LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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☞**The Religious Awakening**, which "came not with observation," but most evidently is the fruit of the direct operations of the Spirit of God upon the hearts of men, is still prevailing in the great cities of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. It is most powerful in New York, where a theatre has been converted into a prayer house, and some of the most notorious profligates, male and females, have professed the regenerating influence of the reformation. (The first Baptist church in Albany, the Broadway Congregational Tabernacle church, and the Tremont church in Boston, all located their houses up on the ruins of theatres, as the effects of great revivals.) Jayne's Hall, in Philadelphia, is occupied for a daily prayer meeting, in the middle of the day, and attended by two or three thousand persons. Not only preachers, but others lead and participate in the services, which are expected to be short and directly to the great object; and remarkable stillness and solemnity prevail. Prayers are offered for the conversion of the President of the U. S. and of others in authority, as well as for private individuals in different stations in life. Praying, reading the Bible, and exhortations, are intermingled with singing, generally conducted by a leader, in which hundreds if not thousands join with thrilling fervor. Among the songs, the following is said to be the favorite:

GOOD NEWS.

Whene'er you meet, you always say—
"What's the news? What's the news?
Pray, what's the order of the day?
What's the news? What's the news?"
—O, I have got good news to tell,
My Savior has done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell—
That's the news! That's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary—
That's the news! That's the news!
To set a world of sinners free—
That's the news! That's the news!
'Twas there His precious blood was shed;
'Twas there He bowed His sacred head;
But now He's risen from the dead—
That's the news! That's the news!

To Heaven above the Conqueror's gone—
That's the news! That's the news!
He's pass'd triumphant to His throne—
That's the news! That's the news!
And on that throne He will remain,
Until, as Judge, He comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train—
That's the news! That's the news!

The Lord has pardoned all my sin—
That's the news! That's the news!
I feel the witness now within—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since He took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day—
That's the news! That's the news!

His work's reviving all around—
That's the news! That's the news!
And many have redemption found—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout hosanna to his name;
And all around they spread His fame—
That's the news! That's the news!

And Christ the Lord can save you too—
That's the news! That's the news!
Your sinful heart he can renew—
That's the news! That's the news:
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive—
That's the news! That's the news!

And now if any one should say,
What's the news! What's the news!
O tell them you've begun to pray—
That's the news! That's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now with joy, at God's command,
You're marching to the better land—
That's the news! That's the news!

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, MARCH 22, 1858.

☞The whilome Editor Mr. HICKOK, made Lewisburg his first *call*, last week, since his removal to Harrisburg, three years ago. We are happy to report to his old friends among our readers that we find him as glad hearted and companionable as ever—not a bit elated by promotion—weighing 103 lbs., full—and with very little more frost on his "honored pow" than when he left. The greetings of the many former acquaintances he found time to call upon during his day's visit, were most cordial. A few hours around town revealed improvements that rather surprised him, and certainly strongly impressed him with the idea that Lewisburg was still prospering as substantially as any mere country towns in agricultural districts. Our Court House he pronounced decidedly the most elegant, best finished, well adapted, and economical for its size, of any in the State; and to judge of his ability to decide, we may mention that his engagements have called him to nearly every county in the State, causing him to traverse thousands of miles to reach voluntary meetings of friends of Education, and bringing most of the new Court Houses under his personal observation. Mr. Hickok called in to pay his respects to several of our District Schools, on Tuesday—visited Milton and Northumberland on Wednesday—and on Thursday returned to Harrisburg.—We hope he may soon find time to pay us a *visit*, and find a few days' rest from his official labors and responsibilities.

Building in Lewisburg.

While stealing a few hours from our "editorial den" last week to ramble over our town, we were made aware of improvements that had heretofore escaped our attention—including some good brick dwellings, as well as some of wood—(a material which in our best towns is generally disallowed.).....The work of building did not cease for a week, during the winter, and already it has begun to expand rapidly and vigorously. We know not of any very large buildings contemplated, but good dwellings will be erected, and smaller ones. To all those with money or other means, the present may be the most favorable season to build, as provisions and materials will doutless be lower than for some years past, and workmen will not be so hurried.

