re-  
mainder of it, and you are out into merry  
England. What's the prospect? Pros-  
pect? anything like sometimes, and some-  
times anything but that. Wind mills,  
(spectral-looking winged things on hill  
tops); hedge fences and tall shafts (clim-  
bers) of coal pits are numerous; but you  
see no farm houses scarcely, and you are  
almost tempted to inquire where does  
everybody live? The truth is there are  
but few independent farmers; the nobles  
own the country, and the dwellings and  
barns of the farmers are but poor affairs,  
compared with those of the States. But  
something is wrong with our train, "a  
railroad stop," and half a dozen of us go  
half a mile up a hedged lane to see a farm  
house. It was a long, low, vine-covered,  
ancient looking fabric, thatched with straw.  
We pass by to the barn-yard to look at  
the stock. Everything looks fat. There's  
the philosophical looking old hog, grazing  
in the lane. He merely looks out of the  
corner of his eye at the visitors, and his  
bland countenance indicates that he is en-  
tirely satisfied with his present condition.  
Then there are the fat ducks that won't  
get out of the way, the vociferous guinea  
and the gallant roosters, each with his  
harem of hens, making all the noise they  
can, just the reverse of the jolly old hog.  
"How do we do?" said the wholesome  
looking tenant, with his red neckbander,  
chief and Sunday waistcoat on, for he was  
about to mount his fattest horse and go to

some public gathering. We buy some  
milk to drink, and return. A rather dis-  
tinguished looking Englishman was sitting  
on his horse, near the train, and we asked  
him about the exhibition at London. "It  
is the worst thing that ever happened  
England," he replied. "All the world  
will carry off my inventions and improve-  
ments, and England will be ruined," he  
continued. "Then you think it is impossi-  
ble for England to learn any thing from  
other nations—from the Yankees, for in-  
stance?"—asked our Yankee phenomenologist,  
with Yankee euteness, and a joke in his  
eye. "Haw!" sneered John Bull. "Yan-  
kees! they are the laughing stock of all  
nations."—"Especially of England,"  
quickly added our Yankee, "when Wash-  
ington and Jackson made John Bull, at  
two different times, on the wrong side of  
his mouth." All this harrowing up old  
prejudices is wrong, but with wealthy and  
titled Englishmen all the old elements of  
hatred towards the United States still  
exist, and you might as well whistle jigs  
to mile-stones, and expect to see them  
dance, as to try to move one of these old-  
fashioned, easy living John Bulls in his  
opinion that it is impossible for anything  
great or grand or noble to happen out of  
England. His mind is made up on that  
subject, at least, and in whatever thing other  
nations have differed from England, he looks  
upon them as lacking just that much of  
being enlightened. The middle and poorer  
classes have a better opinion of the United  
States. They would separate church and  
state, but the ten pounds frechold required  
for the right of suffrage, debar most of  
them from all say in the government. The  
few Fergus O'Connors and George  
W. M. Reynolds's that head a Chartist  
(but another name for the republican)  
party, are soon bought over by a fat office,  
and the people are obliged to submit to be  
governed by those who claim to be of bet-  
ter blood. But, saying nothing of the  
contrasts one sees—nothing of the old ram-  
bled castles, the parks and country seats,  
and ragged looking cottages of the poor,  
or of "Harrow on the hill," where Byron  
went to school, we arrive in London, the  
largest, the most bizarre, the most curious  
and the most uninhabitable city in the  
world, notwithstanding it contains a popu-  
lation of two million souls. But few  
even of the English live there. People  
pass through it, go there on business, but  
as soon as they can get out of it, they  
hurry off by the fastest train, to breathe  
the pure air, as a dog after he has seen  
the bottom of a coal mine. Only the  
dead live in London, and if what monar-  
chists style the nobility are permitted "for  
a certain time to walk the earth," like  
Hamlet's father's ghost, the ancient kings  
and their several troupes of courtiers, long  
since buried in Westminster Abbey and  
St. Paul's sally out at night, to stretch  
their royal legs and view the city. One  
would suppose, from what one reads, that  
London is a sort of earthly Paradise, and  
that a man who lives there must be a sort  
of Sardanapalus. This may be the case  
with some of the titled class, and no doubt  
the fat Archbishop of London, with his  
salary of about \$75000, a year, feels quite  
comfortable; but it seems to me that to  
the middle and poorer classes, London is  
a nice little purgatory. You step into a  
beer-shop—for every place one stops to  
rest himself is a beer-shop, and the staple  
commodity of London, is beer, beer, al-  
ways beer. There you see the sleek  
Englishman, rosy with beer, and tolerably  
gentle looking women, young and old,  
with their husbands and gallants, all en-  
joying their beer, and the men all smoking  
long pipes. They grow talkative, and  
their eyes begin to roll, as they sip and  
smoke and rest themselves, and smile fa-  
miliarly at each other, as if they had met  
before, but had almost forgotten when or  
where. This is the way Londoners attain  
that material felicity by means of which  
they think themselves in a sort of Maha-  
medan paradise.

