

CLARKE & SUTPHEN, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. OFFICE—In Tallmadge Block Third Story—First door to the Left at head of State.

CITY OF LANCASTER. Wednesday December 29, 1859.

The Political Condition of the Country—The Signs of the Times.

In times gone by, when the Whig and Democratic parties were in the political arena, their war was one of principle; each struggled for the ascendancy upon National issues.

The constitutional power of Congress, as well as the power of appropriating public funds for the improvement of Rivers and Harbors of the interior, so long a theme of discussion—the acquisition of new Territory by purchase or otherwise—the Protection of American Industry, incidentally or directly, and furnishing the revenue of the general government by levying imports on foreign commodities, no longer agitate the political element.

Politics has degenerated from a high and dignified science, to a miserable scheming art, affording a better field for the display of chicanery, cunning and corruption than statesmanship, patriotism and worth—a more game where corrupt duplicity, contemptible cunning and pitiable advantages triumph over merit—a highway travelled by the master rogues of the nation, for purposes of plunder and robbery—a theater, shunned by honest men, wherein political knives and blinding daggers play the chief parts, deluding the public by their tricks and undermining their principles by duplicity.

Parties are no longer the exponents of principles, but organizations reeking with the vile stench of corruption, headed by unscrupulous demagogues, unscrupulous of means, who would sell their birth-right for the hollow plaudits of the mob, followed by the blind unthinking masses who are caught by baubles, who worship "Party" with a heathen devotion drawing from its corrupt fountains their very morals and religion; who suffer themselves to be duped and gulled, and gulled and duped again, stripped of their principles and substance, "as the hunter strips the beaver of its fur."

Politicians have become partizan demagogues, unprincipled and corrupt, with no object but laze, no ambition but gain, no motive but a rancid selfishness knowing no bounds—ready for servile purposes to barter the interests of their constituents or the liberties of the country—willing to build their own fortunes upon the ruins of the Constitution. No abyss of political degradation is too deep for a modern day politician to fathom. No sluice way of political corruption is too mean to afford them a channel. When party is to be subserved, no principle is too sacred to be outraged. Compacts are violated and Constitutions are trampled under foot. Truth is distorted, falsehood published and outrages perpetrated with a hardihood putting the devil to shame.

I would not have the sins of one of these miscreants upon my head, I would not answer for them at the last day, I would not walk with them the burning marl of hell for the "throne of God itself."

Presidents are no longer dignified, just and honorable executives of the nation, but Presidents of a party, ready for partizan purposes to persecute and vilify those who maintain an honest difference of opinion upon questions of great national moment, willing to immolate the peace of the nation upon the ashes of party.

An age of principles has given place to an age of partizan folly. National measures are swept away by the whirlwind of sectional strife, and we have already the shameful and humiliating picture of a nation "divided against itself," of brothers born of one common ancestry, struggling to perpetuate the same gross principle, kneeling at the shrine of the same goddess, (Liberty,) quarreling about an abstraction they can never see, agitating a question that can have no other tendency than to embitter feeling, dampen fraternal love and precipitate dissolution.

The signs of the times are ominous of evil every breeze that fans the political element, is a real or imaginary "whirlwind" full fraught with disease, prostration and death to the body politic. The storm clouds are drearyed by our "fathers," charged with the thunderbolts of war and dissolution is brewing in the horizon, threatening to pour its torrent of scorching terrors upon our heads. The dome of dissension is abroad in our midst sowing the seed of discord, poisoning the hearts and minds of the people. Madmen of the North are trampling upon the constitution and laws of the government, violating the compact and compromising of the nation. Inhabiting with

"fire and sword" one section of the country and plotting death against its citizens, and destruction to its institutions. These forays of madness, the legitimate offspring of fanaticism, instigated by the devil, garbed in the cloak of liberty, are applauded by traitors to the government, humanity libertines, such as Wendell Phillips and others of the same base calibre.

