UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN AND J. R. CORNELIUS.

At $1.50 per Year, always in Advance.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, DEC. 23, 1859.

THE UNION—ESTABLISHED, 1814—WHOLE No., 2,391.

CHRONICLE—ESTABLISHED, 1843—WHOLE No., 819.

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, DEC. 19, 1859.

Can such Lies be believed?

No Republican, that we have yet seen or heard of, approves the foray at Harper's Ferry. There are Abolitionists who do, but no Republicans, for it was an act directly contrary to their creed. Gov. Wise, with thousands of Virginians, applaud the bravery and the frankness of Capt. Brown, as well as do the people generally, however much they may condemn the bad use he and his comrades made of their powers. There was not a known Republican among them, yet that is no reason why they should be charged with crimes not theirs. Still, we find in different papers—among others, last week's *Argus*—articles, a tissue of the baldest untruths—like the following:

"JOHN BROWN came to Kansas not as a peaceful settler, but as a guerilla fighter. He never was driven from his property by border ruffians, as he never had any property to be driven from. All the hostility he met with was in retaliation for his own barbarous and brutal deeds. The first murders in Kansas were those committed by Old Brown. He opened the bloody ball, and he more than any one else is responsible for the terrible scenes that marked the protracted political squabbles of the Territory. Of ALL the acts in the 'Bleeding Kansas' Tragedy, *the first in order of time were the murders committed on the night of the 24 of May*, '56, on Pottawatomie Creek."

And so—three, four and five years after the Kansas war begun—the world is told that *John Brown commenced it all*—that "*first in order of time* were the murders" of 24 May, 1856—which it is proved he did *not* commit.

(We expect, next, to hear that the Republicans repealed the Missouri compromise, and that Seward led the Border Ruffians in person all through their sanguinary invasions!!)

It may be well to refresh the memory of all in this matter, to establish how wanton and wicked is this foul libel of the dead, and to show how easily its falsity may be proved. We glean our dates mainly from the *Report of the Congressional Committee on the Troubles in Kansas* (1856,) and from *Geary and Kansas*, by Dr. Gihon, (1857,) and think they are mainly correct.

1854.

The Opening Act in the bloody drama, was the wanton violation of the Congressional compromise by which Slavery was allowed in Missouri *on condition* that it "shall be and is forever prohibited" north of 36, 30. May 30, 1854, Pierce signed the Douglas Bill opening Kansas and Nebraska to Slavery, and *inviting the North and South to "enter in and share IT OUT!"*

Acting Vice President Atchison resigned his seat in the U. S. Senate and hastened to the western borders of Missouri, where secret, oath-bound "Blue Lodges," &c. were organized for the *sole object of establishing Slavery* in those Territories.

As soon as the Act passed, great numbers of Missourians crossed over into Kansas and took *forcible and illegal possession* of Indians' and other rich lands.

A meeting at Westport, Missouri, in July, *Resolved* to expel and keep out of Kansas *every Abolitionist* (as they called all men from the Free States.)

☞ In *August*, the first Free State men reached the Territory, and founded the town of Lawrence.

On the 6th Oct. an armed band marched from Westport to "wipe out Lawrence," but, the Free State men being prepared for them, they retired for reinforcements.

The Missouri river was blockaded against Free State men, who were searched on the steamboats, disarmed, and sent back.

The first election for Congress in the Territory, citizens of Missouri marched over, seized and stuffed the ballot-boxes, and with near 1800 notoriously false votes elected Gen. Whitfield.

1855.

The first Territorial Election, also, was so grossly fraudulent that Gov. Reeder refused to sanction it. An alleged Legislature proceeded, however, and passed the most despotic and abominable code of laws ever formed in a civilized land.

Free State settlers were spoiled, sent away by force, and their female friends insulted, systematically—appeals to the General Government for redress in vain, and Gov. Reeder made powerless by the under-officers appointed at Washington.

In May, Wm. Phillips, an eminent lawyer in Leavenworth, was tarred and feathered, and sold to a negro—(afterwards, was shot down in cold blood.)

Methodist ministers were warned away, and the Parkville *Luminary* was destroyed.

Gov. Reeder was elected Delegate to Congress by the bona fide settlers, and a Constitutional Convention called at Topeka. But Congress refused Reeder his seat, (and the Legislature authorized by the Convention was afterwards dispersed by a company of U. S. Troops under Col. Sumner.)