Of the World's Fair I need not speak.  
Of course, it is a grand affair, and all the  
ingenuity of man is to be seen there, be-  
sides numerous specimens of people of all  
the civilized nations, with a sprinkling of  
Egyptians, Turks, Greeks and Pachas of  
as many tails as you please, but to an  
American, whose country is no "pent up  
Utica," the crystal palace appears much  
smaller than he expected to find it. But  
I find I must be brief, and of the Fair you  
have the accounts in the papers. The  
paper on which I write this, is of the  
weight of a single letter in France, and of  
the sights in London, Paris, France and  
the Alps, near Sardinia, where I now am  
at a school, (the object of which is the ed-  
ucation of teachers of the French language  
in particular,) I may write you again if  
you will pardon me for only barely men-  
tioning what I proposed to give you some  
account of at the commencement of this  
letter. This is an old Roman town. The  
tower attached to the catholic church,  
was built by the emperor Nero, and ther

is an old clock in the tower, which they  
tell me is a thousand years old. The pass  
of Hannibal and Caesar is near here.  
When I shall have learned a little more  
Italian, I expect to visit Turin, in Sar-  
dinia, by way of this pass over the Alps.  
Rather a striking contrast it is, to see the  
snow on the lofty peaks of the Alps near  
you, when you are looking at the silk  
workers pulling leaves for silk worms, or  
vine dressers working in the vineyards.  
But this you can see at this little town of  
Mens, of 2000 inhabitants, half of whom  
are protestant, the other half catholic.  
But speaking of contrasts, the other even-  
ing I saw a circle of young women sitting  
under an arbor of vines and flowers, spin-  
ning silk, making kid gloves, and sipping  
red wine. They'd sing little Italian ditties  
too, as they'd work away in their bow-  
ers of roses, and then they'd scratch their  
selves vigorously and hunt fleas achille.  
But one step from the sublime to the ridi-  
culous, that, and when one would expect  
them Paris, or Housis, or ethereal some-  
thing else, one is merely mistaken—noth-  
ing more. But horrors! what a dia we  
had here yesterday, (Sunday.) It was the  
day of the Catholic procession of the host,  
"fete de St. Jean" and all that. The pro-  
cession was nearly half a mile long. Ban-  
ners, lanterns, little tea-bells, incense,  
nuns, scattered rose leaves, Latin hymns,  
tinsel trappings, &c., &c., the whole pro-  
ceeding kneeling in the street at one time,  
and the three large bells in Nero's tower  
ringing all the while. All that with ap-  
propriate evolutions by the priests, we had  
for two long hours yesterday. But protest-  
antism has gained a strong foothold here,  
and protestants don't take off their hats to  
these processions, although courtiers go  
ahead and ring hand bells for every one to  
do so. The French government pays for  
the support of the Jewish, Catholic, and  
one of the protestant churches, called the  
National Church, whose opinions are Lu-  
theran and Calvinistic; but protestants of  
different denominations here do not look  
upon each other with a jealous eye as in  
the United States. They have one com-  
mon foe to combat, and they are united  
in combating the religion of the pope instead  
of finding fault with each other. At Ge-  
neva, in Switzerland, (which is to protes-  
tants) almost all denominations may be  
found, but they are all united and every  
new recruit is welcomed, let him be new  
school, Dunkard, or old school, Shaking  
Quaker. For myself, I believe the Wal-  