White slavery propagandists of the South, unfathomable in the depths of their political corruption, unmeasurable in the height of their treason, ferociously numbering the former class, are unceasing in their efforts to fix their odious institution upon the free territories, clamorous in their demands for "slavery code," the unconditional reopening of the African slave-trade and the unrestrained freedom of "trafficking in human flesh and blood." They with a madness surpassing even that of John Brown, arrest and imprison Northern men for an expression of opinion. Refuse to purchase or use goods of Northern manufacture.—Adopt resolutions of non-intercourse, denounce the entire north as their enemies and seem anxious to precipitate that calamity so dreaded by our fathers "dissolution of the Union" with its horrors of blood. Congressmen from the South denounce the Union in bitterness and wrath. Talk about reading it from turret to foundation stone, and are applauded for their treasonable sentiments, and "blowed" by the press for their "courage and nerve."

Governors are recommending the "formation of a Southern Confederacy." Legislatures are appropriating money where-with to provide arms. States are declaring their readiness to secede and recommending a speedy dissolution of the Union.—These things to say the least are ominous of evil, they bear the marks of danger upon their face.

If the storm of '32, alarmed the patriots of the nation, "shook the Union to its center," the tornado of to-day, should strike terror to our hearts, threatens far more disastrous results. The crisis of the present hour preys the nation. No time in our eventful history has the danger of dissolution been so imminent. If in any crisis that has gone before, this result was possible, in the one upon us it is probable. Let the friends of free dom, the advocates of constitutional liberty, the lovers of the union, the enemies of sectional strife and irrepressible conflict, those who revere the shades of our fathers, who cherish the battles of the Revolution, and who would perpetuate the principles upon which they were fought, arrest this thunderbolt before it has done its work of death, crush out this spirit of mad fanaticism before it has consummated its hellish ends—for ourselves, as a private citizen or public journalist, our mite is in the cause.

For the Lancaster Gazette. The Anti-Slavery Agitation. There was a time when many of the leading and influential men at the South, though slaveholders themselves, regarded slavery as a moral, a social, and a political evil, and were cutting about in their minds to devise some means of getting rid of it. A numerous emancipation party existed at the South, especially in the States of Virginia and Kentucky, in the latter of which States, a bill looking towards emancipation came within one vote of being passed by the Legislature.

It was not unlawful at this early period to teach slaves to read; nor did laws exist obliging free colored persons to leave the state under the penalty of being sold into bondage. In the State of Tennessee free blacks were at one time permitted to vote.

But an entire change has taken place in all these respects. Some years ago a distinguished Southern gentleman assigned the following causes for the change which had taken place in southern sentiment in regard to the morality of slavery. "We Southerners," he said, "once believed slavery to be sinful; but after the northern fanatics had begun their agitation, we began to think and investigate for ourselves, and have become convinced that Slavery is not morally wrong." The gentleman might have added the following:

"The northern fanatics had circulated newspapers and tracts counselling the slave to kill his master, if it is necessary to do so in order to assert his own freedom. The laws of self-preservation therefore compels us to forbid the instruction of our slaves in reading. In regard to the free blacks, they are convenient tools for persons from the North who have insisted themselves among us for the purpose of tampering with our slaves. We do not therefore deem it prudent to permit free blacks, to remain within our borders."

We may conclude from the foregoing, that the anti-slavery agitators have been pursuing a policy eminently adapted to defeat the ends which they profess to have in view, to-wit: the amelioration of the present condition of the slave, and the ultimate abolition of slavery itself.

The agitation of the slavery question by the people of the North has hitherto been a source of unmitigated evil, and can never, under any circumstances result in any good. The fact is that the people of the northern states, have no more right to meddle with the institution of slavery as it exists in the Southern States, than they have to meddle with the same institution as it exists in Brazil. AMERICUS.

For the Lancaster Gazette. The Spinning Wheel and Pipe. An incident in the military movements of Gov. Wise. Old Debby Wilkins, an industrious and honest old soul, lives on the western side of the Ohio some miles below Wheeling.

Not blessed with much of this world's gear, the kind heart never refuses her neighbors anything by way of loan, to give she has nothing. She had loaned to a poor neighbor her most important article of furniture, the spinning wheel. Her neighbor living a mile off, and being somewhat lame, Debby told her when her wheel was wanting, she would come for it; the time came and the old Dame started with her daughter Sue, a strapping girl of sixteen, for her spinning wheel, little dreaming what direful events were connected therewith.