☞PETTY SPITE.—Some of the rabid legal, personal and political rivals of DAVID WILMOT, are trying to legislate him out of office, by abolishing the judicial district over which he presides, and attaching the counties to adjoining districts. *They say* he is partial and unpopular. Well, but why punish the *district* for *his* sins? and why, if he is so, not wait until next fall, when there is to be a new election for Judge, and then let the people—those most concerned, and best informed—oust him? But the plotters fear to go before the people with him. We do not think party depravity is yet low enough for such a thing, or that Gov. Packer would be mean enough to stoop to aid in such an assault upon an honorable but unsuccessful rival—but, if they should thrust him from the bench, they would rue the day. Instead of being cooped up, year after year, in Court Houses, listening to dry legal contests, his friends would keep WILMOT on the stump in Pennsylvania from now until next Presidential election. Blaze away, my hearties!

The movement was begun in an underhanded manner; but the people have got wind of it, and are remonstrating without distinction of party. And the judges upon whom the soreheads want to pile Bradford and Susquehanna, don't want the job. The Sullivan *Democrat*, Bloomsburg *Star*, and Ed. pro tem of the Columbia *Democrat*, (all Administration papers) with many of the wiser party leaders, denounce the scheme as unjust and impolitic; they know the power of the free tongue of Wilmot; they see the outrage of preventing two large counties from electing their own Judge, and they see that in an election, Judge Wilmot or some other man of his party could overcome their majorities if joined together in a district. Altogether, it is as unfortunate a scheme as Lecompton for the party.

As Becket & Co., proprietors of a paper in New York, called the "Golden Prize," have *not* fulfilled their promises to us, the presumption is fair that they will not fulfil others.—*Lewistown Gazette.*

☞A perfectly "fair inference," neighbor; and as those who get their living by cheating the public by "gifts" and lotteries, would as soon cheat a printer as anybody—and as subscribers who see such impositions practiced by the printer on them, may be inclined to pay them back in the same coin.....on the whole, would not printers be more honest as well as wealthier by rejecting all such immoral and unlawful advertisements?

LEWISBURG, March 22, 1858.

To the Editors of the Chronicle.—The following communication was handed to the Editor of the *Argus* for publication, and was by him refused a place in his paper. Since the combined attempt of himself and the Post Master to misrepresent our former article, and their effort to throw ridicule upon us, we feel that we have a right to a hearing, and, having failed to get it in our own party press, will you have the goodness to insert our communication in your columns?

Yours, &c., P. BILLMEYER, HENRY FRICK.

To the Editor of the Union Argus.

Our communication, which appeared in your issue of week before last, relative to the action of a minority of the Democratic county Committee on the Kansas question, has evidently been misunderstood, or its meaning purposely perverted. What we complained of, was, that every effort, made by the Anti-Lecompton men, to get up a meeting for the Democracy of the county to discuss that question fairly and openly, was thwarted, by you and the Lecompton men acting with you, under the plea that the public agitation of that question would distract the party. After a refusal on your part to publish a call to discuss publicly, and the most solemn assurance of the Chairman of the county Committee, that no action upon it should be taken by the Committee privately, and thus by deception quieting the minds of the Anti Lecompton men, and then to have three men to assume to themselves the prerogative to speak for the county, and through the Democratic organ foist resolutions on the Democracy of the county that were odious to many of the best men in the party, and that at a period so late that their moral effect could not be counteracted in the then assembled State Convention—all this we regarded as an outrage upon the Democracy, and upon every principle of honor.

The object of our communication was to condemn any and all such sneaking proceedings, on the part of a few, to bind the many. We stated that it was not true that the "universal sentiment of the Democracy of this county was for Lecompton." We stated, further, that no meeting of the county Committee was called; that no such meeting was held; and that no resolutions were formally passed; that what appeared in print as such were but the crude offspring of three men of the Committee; their conception, birth, and publication was a fraud upon the Democracy, because purporting on their face to be regular and official, when in fact they were without authority from the committee, and not sanctioned by the party.