Buford's Georgia desperadoes ravaged the country, inflicting most unheard-of cruelties.

Aug. 8, J. W. B. Kelly was terribly beaten, and driven out of Atchison.

Collins was killed, at his own saw-mill, by a gang headed by Laughlin.

Rev. Pardee Butler was sent down the river on a raft.

Nov. 21st, Dow was murdered.

In December, Sheriff Jones calls for three thousand men from Missouri to enforce the Border Ruffian code of laws.

Dec. 6, Thomas W. Barber was shot down, in the presence of his brother, Robert F. Barber and a brother-in-law, by the Indian Agent, Geo. W. Clarke.

1856.

Jan. 15, an election was appointed under the Topeka Constitution, and the Free State men had to rely upon their arms in some towns to hold an election.

During this month, CAPT. EDWARD P. BROWN, *son of old John Brown, was taken prisoner while unarmed, by the Kickapoo Rangers, and most inhumanly cut to pieces by hatchets.*

Buford's gang was taken into pay as U. S. posse comitatus.

May 19, one Jones was shot dead, and

May 20, one Stewart was shot dead—(both, by Sheriff Jones' armed posse on the march to Lawrence.)

May 21, THE TOWN OF LAWRENCE WAS SACKED, houses burned, presses destroyed, and the cup of indignation filled.

☞ Up to this time, no onslaught upon the Free State people had been redressed, but the villains and murderers had been paid, petted and promoted by the U. S. authorities!☜

"In point of time" AFTER ALL THESE OUTRAGES—to wit, on the 26th of May, the Pottawatomie murder took place, and a nest of notorious ruffians and pro-slavery agents was destroyed—Doyles, Wilkinson and Sherman were enticed away from their homes, and killed, Border Ruffian fashion. It is not known who did the deed, but it threw consternation into the Pro-Slavery ranks, and was about the *first blow struck back*.

"On the last day of May," says Geary's historian, when "old Brown was absent, Captain Pate marched upon Ossawatomie, and succeeded, without resistance, in taking prisoners two of his sons, whom he found engaged in their peaceful occupations, and burned the house of young John Brown, the Captain's son."

(The same author says, "Early in the morning of 30th August, Frederick Brown, a half witted young man, son of John Brown, was killed in the road near his father's house, by Martin White, a member of the Legislature, and formerly a clergyman."——"Capt. John Brown, Jr., is a maniac in consequence of the cruel treatment he received while a prisoner of Pate." He is now (1859) in Ohio, measurably recovered from his affliction.)

Old Brown pursued Pate's army, and captured it, and his sons and the other Free State prisoners were released. Col. Sumner, with a large force of U. S. dragoons, here interfered, and persuaded Brown to release Pate and his men, and peace was again looked for.

But on the 7th of June, Gen. Reid with 170 men, re-entered Ossawatomie. There were but a few men present, and the women and children were plundered and insulted. They robbed all they could, set the town on fire, and then retreated. Says Geary's historian,

"There are hundreds of well authenticated accounts of the cruelties practiced by this horde of ruffians, some of them too shocking and disgusting to relate, or to be accredited, if told. The tears and shrieks of terrified women, folded in their foul embrace, failed to touch a chord of mercy in their brutal hearts, and the mutilated bodies of murdered men, hanging upon the trees, or left to rot upon the prairies or in the deep ravines, or furnish food for vultures and wild beasts, told frightful stories of brutal ferocity from which the wildest savages might have shrunk with horror."

—From this time forth, OLD JOHN BROWN appears conspicuously upon the stage of action in Kansas—a harbinger of death and destruction to the Border Ruffian crew. No longer a quiet settler, acting on the defensive, he retaliated—"carried the war into Africa"—and no man was more vigilant or successful in saving Kansas for Freedom. That he was held to be somewhat deranged even then is evident from the testimony of the times. He was never taken into the Free State Councils—was regarded as often wrong—and yet he was everywhere that an enemy was to be met, or a slave to be rescued, until the Republicans triumphed, and the last Border Ruffian wolf was driven back, howling, to his den. E—with his brave Edward and his unfortunate Frederick most brutally slain, and his favorite namesake a maniac—if with three sons there sacrificed, and burned homes, and property taken—revenge overmastered his better nature, it is still most infamously false that "*he opened the bloody ball.*" If he retaliated—if his reason, stung to madness, swung from its moorings—Heaven knows he had sufficient provocations! NEARLY TWO YEARS of Border Ruffian sway, "in point of time," intervened before the Free State men—if it was them—struck back the first fatal blow at Possawatomie, and gave them a taste of their own mode of warfare.