After arriving at her neighbor's, and partaking of a friendly cup of tea and talking over the latest gossip, Debby shouldered her wheel and bidding her friend good morning, took the path leading to her humble cabin. Sue following close in her wake. Now Debby like some other old dames was a great smoker and never went from home without the indispensable pipe; after trudging along her path, for half a mile, her mouth watered for a smoke. Stopping on a bluff, which commands a fair view of the river and the Virginia shore, she transferred her wheel to the shoulder of Sue, she charged the old pipe with the fragrant weed, and applying a match, clouds of curling smoke ascended upwards. Debby enjoyed the scene and pipe until the weed was consumed. We must now call our readers' attention to what was taking place on the Virginia shore, where a company of Gov. Wise's *Infanteries*, were stationed under command of the respectable Major Bluff, who was so over brave that he was always looking out for danger; and by his extraordinary skill in strategy he could invariably elude the enemy. These high military duties were soon discovered, either by the keen vigilance or the strong affluities of the Governor, and he assigned the Major the post of danger, if not of honor. On the ever memorable morning that Debby stood on the cliff with pipe throwing off volumes of smoke, and Sue with the spinning wheel on her shoulder, the Major was keeping a bright look-out for the invading hosts, and with eyes as keen as a disturbed mind could make them was scanning the Ohio shore, first from the water-line where piratical boats filled with abolitionists might be ready to pounce to attack his camp; then as he scrutinized the narrow bottom, with each tree and fence corner which might hide a lurking foe; in one of the after he discovered what seemed to him, at least twenty enemies—he promptly ordered his men to rest, himself setting the example. This manoeuvre was made, not through fear but to save his men from unnecessary exposure. A longer and more careful look convinced the Major that instead of twenty men in the fence corner, it was but a cow peacefully resting and chewing the cud, whereupon he ordered his men to the front and faced the danger; carrying his eyes up the bluff he examined every crevice in the rocks for some hidden foe, his vision reached the top of the cliff and there against the horizon stood Debby and Sue. "Look these boys, tharos them 'tarnal abolitionists with artillery, I see the wheels of the gun carriage as plain as I ever saw a nigger, now boys be steady and watch the flash, thare they apply the match I see the smoke, down boys! down as quick as lightning" and the balls fly over us. The Major being a rigid disciplinarian, his men obeyed with most commendable promptness. Debby's pipe being smoked out, she and Sue marched homewards. But the Major was not to be deceived by false appearances; so soon as Debby and Sue moved onwards; he cried out: "Flying artillery by—, they are going to out flank us on our right, they can't deceive me, I'll show the tarnal abolitionists that I understand all the strategies of bloody war, now boys you'll follow me in double quick time up the gorge and we'll get on the other cliff where we can watch all the enemies' movements, and if they don't know where we are, they will hardly try to cross the river for fear of an ambush. The sequel proved the correctness of the major's judgment and strategy. Debby and Sue trudged home, not knowing what consternation was produced in the Virginia division by the Spinning Wheel and Pipe. X.

Death and Funeral of the Mother Abbess of the Nuns of America. Mary Agnes O'Connor, Mother Abbess, of the Order of Mercy, who died on Tuesday last, after a long and severe illness, was buried yesterday, the services being performed at the Convent Chapel, in Housatonic Street, by Archbishop Hughes, assisted by the Right Rev. Mr. Straus, Vicar General. The coffin, draped in black, and covered with beautiful flowers, was placed in the center of the chapel, three large lamps burning on each side. The chapel was hung with mourning. At 9 o'clock a long procession of the Nuns entered, each one bearing a wax taper, and, after kneeling a moment by the bier, they heilt on the stalls at each side. The mass for the dead was then sung by the Arch-bishop, assisted by Mr. Straus and twelve priests from the principal churches of the city.—After the ceremonies were concluded, the coffin, with four bearers on each side, and followed by a long train of priests and acolytes, was borne in procession to the Cathedral, where it was deposited in the burial vault of the Order.—[New York Tribune, 23.]

Why is met the poetry of nature? Because when it falls upon the earth and reveals its form to me.