denses are the true church. You know  
their history. They date from no reforma-  
tion, they have no Luther, or Calvin, or  
Wesley from whom they date their faith.  
Wrangling protestants in the United  
States could learn lessons of peace and  
unity from these primitive christians. As  
I told you in the first of this letter, I am  
but on the border of their country, but  
there are many of them here. I attended  
their church yesterday, and never have I  
seen so much simplicity or seriousness, or  
heard more impressive music, and yet  
there was no bass or second part in it,  
every note was of the same length, and  
without theatrical flourishes, Italian dis-  
cussions, or appoggiaturas, and the whole  
congregation was one loud choir. For  
French politics see the papers, but as far  
as I can discover, republican liberty here  
in France is all a humbug. All this re-  
gion of France is in a state of siege at  
present. Why? For no other reason than  
because the people here are nearly all re-  
publican, all the protestants at least, and  
the royalist parties in the national assem-  
bly, when united, out-number the republi-  
can party, or the party of the mountain.  
The Bonapartist, the Louis Phillipist or  
Orleans party and the Henry quonnet,  
(Bourbon and party of the legitimate  
king) these three, when they unite, out-  
number the mountain. Many republican  
papers in this quarter have been suppressed,  
and several republican departments in the  
south-east of France, are now under mili-  
tary government. The Bonaparte party are  
making strenuous efforts to have the  
present constitution altered so that Louis  
Napoleon will be eligible to another term,  
but with the republicans his days are num-  
bered, unless these feckle French should  
change their minds. But this Monday,  
numerous shepherds with their flocks and  
loaded donkeys, are passing through the  
town. They go to camp in the Alps, and  
stay with their flocks till their provisions  
fail. Half-a-dozen large goats with large  
bells on, go in advance of the flock, the  
loaded donkey comes next, the sheep after  
them, the shepherd's dogs at the sides of  
the flock, and the shepherds all behind.  
To me these shepherd's dogs and goats  
seem to show more sense in their move-  
ments than those who assisted at the pro-  
cession of the host yesterday. The gal-  
lant looking goats often get some distance  
ahead, and it is amusing to see them turn  
around, stamp their feet and bawl. The  
dogs understand the orders, hurry up the  
sheep, and the goats move on with quite

a commanding air. By the way, a col-  
porteur told me yesterday, as we looked  
at the procession, that one of those same  
priests, a year ago, called him into his  
house as he was passing with his pack of  
Bibles, locked the door, struck him three  
times, and told him to take care, or within  
three days he would have both him and  
his books burned! But enough for the  
present. The session of normal school,  
to which I go, closes in a month, when I  
intend to shoulder my carpet bag and take  
it on foot among the Waldenses, with  
one of the professors who has proposed to  
go with me.

Very respectfully, Yours, &c.,  
R. C. ROSS.

## Judges of the Supreme Court.

The following proceedings of a Demo-  
cratic meeting held in West Chester, in  
July, express our sentiments exactly; and  
we commend them to the thoughtful con-  
sideration of every reader who values an  
upright and independent Judiciary, or ap-  
preciates the weight of responsibility which  
the amended Constitution has placed upon  
each individual voter in the commonwealth.  
—Ed. CHRON.