—Last week's *Butler County American* has an article from a Kansas correspondent on this general subject, with which we close our notice of this foulest libel and most gross and palpable and malicious falsehood:

Kansas Correspondence.

LAWRENCE, Nov. 16, 1859.

* * * * * I condemn and lament the Harper's Ferry tragedy as earnestly as any man who loves his flag. But I have gone to combat under the eye of the "Hero of Ossawatomie," a privileged favorite at his camp-table, a companion of his quiet house, a friend in all. I knew him but to love him. And now, when the "brave old man," as we loved to call him, is about to appear in the last scene of his tragic, erring life, a word may not prove to you uninteresting.

I knew the man an industrious farmer, prosperous, surrounded by his children and his children's children, "under his own vine and fig tree," with every promise in the bloom, and where all the life so free from wrong was drawing in its sunset hours to a peaceful old age. A day passed, and his children were flying by the light of their blazing homes over the storm-swept plains, for the "Ruffian" band was upon them! Their cornfields were turned to deserts, their homes laid in ashes. The earnings of a life of industry, guided by more than ordinary intelligence, were scattered and pillaged. Homeless the gray head sought the pillow of its mother earth, till the first passionate burst of grief was gone, and then he swore his bitter vengeance against the robbers of his home, the murderers of his boy.

The old man's day of reckoning had come. The gray eye glared like a tiger as his murderous guns swept down the enemy at *Ossawattomie*; grapeshot tore through the ranks, but he held his men steadily to the storm till the last cartridge was spent. He stood exposed to every ball that swept over his little band at *Black Jack*; a victor there, he showed the vanquished that he was magnanimous as brave. Beside him, on that day "*before Lawrence*," all through that Sabbath afternoon whose wonted quiet was broken by the crash of the musketry and sharp crack of the rifle, I sat on my horse watching the grey head, bared to the tempest of balls, expecting to see it fall at every discharge. Calm and cool, as if conscious that his life was a charmed one, he moved from post to post.

The old brain is crazed, but who crazed it? Let the sons of Virginia delight to pile the sod of their State upon a breast bared a score of times to their bullets in Kansas. Let them—now that they helped to ruin him, to destroy his home, murder his children, and bowed down the grey haired man, who had never harmed them—let them lead him forth, maniac though he be, to an ignominious death. But let them remember, when they bury their dead citizens, how many they have slain of ours. But for the hands now so eager for his blood, there would not be so many mounds for the snow to drift upon to-night here. The hoary headed warrior, transformed from the peaceful farmer, has excelled those who taught him. "This even-handed justice commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice to our own lips." Let them drink it as we did. And the "Mother of Presidents" will regret some day that her sons in Kansas were not slain by the man she now guards so closely, ere they polluted the State that bore them by their acts here. And if "crimson tears do not follow," she may be thankful. G. W.

The Fire-Fiend—A Nightmare.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS. OF THE LATE EDGAR A. POE, IN THE POSSESSION OF CHARLES D. GARRETTE.

I.

In the deepest dearth of Midnight, while the sad and solemn swell
Still was floating, faintly echoed from the Forest Chapel Bell—
Faintly, falteringly floating over the sable waves of air
That were through the Midnight rolling, chafed and billows with the toiling—
In my chamber I lay dreaming by the fire-light's fitful gleaming,
And my dreams were dreams foreshadowed on a heart foredoomed to Care!

II.

As the last, long, lingering echo of the Midnight's mystic chime,
Lifting through the sable billows to the Thither Shore of Time—
Leaving on the starless silence not a token nor a trace—
In a quivering sigh departed—from my couch in fear I started—
Started to my feet in terror, for my Dream's phantasmal Error
Painted in the fitful fire a frightful, fiendish, flaming face!

III.

On the red hearth's reddest centre, from a blazing knot of oak,
Seemed to gibe and grin this Phantom, when in terror I awoke,
And my slumberous eyelids straining, as I staggered to the door,
Still in that dread Vision seeming, turned my gaze toward the gleaming
Hearth, and—there!—oh! God! I saw it! and from out Its flaming jaw It
Spat a ceaseless, seething, hissing, bubbling, gurgling stream of gore!