The Union Meeting in New York. We have no space for the details of this demonstration. The resolutions and speeches were directed almost exclusively against Northern Sectionalism. The Southern article was not reviewed. This is certainly a great and flagrant omission. The best thing produced by the meeting was the letter from Mr. MILLARD FILLMORE, which we give in full, placing a few passages in italics.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Letter from Ex-President Fillmore. BUFFALO, December 16, 1859. Gentlemen—Your letter of the 13th reached me yesterday, enclosing a call for a public meeting in New York City, headed "THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH—JUSTICE AND FRATERNITY."

and inviting me to be present on the occasion. As no time is specified, I hasten to respond by saying that the objects of the meeting have my most hearty approval, but I have long since withdrawn from any participation in politics beyond that of giving my vote for those whom I deem the best and safest men to govern the country; and I have uniformly, since I was at the head of the government, declined all invitations to attend political meetings; yet, in view of the present stormy aspect and threatening tendency of public events, did I feel that my presence at your meeting could, in the least, tend to lay the growing jealousy between the North and the South, I should, at some personal inconvenience, accept your invitation, and cordially join you in admonishing the country, North and South, to mutual forbearance towards each other; and to cease crimination and recrimination on both sides, and endeavor to restore again that fraternal feeling and confidence which have made us a great and happy people.

But it seems to me that if my opinions are of any importance to my countrymen, they have them in a much more responsible and satisfactory form than I could give them by participating in the proceedings of any meeting. My sentiments on this unconstitutional act of slavery, and the constitutional rights of the South in regard to it, have not changed since they were made manifest to the whole country by the performance of a painful official duty in approving and enforcing the fugitive slave law. What the Constitution gives I would concede to every sacrifice. I would not seek to employ its benefits without sharing its burdens and responsibilities. I know of no other rule of political right or expediency. These were my sentiments then—they are my sentiments now. I stand by the Constitution of my country at every hazard, and am prepared to maintain it at every sacrifice.

Here I might stop; but since I have yielded to the impulse to write, I will not hesitate to express, very briefly, my views on one or two events which have occurred since I retired from office, and which in all probability have given rise to your meetings. This I can not do intelligibly, without a brief reference to some events which occurred during my administration.

All must remember that in 1849 and 1850, the country was severely agitated on this disturbing question of slavery. That contest grew out of the acquisition of new territory from Mexico, and a contest between the North and the South as to whether slavery should be tolerated in any part of that territory. Mixed up with this, was a claim on the part of the slaveholding States, that the provision of the Constitution for the rendition of fugitives from service should be made available, as the law of 1793 on that subject, which depended chiefly on State officers for its execution, had become inoperative, because State officers were not obliged to perform that duty.

After a severe struggle, which threatened the integrity of the Union, Congress finally passed laws settling these questions; and the government and the people for a time seemed to acquiesce, in that compromise as a final settlement of this exciting question; and it is exceedingly to be regretted that mistaken ambition or the hope of promoting a party triumph should have tempted any one to raise this question again. But in an evil hour this *Question of Slavery is again opened by what I conceive to be an unjustifiable attempt to force Slavery into Kansas by a repeal of the Missouri Compromise*, and the flood of evils now swelling and threatening to overthrow the Constitution, and sweep away the foundation of the Government itself, and deluge this land with fraternal blood.

WHAT IS TRAGEDY TO THIS UNFORTUNATE AGE. What have ever been the motive, few acts have ever been so heinous, good, and so fruitful of evil. The contest has exasperated the public mind, North and South, and engendered feelings of distrust; and I may say, hate, that I fear it will shake years to wear away. The lamentable tragedy at Harper's Ferry is clearly traceable to this unfortunate controversy about Slavery in Kansas, and while the chief actor in this criminal invasion has exhibited some traits of character that challenge our admiration, yet his fanatical zeal seems to have blinded his moral perceptions, and hurried him into an unlawful attack upon the lives of a peaceful and unoffending community in a sister State, with the evident intention of raising a servile insurrection, which no one can contemplate without horror; and few, I believe very few, can be found, so indifferent to the consequences of his act, or so blinded by fanatical zeal, as not to believe that he justly suffered the penalty of the law which he had violated. I can not but hope that the fate of John Brown and his associates will deter all others from any unlawful attempt to interfere in the domestic affairs of a sister State. But this tragedy has now closed, and Virginia has vindicated the supremacy of her laws, and shown that she is quite competent to manage her own affairs, and to protect her own rights. And thanks to an *admirable Providence*, the question about Slavery in Kansas is now also settled, and settled in favor of freedom. The North has triumphed, and having triumphed, let her, by her magnanimity and generosity to her Southern brethren, show that the contest on her part was one of principle, and not of personal hatred, or the low ambition of sectional triumph.