The Democratic party in this county was  
not prepared to sacrifice the Judiciary up-  
on the altar of party, we were not prepared  
to place the judicial power of the State in  
the hands of incapable or dishonest men  
merely because they were nominated by a  
Democratic convention, particularly con-  
sidered as that of Harrisburg, by combina-  
tions and bargains, resulting in the nomi-  
nation of some candidates unfit to be elect-  
ed. Yet success in such conduct by our  
nominating bodies has so emboldened the  
bad men of our party whose sole object  
would seem to be office and power, that  
they stop at nothing calculated to effect a  
nomination, taking it for granted, that party  
discipline and strength will effect an  
election—and in this, heretofore, they  
have not confided without reason. We  
have to regret that on more than one oc-  
casion, nominees improperly selected by cor-  
rupt means have succeeded in securing  
prominent offices through a majority of  
votes honestly cast in support of cher-  
ished principles. Although such results are  
always to be deprecated in offices strictly  
political, the injury to the public interests,  
whatever it may be to private morals, is  
great.

Take for instance the office of Governor,  
management may effect the election of a  
bad man. The office is political—part of  
the law making power abides with that of-  
ficer. Still its exercise for evil purposes  
is more or less restrained by a fear of of-  
fending the party to which he owes his  
power, as well as by the power vested in  
the Senate and House of Representatives.

Not so however with the office of Su-  
preme Judge. His term of office is long.  
His votes have no necessary connexion  
with party. His voice may take the life,  
liberty, property, or reputation of a citizen.  
His judgments and decrees operating prin-  
cipally on individuals, however corrupt,  
unjust or illegal, excite sympathy in but  
a small circle of too little power to intimi-  
date, or even successfully to reproach a bold  
man who may divide his responsibility  
with better or worse men than himself, un-  
der a law prohibiting the publication of  
dissenting opinions and not requiring the  
votes of the judges upon the respective  
cases to be made public. True, unprin-  
ciple men in any office, are a curse, but  
they are in no place a greater evil to a  
community than in the judgment seat.

We rejoice therefore that party fealty  
in the matter under consideration,  
however willingly rendered, as it always  
is by the Democrats of Chester county,  
where great principles and measures of gov-  
ernment are dependent upon the result,  
does not call upon us in this case to fall in  
rank and do battle regardless of consequen-  
ces, at the dictation of a body which has  
misrepresented its constituents and disre-  
garded itself by some nominations "not fit  
to be made." That democrats of the State  
have accorded with us in our views of this  
subject, we have the evidence in the fact,  
that it was deemed proper by our Central  
Committee to separate the business of mak-  
ing the judicial nominations from the ordi-  
nary political nominations of the party,  
for the avowed purpose of effecting the  
nominations of the best men upon our judi-  
cial ticket. True it is that the call of the  
Committee for a separate convention was  
attempted to be countermanded by a sinis-  
ter influence in the city of Philadelphia,  
yet this effort proved an utter failure, and  
the majority of the committee had the sat-  
isfaction of seeing their worthy purpose  
sanctioned by the almost unanimous voice  
of an honest constituency. Yet with all  
this precaution to preserve the purity of  
the convention by decreasing temptation  
and diminishing the means for improper  
combinations and alliances, the same cor-  
rupt influence which intended to wait up-  
on it at Reading, unfortunately found its  
way to Harrisburg, there to bargain and  
corrupt, to trade and speculate in every

thing we hold dear—to barter for the pow-  
er to dispose of our lives, property or re-  
putation, to gratify the ambition, the pas-  
sions or the avarice of those whom the ma-  
jority of that body might desire to set in  
judgment over us.

We know the result. The corruption  
of a large city has triumphed. The fruits  
which have disgraced her elections for years  
past and almost rendered the elective fran-  
chise there of no value, we have reason to  
believe have placed upon the ticket nomi-  
nees whose places should have been filled  
by other and better men.