Instead of meeting our objections in a fair, manly way, you and the Post-Master endeavored to escape from them by low flings that are unworthy of such men as you ought to be, much less of such as you claim to be. We did not condemn the worthy men that compose the President's Cabinet (as we are charged to have done;) what we said of them was a literal quotation from the P. M.'s resolutions; it was he that said they were men of "qualified honesty;" we quoted his words, to show that he either did not understand language, or was anxious to give them a sly dig. It is really ridiculous for him to say that we condemn the Cabinet when the only words that look that way are literally his own.

As to our condemnation of Senator Bigler, we plead guilty, if, as we said, he now is endeavoring to thrust a Constitution upon the people of Kansas against their consent, and even against their most earnest protestations. When Senator Bigler took the old Democratic ground that we all took in the campaign of 1856, and that is still adhered to by such life long Democrats as our own Gov. Packer, Gov. Wise of Va., Douglas, Stuart, Broderick, Walker, Bancroft, and many thousand others who have been recognized as lights of the party, namely, THAT THE PEOPLE SHALL BE PERMITTED TO CHOOSE THEIR OWN FORM OF GOVERNMENT, we with all good Democrats, were heartily with him. If Mr. Bigler has abandoned that great, fundamental principle of Democracy, he deserves no better fate than any other man who in an evil hour has proved recreant to his integrity of principle. We do not subscribe to the doctrine that "the King can do no wrong." In this, we differ from you and your friend the P. M. We have never thought it the great mission of the Democratic party, to be a mere appendage to men in power—a sort of kite's tail to follow them wherever they may choose to lead. It has been the boast of this land of freedom, and especially so of the Democratic party, that this is a government BY the people, not OF the people; that the people are the sovereign; but let it once be understood that rulers may change their principles at pleasure, and that, unless the people will blindly change with them, they must be denounced as traitors to Democracy, and must be sneered out of the party, then our Democracy, nay our liberty itself is crushed out.

We remember that our party, up to a very recent date, was unanimously in favor of letting the people in Kansas decide upon their own local institutions. That was our position before the Presidential election; and when, in the commencement of Pres. Buchanan's administration, the Phila*d. Press* boldly announced that doctrine, it was hailed by all of us as giving the lie to what our political opponents predicted would be the course of Mr. Buchanan's administration. Our P. M. himself, in an ecstacy of delight over the sentiments uttered to be true Democracy, and at once got up a club for the paper. It was not until it was discovered that a few leaders at Washington determined otherwise, that a change crept over the minds of some, who had innocently thought they were right before. If Democracy means, that the people are to have no settled, well grounded convictions of right and wrong, no right of private judgment, no right to utter their sentiments unless they can bend to utter their sentiments to them that rule, freedom of speech, aught to praise, but not to condemn, a public conscience so pliable as to stretch and shrink to every whim and caprice of men in office—if it is not to *think*, but to be *thought for*, then are we not now, nor have we ever been, Democrats. If, on the other hand, Democracy means, (what our fathers taught it to mean,) a Government in which the supreme power is lodged in the hands of the people, the duty of the strong to protect the weak in every inalienable and constitutional right, that has sympathy with the oppressed, and hates the oppressor, that recognizes the people as sovreigns and rulers as servants, that guarantees right of conscience and liberty of conscience and liberty of speech—that would disdain to throw its broad mantle over any who are mere slaves of other men's opinions—that has no odious, servile tests of fealty to party, but measures men by their manhood, and their devotion to right, instead of dealing out favor to them who "bend the suple knee, that thrift may follow fawning".....If *that* be Democracy, than are we now and ever expect to remain true to her faith.

In conclusion, we would say, to you and the redoubtable P. M., that we ask no favor. You can "let your dogs of war loose" upon us. You can not swerve us from our right by sneers, nor frighten us by the foolish cry of "Black Republican." You know that the P. M.'s resolutions were a fraud upon the party. To that, we want to hold you. And because we have said what we have thought, no imbecile jeers intended to make us odious in the eyes of the party can do us harm. You need, therefore, not hold your friend any longer, but let him do all he threatens to do, and we will bide the consequences.