Finally, if I had the power to speak, and there were any disposed to listen to my counsel, I would say to my brethren of the South: I do not assered, for there are few, very few, at the North, who would justify in any manner an attack upon the institutions of the South, which are guaranteed by the Constitution. We are ALL ANTI-SLAVERY IN SENTIMENT, BUT WE KNOW THAT WE HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT IN THE SEVERAL STATES, AND WE DO NOT INTEND TO INTERFERE WITH IT. And I would say to

my brethren of the North, respect the rights of the South; assure them by your acts that you regard them as friends and brethren. And I would conjure all, in the name of all that is sacred, to let this agitation cease with the causes which have provoked it. Let harmony be restored, and let every patriot rally around our national flag, and swear upon the altar of his country to sustain and defend it.

I am, with great respect, Your obedient servant, MILLARD FILLMORE. For the Lancaster Gazette. Messrs. Editors—If the impending crisis is so fraught with danger to our Union, it becomes the imperative duty of every citizen to make himself acquainted with all the facts connected with the case in order to look the danger full in the face, and meet it with manly firmness.—The insane and unreasonable act of Brown and his comrades met with no approval from the majority of the people of this country; it is lamentably true that a few fanatics contrived means to his (Brown's) mad folly, and now applaud his deeds. I have said a few fanatics; let facts speak for themselves. Brown was engaged two years in drumming up recruits and preparing means for his descent on Virginia, and he succeeded in getting but seventeen men out of a nation of twenty-five million, and these seventeen were men who were engaged with him in repelling the border ruffian invaders of Kansas. Now how many pulpits were prostrated to the glorification of Brown. In the city of New York, out of the five hundred pulpits, we have two prostrated; in the State of New York, out of several thousand churches we have evidence of three. In Boston out of some two hundred; two were desecrated, and in the entire State of Massachusetts, the supposed hot bed of abolitionism, with its thousands of pulpits, we have proof of five devoted to Brown. In our own State, about the same rates, including Cleveland and Oberlin. It is to be lamented that any citizen of this county should so far forget his duties, to the Union and his brethren of the Slave States. But every nation has its fanatics; and if treason could be spoken in our land, every one who approved of the recent incendiary folly should receive the fate of Brown.—The evidence proves that we have in a population of twenty-four million a *flagrant* of miserably misguided, fanatical, bad men. The millions are patriotic and loyal to the Constitution and the Union.—And yet in the face of all these facts, the dishonest and corrupt politicians and partisans falsely charge all the crimes of fanaticism upon the whole Republican party; shamefully proclaiming to the world, that a majority of the American citizens are disloyal to the government, and abettors of incendiarism. Out upon such hypocrites and slanderers. They know the falsity of the charges, yet they reiterate them. We repeat, the people are loyal—the partizan politicians disloyal.

South Carolina Legislature. WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—The Charleston Courier's special Columbia dispatch of the 19th inst., says that both Houses of the Legislature have adopted a resolution that South Carolina owes it to her own citizens to protect their own property from every enemy, and that for the purpose of military preparation in any emergency, the sum of \$100,000 be appropriated for military purposes.

The Senate had also adopted a resolution, which reads: "South Carolina respectfully announces to her Southern sisters that in her judgment the safety and honor of the slaveholding States imperatively demands a speedy separation from the free soil States of the Confederacy, and urges her sister States of the South to originate the movement of Southern separation to which she pledges herself promptly to unite."

The Ohio State Journal says, the announcement of verdict of the jury in the Grason case of "guilty," was upon the prisoner overpowering. He had borne himself through the trial with extraordinary calmness, and the shock of the announcement of the verdict was crushing. The Ohio State Journal says the motion for a new trial was made on the following grounds: 1st. The verdict rendered is said to be contrary to the evidence.