Is ignorance to usurp the place of learn-  
ing? and shall dishonesty or partiality  
give law where purity and uprightness are  
so essential? Can it be believed that men  
are fit to sit upon our highest bench of  
judgment whose thoughts, words and acts  
for months past have been devoted to the  
surest means of elevating themselves, lit-  
tle regardful of the character of those  
means so that they effected the purpose?  
Are the people prepared to tolerate per-  
sonal electioneering for the office of Judge,  
however sneakingly or cunningly it may  
be gone about?

Success emboldens. If nominations ef-  
fected by fraud are successful this year,  
will opposition be more modest next?—  
There must be an end of this, or the strength  
of the Democratic party is gone. The cor-  
rupt man aspiring to the lead of late years  
must be thrust back to their proper places.  
Their object is office and plunder,  
we must defeat them in their process at all  
hazards. We must strike now; the occa-  
sion is too important to admit of delay.  
Although we in Chester county constitute  
but a small portion of the ranks of the party  
in the State, we have our rights and  
will at least try to maintain them. If oth-  
ers are willing to truckle to corruption and  
intrigue, we are not. Nevertheless we  
have confidence in the virtue of the masses,  
and with their help we hope to be  
somewhat instrumental in purifying party  
morals. We call upon all good men to be  
assisting. Though our conventions make  
us bad tickets, they certainly cannot make  
a virtuous people vote them. Therefore,

Resolved, That although party attach-  
ments would incline us to vote for the judi-  
cial candidates of our party, if equally  
important and equitable with the candidates of  
importance of the judicial office that we  
cannot consent to vote for improper per-  
sons, because they are upon our ticket,  
whilst better men may be presented to our  
consideration.

Resolved, That we believe the Judicial  
ticket named at Harrisburg, is, in part,  
the result of improper influences, bargains  
and combinations, and is a fraud upon the  
democratic party, upon which it becomes  
us to put our seal of condemnation at the  
polls, so far as that fraud extended.

Resolved, That we are not prepared to  
surrender the government and interests of  
the democratic party of this great State,  
to men who control the ward elections of  
the city and county of Philadelphia, who  
are justly responsible for the defective tick-  
et presented to us by the Harrisburg con-  
vention.

Resolved, That we are not disposed to  
sanction, by our votes, personal election-  
eering for the judicial office, which we be-  
lieve is justly chargeable upon some of the  
candidates in nomination.

Resolved, That the election of Judges  
has no proper connection with either na-  
tional or state officers, and that it is essen-  
tial to an unbiased selection, that these  
questions be kept entirely distinct and sepa-  
rate. We are therefore determined to  
permit no party cry to deter us, in elect-  
ing Judges, from voting for the most hon-  
est and capable men; and we recommend  
our fellow citizens to do likewise—the  
election of good Judges being far more im-  
portant to all, than the triumphs of a party,  
where no party principles is involved—it  
being a contest as to men.

Resolved, That we deprecate the intro-  
duction of religious sectarianism into our  
elections—the only proper inquiry being,  
in the language of Jefferson, "is he hon-  
est, is he capable."

Resolved, That we respectfully recom-  
mend to our fellow-citizens to cast their  
votes for the judicial nominations, in ac-  
cordance with the principles herein set  
forth, having first informed themselves of  
the applicability of these principles to the  
respective candidates.

THE SHIRTISE COSTUME.—A writer  
in the Dallas (Ala.) Gazette proposes the  
"Shirtise Costume" for gentlemen, as  
set off by the "Bloomer." He says the  
peculiar advantages of the "Shirtise"  
are its cheapness and its comfort. It is  
a gown shirt made of Irish linen, and reach-  
es to the knees. It is made, in all respects,  
like the ordinary shirt for a gentleman,  
with the exception that the collar is to be  
broad, and thrown back with a Byronic  
air. It is the only article of dress to be  
worn! As it consults comfort, no drawers,  
pants, coat, vest, or shoes are required.