P. BILLMEYER.
HENRY FRICK.

MODERN DEMOCRACY.—Buchanan's organ, the Washington *Union*, gives vent to its feelings in the following characteristic languge:

"*We don't care whether the people like or dislike the Constitution.* We are unwilling to take any more testimony. The case has been closed after full notice. The verdict has been rendered, *the judgment entered up, and the execution is now in the hands of the officers.*"

This is "democracy" with a vengeance! Such common fellows as the people, it seems, are no longer of any account.

The *Southern Monitor*, the pro-slavery paper of Philadelphia, takes ground with Gov. Wise against forcing the Lecompton Constitution on the people of Kansas against their known and expressed will.

The prettiest lining for a bonnet is a smiling face.

THE WEAVER OF NAUMBURG:

—OR—

the Triumphs of Meekness.

CHAPTER II.

"Stein is drumming again, already!" exclaimed Siegbert, two days after. "The enemy must be coming very soon, or the burghers would not be called so often together to be drilled."

"That proves that you do not know the different beats," said Erwin. "When Stein drums, as he is doing now—'dow derra dow, dow derra dow,' it means that the burghers are to meet at the Town Hall to hold counsel, and not to drill. Look, father is putting on his hat, and going without his sword and spear."

"What can be the matter now?" asked Ulrica.

"Nothing good, you may be sure," sighed his mother, again exhorting her children to industry whilst their father was called away from his loom. Without grumbling at this fresh hindrance to his work, Wolf betook himself to the Town Hall, in front of which the burghers were assembling at the call of the drum.

The burgher-master of Naumburg, Herr Pankratz Adler, now came forward, followed by the other councillors. His fine countenance wore a troubled and anxious expression.

"My friends and brothers," he said gravely, "we have called you here together on weighty, and important business. Whilst we have repaired and heightened the walls of our town, deepened the moat, and exercised ourselves in the profession of arms, in order to be prepared for a possible attack on the town, a no less formidable enemy has secretly and unhindered stolen in amongst us; against which, walls, ditches, weapons and courage are of no avail. Do you ask the name of this fearful foe? Look yonder, and you will not require that I should tell you."

The eyes of the assembly anxiously followed the burgher-master's hand, as he pointed to a house in the market-place, and every face turned pale as they gazed in silent horror upon the high pole, with a wisp of blackened straw at the top, that a sergeant was at that moment planting before the house pointed out to them. Not a sound escaped their lips, but each one internally exclaimed—"The plague! the black death!"

The burgher-master's voice broke in sure and terrible follower of war and scarcity," he said, "has stolen in upon us; and who amongst us is able to drive it out again? We can only pray God to keep the destroying angel from our thresholds. It remains for us to exercise the utmost prudence, yet without giving ourselves up to too great anxiety; to take measures to provide against the further spreading of the evil; and to do all we can to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and dying. No one amongst us must therefore carefully keep himself and his family from intemperance in eating and drinking, from [illegible]ure to cold and from tormenting fears; must [illegible] fervent prayer, and put his trust in the Lord. In addition to this, let every one avoid to touch or approach those stricken by the plague, and frequently sprinkle vinegar in the rooms of his house, and fumigate it with juniper-berries before breakfast, dinner, and supper, as well as when he goes through the streets; and on the first sign of illness, go to bed and send for the doctor. In the neighborhood of the infected houses, we shall daily light fires of juniper-twigs and pine-wood, that the smoke may purify the air. And, finally, we require a man, a second Joseph in Egypt, who will take upon himself the care of the sick, with fearlessness, prudence, and self-renouncing fidelity. With the help of others who will be appointed to assist him, he will have the oversight of all the houses visited by the plague, and must see that they are strictly kept separate from the rest. He must provide for the nursing of the sick, and for the support of those dependent upon them. He must be their adviser, comforter, and friend; he must receive the last will of the dying, and see that it is properly carried out. In short, he must be the medium of communication between the infected and the uninfected, between death and life. We are quite aware that such an office will be most trying and difficult to fulfil; an office which no one would be tempted to undertake by any pecuniary reward which we could offer. The man who is willing to take it upon him must be actuated by the pure disinterested impulse of a benevolent heart, to devote his whole powers yea, even life itself, to the good of the community. Which amongst you, my brethren, feels within him a call to this honorable office? Let him come forward, and receive the thanks of his fellow citizens."