IV.

Speechless, struck with stony silence, frozen to the floor I stood;
Till methought my brain was hissing with that hissing, bubbling blood—
Till I felt my life-stream oozing, oozing from those hideous lips—
Till the Demon seemed to name me; then a wondrous calm o'er came me,
And my brow grew cold and dewy, with a death-damp stiff and gloomy,
And I fell back on my pillow in apparent soul-eclipse!

V.

Then, as in Death's seeming shadow, in the icy fall of Fear,
I lay, stricken, came a hoarse and hideous murmur to my ear—
Came a murmur like the murmur of assassins in their sleep—
Muttering, "Higher! higher! higher! I am Demon of the Fire!
I am Arch-friend of the Fire! and each blazing roof's my pyre,
And my sweetest incense is the blood and tears my victims weep!"

VI.

"How I revel on the prairies! How I roar among the pines!
How I laugh when from the village o'er the snow the red flame shines,
And I hear the shrieks of terror, with a Life in every breath!
How I roar from with lambent laughter, as I hurl each crackling rafter
Down the Gulf-wave of Fire, until higher, higher, higher,
Leap the Hill-Priests of my Altar in their merry Dance of Death!"

VII.

"I am Monarch of the Fire! I am Vassal King of Death!
Work I wending, with the shadow of its Doom upon my Breath!
With the symbol of Hereafter flaming from my fatal face!
I command the Eternal Fire! Higher, higher, higher, higher,
Leap my ministering Demons, like phantasmagoric lemons
Hugging Universal Nature in their hideous embrace!"

VIII.

Then a sombre silence shut me in a solemn, shrouded sleep,
And I slumbered like an infant in the "Cradle of the Deep,"
Till the Deities in the Forest quivered with the matin stroke,
And the martins, from the edges of its lichen-lidded lodges,
Shimmered through the russet arches where the light in torn files marches,
Like a routed army, struggling through the serried ranks of oak.

IX.

Through my ivy fretted casements filtered in a tremulous rode
From the tall and stately linden where a Robin swelled his throat—
Querulous, Quaker-breasted Robin, calling quaintly for his mate!
Then I started up, unbidden, from my slumber Night mare-ridden,
With the memory of that Dire Demon in my central Fire
On my eye's interior mirror like the shadow of a Fate!

X.

Ah! the fiendish Fire had smouldered to a white and formless heap,
And no knot of oak was flaming as it flamed upon my sleep;
But around its very centre, where the Demon Face had shone,
Forked shadows seemed to linger, pointing as with spectral finger
To a Bible, massive, golden, on a table carved and old—
And I bowed, and said, "All Power is of God—of God alone!"

Agricultural Convention and Lectures, Yale College.

It is proposed to have what may be termed a great agricultural "protracted meeting" at Yale College during the present Winter, to last throughout the whole month of February. The exercises are to consist of Lectures by leading, reliable men, eminent in the different departments of agriculture, horticulture, stock raising, etc. About eighty lectures are provided for—two to four each day—each lecture to be followed by conversational exercises, questions to the lecturers, and discussions. Twenty or thirty gentlemen, well known in Agriculture, besides the Professors of Yale College, are engaged to take part in the exercises as lecturers and teachers, while numerous other eminent agriculturists and horticulturists have expressed their intention to be present and participate in the discussions.

Among the lecturers are Lewis F. Allen, Cassius M. Clay and Francis Rotch, on Cattle; Sanford Howard and Dr. Gulliver, on Horses; C. L. Flint and others, on the Dairy; the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, Dr. C. W. Grant, Messrs. P. Barry and R. G. Pardee, on Fruits; Professor Porter on Organic Chemistry; Prof. S. W. Johnson, on Agricultural Chemistry; Prof. B. Silliman, Jr., on Meteorology; J. Stanton Gould, on Grasses and Irrigation; Judge French, on Drainage; Joseph Harris, on Cereals; Prof. Brewer, on Commercial Plants, (flax, hemp, tobacco, etc;) Geo. B. Emerson, on Forest Trees; Dr. Comstock, on Fish Culture; Donald G. Mitchell, (Ik Marvel,) on Rural Economy.