2. The verdict aforesaid is contrary to law. 3. That the Court erred in its instructions to the jury. 4th. The jury illegally separated before rendering the verdict. 5th. The said jury was not in charge of the Sheriff, or of any one duly appointed, qualified and authorized to take charge of them. 6th. That the said verdict is not for the plaintiff, when, by the laws of the land, it should have been for the defendant. 7th. And for other reasons.

It seems, that about 5 o'clock yesterday morning, the jury informed the special constable having charge of them, that a verdict had been arrived at, and the constable allowed them to separate and go their ways until the Court opened in the forenoon. Also, that the constable has never been seen into office.

The grounds for a new trial appear very good, and it is generally conceded one will be granted. This general concession means general sympathy. The grounds on which a new trial is asked are evidently trivial.

COAL! COAL! TUNNEL COAL COMPANY! This company is prepared to furnish coal of superior quality, at the lowest prices. These coal mines are prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON & Co., No. 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and are sold by druggists and dealers in medicinal compounds, at 75 cents per bushel. The signature of C. M. JACKSON will be on the outside wrapper of each bushel. In the Almanac published annually by the proprietor, called HARTWORTH'S ALMANAC, you will find testimony and commendatory notices from all parts of the country. These Almanacs are given away by all our agents. Sold by KAUFFMAN & CO., Lancaster, Ohio. August 16, 1859—1716

Cook's last Letter to his Family. CHARLESTOWN JAIL, VIRGINIA, Dec. 17, '59. Dear Wife and Child—For the last time I take my pen to address you; for the last time to speak to you through the longues of the absent. I am about to leave you and this world forever, but do not give way to grief. Look with the eyes of hope beyond that brighter morning, that shall know no clouds or shadows in its sunny sky. I shall know no sunset. To that eternal day I trust, beloved, I am going now.—For me there waits no far off and uncertain future. I am only going from my camp on earth to a home in heaven, from the dark clouds of sin and grief to the clear blue skies, the flowing fountains, and the eternal joys of that better and brighter land whose only entrance is through the valley of death; whose only eternity is the tomb.

Oh, yes! think that I am only going home, going to meet my Savior and my God, going to meet my comrades, and to wait and watch for you. Each moment passes, every tolling bell proclaims that this world is not our home. We are but pilgrims here, journeying to our father's home.—Some have a long and weary road to wander, shadowed with doubts and fears. They often tire and faint on life's roadside, yet still, all wearied, they must move along. Some make a more rapid journey, and complete their pilgrimage in the bright morn of life. They know no weariness upon the journey, no ills or cares of toilsome age. If my comrades were and are among that number, our pilgrimage is nearly ended. We can almost see our home.—A few more hours and we shall be there.

Sure it is hard for me to leave my loving partner and my little ones lingering on the rugged road, in which life's storms are bursting; but cheer up, my beloved ones. The storms will soon be over, through their lingering shadows you will see the promised rainbow. It will shine per of a happy land, where all storms are over. Will you not strive to meet me, in that time of unending sunshine? Oh, yes! I know you will. That you will strive to lead our child along that path of glory; that you will train him for an entrance into that celestial city whose maker said builder is God.

Teach him the way of truth and virtue. Tell him of what his father left him, ere his infant lips could form my name. Pray for yourself and for him. Remember, there is no golden gateway to the realm of phosera here, but that there is one for the righteous in the land that lies starward. There I hope, we may meet, when you have completed your pilgrimage in this road of life. Years will pass and your journey will soon be ended. Live so that when from the verge of life you look back, you may feel no vain regrets of bitter anguish for mispent years.

Look to God in all your troubles, and cast yourself on him when the heart is dark and heavy with sorrow and woe. He will shed upon you the bright sunshine of his love, and take away the burden from your heart. * * * And now farewell! May that all-wise and eternal God, who governs all things, be with you to guide and protect you through life, and bring us together in eternal joy beyond the grave. Farewell! dear wife, babe of our love. Adieu! a long farewell. (If) we meet in heaven. I remain, in life and death, your devoted husband. JOHN E. COOK.