Herr Adler ceased to speak, his eagle eye resting on the assembled crowd before him. A deep silence of some minutes succeeded his impressive address. Each man looked at his neighbor, but no one came forward to accept the offered post.

After waiting for a while, Herr Adler began anew:

"Is there not one among my burghers to be found, who for the general good, will undertake this hazardous office? Shall Naumburg's citizens show less patriotism than that heathen Roman who threw himself unasked into the yawning gulf which an earthquake had opened in the market-place of Rome, and which, according to the oracle, could only again be closed by the free will offering of a human life? Will no one resolve to follow in his Savior's footsteps, who yielded up his precious life upon the cross for us sinful men?"

In vain did the burgher-master wait for an affirmative reply. Low murmurs, feigned coughings, and embarrassed looks, alone ensued upon his speech.

"We believe," the burgher-master once more began, "that we have in our eye the right man, whom his calling has already brought into contact with danger, disease, and death; who is capable of aiding the sick with head and hand, better than any other amongst us; and consequently perfectly qualified to undertake this difficult office. We mean you, burgher Schelle," continued Herr Adler, approaching the bath-master, and laying his hand on his shoulder. "You are a brave man; you understand the care and management of the sick; and you fear no danger."

Schelle turned pale, and his generally ready tongue was for the moment silenced. At length he stammered out: "Forgive me, worshipful Herr Burgher-master! If an ordinary death is formidable, how much more the black death! There all hope of cure is vain. If I might presume to offer my advice, it would be that the house into which the plague has entered should, with all its inmates, be burnt to ashes. This is, I acknowledge, a desperate remedy, but it is the surest under the sun."

The burgher-master thought that his ears deceived him, but a universal murmur of indignation from the assembled crowd convinced him to the contrary. He was on the point of giving the bath-master a stern reproof for his unchristian proposal, when one of the councillors touched him on the shoulder and whispered in his ear. The burgher-master turned to Schelle, and said in a grave voice: "Schelle, Herr Kunath has just brought me the dreadful intelligence that the black death is in *your* house, and has attacked your wife and youngest child. The danger, it seems, advances with giant steps; and particularly at your proposal, and make a beginning by burning down your house with all who are in it."

If ever a man was caught in his own trap, it was Schelle, the terror-stricken bath-master. His knees shook under him, and he all but fell senseless to the ground. Clasping his hands, and in a deplorable voice, he cried: "Oh, worshipful Herr Burgher-master, have pity upon my wife and family! The advice I gave was foolish, nay, impious. I was not in earnest when I spoke of burning down; and besides, as the pestilence is spreading so rapidly, you might lay half Naumburg in ashes. Have pity, sir, have pity! Take back your word, and spare the innocent!" "Do what you would not have done to you," sternly. "You," replied Herr Adler, Schelle, the command entirely forgotten, who said, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' This time you have escaped with the fright alone, for I only said what I did, to show you your inhumanity. As yet the pestilence has spared your house. Will you now, however, undertake the Christian office which we have offered to you, in the name and with the sanction of our council?"

"Forgive me, your worship!" answered the bath-master, quickly recovering from his panic: "I have a wife and three children, to whom I might carry the infection, if I were to take the charge proposed to me; and besides, my services to the town can not be dispensed with. Who shall cup, bleed, bind up wounds, and attend to the bathing establishment, whilst a perilous occupation separates me from all intercourse with others? Consider this well, sir, and choose a man who stands alone, and whose loss would not be so irreparable as mine. I would far rather face the dreaded enemy than have to do with the pestilence."

"Well, we can not force you, against your will, to undertake this dangerous but highly honorable office," said Herr Adler. "Nothing, then, remains for us, but that I, the chief and father of my burghers, take the care of the sick upon myself. I would at first have proposed to do so, had I not believed it of more importance for me to attend to my present duties than to these. Friend Schiefer"—Herr Adler turned to the senior councillor—"to you I make over my authority as burgher-master, for the time in which my duties will withdraw me from amongst you; and I must demand of you, my faithful burghers, to yield the same obedience to my friend and representative which you have always shown to myself. Should I fall a victim to this fell disease, you will have as my successor Councillor Schiefer, under whose judicious rule you will soon forget my loss. Fellow citizens, you are dismissed. Go in peace, and God be with you!"