The whole is to be free, except the nominal charge of say ten dollars or less to meet the necessary expenses of lecturers and other incidentals. The occasion will doubtless be one of great interest to cultivators generally, and call together a large attendance from all parts of the country. Inquiries with reference to this project may be addressed to Prof. John A. Porter, New Haven, Conn.—*Agriculturist.*

An Infidel Convention met at Philadelphia on Monday last. What next?—*Selma Reporter.*

The Charlestown Convention is the "next."—*Marion (Ala.) American.*

A Noble Animal for Sale.

[A man in Wisconsin has a horse which he wishes to sell. If the animal actually possesses all the desirable qualities set forth in the owner's scriptural advertisement, he must be worth more than King Richard offered for a horse on a trying occasion. Here is an extract from the advertisement:]

Thou canst trust thy labor to him, for his strength is great.

Thou canst bind him with his band in the furrow; he will harrow the valleys after thee.

His strength is terrible, in which he rejoiceth.

The glory of his nostrils is his pride; his neck is clothed with thunder.

He paweth in the valley, and waxeth proud in his speed.

He mocketh at fear, neither turneth he his back from the hobgoblin.

Lo, now, he moveth his tail like a cedar; his sinews are as cables.

His bones are like strong pieces of brass; yea, like bars of iron.

He eateth grass like an ox; behold, he drinketh up a river, and trusteth that he can draw up Jordan in his mouth.

Who can open the door of his face? yet thou canst approach him with a bridle. His teeth are terrible 'round about.

I will not conceal his parts, nor his powers, nor his comely proportions.

"He is gentle, he is kind—
His tail sticks out behind,"

and I want to sell him for something I can pay my debts with.

Virginia Insurrections.

[The execution of John Brown reminds us of the fact that Virginia has been somewhat noted for its slave insurrections, as will be seen from the following accounts derived from certain old newspapers:]

Sixty years ago, one Gabriel, a smart slave, accumulated money enough to purchase his freedom, and then set about organizing a plot for the slaughter of all the white inhabitants of Richmond. In the first place, they were to fire the city, and when the people were engaged in putting out the flames, they intended to seize the arsenal. Some of the fairest, youngest ladies were to be spared for wives. Gabriel had established depots of arms in various localities. The plot, however, was discovered, and a reward of $20,000 offered for the ringleaders. Gabriel escaped for several months, but was apprehended on board of a ship ready to sail for St. Domingo, tried and executed.

Thirty years ago, a more successful plot was carried into effect in Southampton county. Nat Turner, a negro preacher, with several others, planned the destruction of the white population. To the number of 150 or 200, they rose upon the inhabitants, on a Sunday night, and *murdered fifty-eight* of them before the alarm was given. The people rallied and drove the rebellious slaves into the swamps, shooting them down like dogs until the whole band was annihilated. Nat escaped from his pursuers, and dwelt in a cave, for several months; but he was finally scented, captured and executed. His fate formed the topic of a song commemorative of the insurrection, from which we quote the following stanza:

"First we hunt him, then we swung him—
Hard times in old Virginny;
Then we swung him and we hung him—
Hard times in old Virginny."

THINK OF THE POOR.—How many among us, when they feel the piercing, biting blasts of winter, give a thought as to the condition of the many poor families in our town? How many persons reveling in the lap of luxury, who give orders from their richly furnished and comfortably heated drawing rooms, cast one thought upon the poor wretches, "of friends and fortune quite disowned," who huddle themselves into a corner to keep off the keen searching winds of winter? Among the poor, winter is looked upon with as much dread as an epidemic. Therefore, let those who have an abundance of life's blessings bestow with a liberal hand a small share upon their less fortunate fellow beings. However small the gift, it will be received as a great bounty. Poverty will inevitably be the lot of a portion of humanity so long as the sun rises and sets. There is no escape from it. "The poor ye have always with you." It is by Divine appointment, nor is it difficult to see the beneficence hidden under the afflictive dispensation. Our business, therefore, is to make the best of that which we can not evade.