A DISUNIONIST AND A DOUGLASS MAN.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writes: Mr. Singleton, of Mississippi, made a regular disunion speech to-day, threatening that result in the event of a Republican President being elected. He said Mr. Sherman was unobjectionable, personally, but he regarded him as a representative man. He declared emphatically that he would not vote for Mr. Douglas under any circumstances.

MR. LOGAN, of Illinois, interrupted, saying he would support any Charleston nominee with any platform; to which Mr. Singleton scornfully expressed his indifference.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, AND DR. HOOFLAND'S BALSAMIC CORNICAL. The great standard medicine of the present age, has acquired their great popularity only through years of trial. Unbounded satisfaction is rendered by them in all cases; and the people have pronounced them worthy.

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The following extract from a speech of the Hon. Geo. E. Pugh, is valuable testimony. Let it be carefully read and treasured up: "I have not made any statement in reference to your usage, [in the formation of Comptee, &c.]—I kept to yourselves privately, for now four years. I know that if I said it, the declaration would be made that the Senator from Ohio wanted to be Chairman of a Committee. But, sir, I am going out of the Senate; and, in the little time that remains to me, it would not be of the slightest consequence to me; and, therefore, at least now, I can say that your usage is intolerably bad. It is a usage which has operated to give to the Senators from the slaveholding States the Chairman of every single Committee that controls the public business of this Government. There is not one exception.—[Hon. Geo. E. Pugh, in the U. S. Senate, Dec. 19, 1859.]

SOUTH CAROLINA SENTIMENT.—The Charleston (South Carolina) News of the 18th inst., speaking of the sympathy for John Brown felt at the North: "We have no confidence that there will be any effective action at the North—It is true heart and in design wholly our enemy. Our conviction is irrefragable that Black Republicanism intends to sustain Seward's policy by every means, violent or other, to achieve the destruction of Southern institutions. We repeat, let us arm. In this, at least, there is safety. We urge Disunion and demand a Southern Confederacy. In this there is safety. Who can assure safety in any case? If a Black Republican Speaker is elected, let the Southern members of Congress demand a separation and division. The Southern States will sustain them. They would not consent to remain longer under the domination of another people avowedly their bitter foe. John Brown began the era of blood, and let his fate terminate it in a manner different from Northern design—in Southern self-protection and self-government.

Special attention is directed to the advertisement of J. C. CANT, who is offering to the public a new Patent Lantern, suitable for the Cap or Breast. A rare chance for agents.

We publish elsewhere the letter of Millard Fillmore to the New York Union Meeting and fix a careful reading of it. Mr. Fillmore fixes the lamentable slavery agitation where it properly belongs.

On the 9th inst., by M. Bowman Esq., Mr. BRYAN HOWARD and Miss MARY J. ALLEN, both of Royalton, Fairfield county Ohio.

At the residence of his uncle George H. Strode, in Hocking Township, on the 13th of December, 1859, after a long illness, EDWARD STRODE, in the thirty-third year of his age. He was the son of James Strode, and was born and raised in Fairfield county, and was a young man of an irreproachable character, and by his industry, patriotism and daring gave promise of future usefulness. He served a tour of military duty—one year—as a non-commissioned officer in Col. Wm. T. Ferguson's company, in Capt. Wm. Irvin's Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, in the war with Mexico, for which service he received an honorable discharge. After the close of the war he visited California where he spent several years. Disease, however, had seized him, and some time in the summer past he returned to his native place where in the care of kind relatives he has closed his mortal existence. Com.

To Fathers and Mothers. You know how important it is for your children that you should keep good health. How frequently one feels a desire to attend to the health of the dear children, but is unable to do so. What a pity it is, to be prevented from attending to the health of your children, and to see them suffer from the want of proper care. We have a medicine that will cure the most distressing cases of this kind, and will restore the child to health, and give you the pleasure of seeing your child well. This medicine is called "Purifier for the Blood," and is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicinal compounds. It is a most valuable medicine, and will cure the most distressing cases of this kind, and will restore the child to health, and give you the pleasure of seeing your child well. This medicine is called "Purifier for the Blood," and is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicinal compounds. It is a most valuable medicine, and will cure the most distressing cases of this kind, and will restore the child to health, and give you the pleasure of seeing your child well.

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