The deep silence which had reigned in the assembly whilst Herr Adler spoke, was now broken by a mingled hum of regret, approval, indignation, and contempt, called forth by the decision of the noble-minded burgher-master, and Schelle's cowardly selfishness. Although, however, many of those present warmly pressed the hand of their generous chief, and with tears in their eyes sought to dissuade him from his purpose, yet was there not one that volunteered to take his place. He had already turned to depart, when Andreas Wolf stepped forward out of the crowd and approached him:

"Worshipful Herr Burgher-master," he said in a calm quiet voice, "you know that I am a plain simple linen weaver, with no capacity for anything beyond throwing my shuttle; and I have, therefore, been silent until now, and have not offered myself to fill a post which should be occupied by a very different man than myself. As, however, no one else seems willing to take it, and as your loss to the town would be irreparable, I have, in God's name, decided to devote my poor services to the sick of the plague. My heart will be in the work, and our God, whose strength is made perfect in weakness, will, I hope, vouchsafe me the necessary judgment and ability. Take me, therefore, as I am, Herr Burgher-master. God will, I doubt not, bestow his blessings upon me in the work—Amen."

The usually bent figure of the weaver was now as upright as a dart, and in his pale, thin, but benevolent countenance there was an expression of deep humility and pious zeal, whilst a murmur of surprise and approbation ran through the crowd.

The burgher-master looked with deep emotion in the honest weaver's face. After a momentary pause, he said with earnestness: "Wolf, my good, disinterested fellow! must I remind you that you have a faithful wife and eight affectionate, obedient children; that by your death you would make her a widow, and them fatherless orphans; or perhaps even infect them with the plague?"

"I have not forgotten it," replied Wolf gently. "My wife and children are my dearest earthly treasures; but the happiness of individuals must yield to the general good, and not in vain, did we believe the Lord of all lords, gave his precious life upon the cross for us poor worms of the earth. Shall I, an insignificant weaver, value my life higher than his? Should it be demanded of me, I shall die in the firm persuasion that you will not suffer my wife and children to starve."

"They shall be the care of the whole town," replied Herr Adler, with deep feeling, "and shall never be in want. But where have you, who have always been laughed at for your meek, peaceable disposition, found courage thus boldly to look death in the face?"

"It is from above," replied Wolf, modestly, pointing upwards, "from whence every good gift cometh."

The burgher-master now solemnly made over to him the important office of overseer and guardian of the sick, and, with the rest of the councillors, shook him heartily by the hand, thanking him in the name of all the inhabitants for his self-sacrificing devotion. The other burghers now crowded round the noble hearted man, who received so many vigorous shakes of the hand, that his arm ached. Every one extolled the formerly much-despised weaver, as the most generous and bravest of men; whilst the vaunting bath-master was looked upon with deserved contempt.

After the assembly had dispersed, Wolf turned his steps homeward; and, foreseeing what a hard struggle awaited him there, he, by the way, sought for strength in silent, earnest prayer.

THE WORKINGS OF FREE TRADE.—A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from Philadelphia, furnishes the following, which presents a sad picture for contemplation:

"One of the most melancholy illustrations of the blighting consequence of the free-trade dogmas of the Administration, may be witnessed in New Jersey, some thirty miles below the city. Here the Sheriff advertises more than 5,000 acres of land, with glass works, mills, and the entire village of Malaga, embracing some forty dwelling houses. The curse of free trade has blasted the prospects of this once flourishing community, beggared the proprietor, extinguished the fires of the glass works, driven off the working men, who with their families constituted the village community, and left the houses utterly desolate. The whole scene is one of destitution and abandonment, so complete and thorough as to be rarely exceeded. All this fine property will pass away from the industrious owner for a comparative song. Yet, strange as it would seem, if we did not know that the same folly was enacted in a thousand other localities, the very men who have been thrown out of employment and forced to abandon their comfortable homes by the curse of free trade, are the very parties who have been persistently voting for the Democracy which caused all this social havoc."

Imposter in Snyder County.

There was for the last month or two a man in our neighborhood, passing himself off by the name of *Hoffman*, fleecing the tender lambs, of several congregations, of some of their hard earnings. He professed to be a Lutheran clergyman, and had a good address. He represented himself as having but one arm, the other having been cut off by a train of cars; but this wolf in sheep's clothing, during a few days' visit at the house of Mr. Hackenburg, in Centre township, was discovered to have two sound arms, the one not in use being very dexterously bandaged to his body, and, wearing a closely buttoned overcoat over the whole, with the sleeve intended for the lost arm loosely dangling by his side, so nicely was the dress managed that the deception was complete. But after the "Rev. gentleman" was called to breakfast, Mr. Hackenburg, with the assistance of a few friends, compelled him to "ground arms," and then let him off, after which he made tracks towards Lewistown. No doubt he is a consummate scoundrel.—*Middleburg Tribune.*

THE CONVENTION.—On to morrow, the Democratic Delegates from the counties of the State will assemble at Harrrisburg. No Democrat will object to an endorsement of Mr. Buchanan's views, on all questions *save that of the Lecompton outrage.* If a majority of the Delegates will force through the Convention an endorsement of the Calhoun swindle, the responsibility of hazarding the success of their nominees must and will rest with them. A large majority of our party, the honest masses, honestly differ with the President on the Kansas question; they are men—freemen—and will not be forced to endorse a wrong, an outrage upon their fellow citizens in Kansas. We can be successful upon no other platform than that upon which Pres Buchanan and Gov. Packer were elected.—*Huntingdon Globe* (Dem.) *3d inst.*

FORNEY ON THE STATE CONVENTION.—In the *Press* of the 8th inst., we find Forney's opinion of the recent Democratic State Convention. He says:

"The darkest chapter in the history of the Democracy of Pennsylvania, has just been written.....If the Democratic masses of Pennsylvania had been truly represented, there would not have been *ten* votes in favor of the programme of the [illegible] on public opinion so far as its Kansas action was concerned, and its declarations on this subject are entitled to no respect at the hands of the people.".....'Should the candidates nominated by this Convention agree to support the Lecompton fraud, or accept that part of the platform adopted by the majority of the Convention, nothing will save them from an overwhelming defeat."

☞Ex Gov. Robert J. Walker, in his recent Letter to the Anti-Lecompton Democrats of Indiana, very pertinently asks:

"Is this the 82d year of our *Independence?* or is it the first year of *American Monarchy*, that is now dawning upon us? Let the people—let the masses, composing the sovereign Democracy, arouse from those which would fetter their free thought and opinion, and assert their blood bought rights, and especially the great, indefeasible, sovreign right of self government. We have fallen upon evil times. *The liberties of the Country are in danger.* Let the people in every Town, County and State rise in their majesty to the rescue."

The vital principle of a Republican government is sometimes lost before the people are aware of it! So History shows.

TARIFF IRISHMAN.—We have a communication from an Irishman in Pittston who is "A Tariff Man," and regret that it came too late for insertion this week. One thing a "Tariff man" must remember: the party which is trying to force Slavery and a Know Nothing Constitution on Kansas, is the same pro-slavery party that repealed our Protective Tariff of 1842, and has thrown him and his countrymen out of employment at the very first panic. You must fight against the power of the aristocracy which would own slaves both North and South and keep poor white men in subjection.—*Wilkes Barre Record.*

NOVEL LAWSUIT.—During a revival in the Second Methodist Church at Lancaster, Rev. Mr. Walter peremptorily ordered "those persons who did not wish to comply with his request (to kneel during prayer,) to leave." Henry Miller, of that city, refused to do either, whereupon Mr. Walter instituted a suit against Mr. Miller, before a magistrate. A clergyman of the same church appeared as a witness, testifying that it was *not compulsory* with every one to kneel, but simply *customary*, when judgment was given in favor of defendant.

An exchange has discovered that Schottische is a corruption of the words "Scotch itch," and that the famous dance owes its name to a person afflicted with the Scotch plague aforesaid. Awful!

The wise Irishman, being on his death bed, ordered his son to approach and said, "My son, when thou feelest a disposition to sin, seek for a place where God can not see thee."

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