"Have mercy on the poor, this night, O God!
The homeless of the world's great brotherhood.
The pitiless storm sweeps mostly onward
O'er the flinty highway. The burnished brass
And flimsy trappings, (like human vampires)
Clinging to the homes of plenty, bristle
With chilling ice and glist'ning frost, this cold
December night. The very moon seems frozen
As it shadows belfry, palace and hovel,
Casement and spire, all glittering and bright
Like huge, brilliant glaciers of the North.
Hark! those hoarse sweeping winds that boom along
Like the tread of heavy cavalry, and seem to scour
The very earth, are piercing through loosened chinks
In the dejected homes of honest poverty—
Breathing harshly an aerial lament
For their devastation."

IMPRESSIVE SCENE.—In Leghorn, Italy, on the 7th of October, a remarkable incident took place. For the first time, the Jews of that city offered up a prayer for a Christian Prince, and invoked the blessing of Heaven upon Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia. At the first word, the three thousand Jews present rose to their feet, and remained standing until the close of the prayer, to which they all responded with an overwhelming "Amen."

At John Brown's Burial,

Mr. M'Kim read the following inscription, will, and letter, (probably the last lines the old man ever wrote.) committed to paper on the morning of his execution, the day after parting with his wife, and sent to her at Harper's Ferry:

TO BE INSCRIBED ON THE OLD FAMILY MONUMENT AT NORTH ELBA.

OLIVER BROWN, born — 1839, was killed at Harper's Ferry, Va., Nov. 17, 1859.
WATSON BROWN, born —, 1835, was wounded at Harper's Ferry, Nov. 17, and died Nov. 19, 1859.
(My wife can fill up the blank dates as above)
JOHN BROWN, born May 9, 1800, was executed at Charlestown, Va., Dec. 2, 1859.

HIS LAST WILL.

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson Co.
Va., Dec. 2, 1859.

It is my desire that my wife have all my personal property not previously disposed of by me; and the entire use of all my landed property during her natural life; and that, after her death, the proceeds of such land be equally divided between all my then living children; and that what would be a child's share be given to the children of each of my two sons who fell at Harper's Ferry, and that a child's share be divided among the children of my now living children who may die before their mother (my present beloved wife.) No formal will can be of use when my expressed wishes are made known to my *dutiful* and beloved family.

JOHN BROWN.

MY DEAR WIFE—I have time to inclose the within and the above, which I forgot yesterday, and to bid you another farewell. "Be of good cheer," and God Almighty *bless*, save, comfort, guide, and keep you to "the end." Your affectionate husband, JOHN BROWN.

There followed to the grave of John Brown—his widow, Mary Ann Brown; the widow of his son Oliver Brown, and the little girl Ellen; the widow of his son Watson Brown; the widow of Wm. Thompson, also slain at Harper's Ferry; his son Solomon Brown and his sisters; Henry Thompson, with Ruth, his wife, eldest daughter of John Brown; Roswell Thompson and wife, parents of the two Thompsons slain at Harper's Ferry; and the other friends and neighbors. Here were *four widows* and *three parents*, bereaved in that short but bloody conflict, bearing their beloved and trusted leader to his tomb in the shadow of a great rock...Misguided Hero! rest.

—It is stated that James Redpath, the Abolitionist, is to write his Life for the benefit of his family. Thaddeus Hyatt, of New York city, sends a good recent likeness of Brown for $1, the profits of which go to the same end. These, in addition to liberal direct contributions from various quarters, will doubtless ensure the wish of his heart—a decent provision for the wants of his shattered family.

Brown and Wise.

John Brown was hung for a crime which Henry A. Wise, who signed his death-warrant, was the first to counsel, and which Gov. Wise's friends now avow their intention to commit next year, should they fail to elect a Democratic President.

"That in the Constitution but a obsolete word,
Which, in the Soldier, is but blasphemy."

The seizure of Harper's Ferry Arsenal, which in John Brown was Treason, is in Gov. Wise "noble and gallant" Patriotism. So say his Democratic endorsers. So echoes the Democratic Press throughout the Union. To-day they lavish, in the same breath, curses upon the crazed old man, who died because he made the attempt, and fulsome eulogy upon the Governor who threatens to do the same thing himself. Here is Virginia authority for the statement:

The Democracy of Berkley county, Virginia, have held a meeting. Chas. J. Faulkner, ex-Member of Congress, presided, and in an able, conservative and national speech, thus showed the policy which Governor Wise laid down in 1856:

"When that noble and gallant son of Virginia, Henry A. Wise, declared, as was said he did, in October, 1856, that, if Fremont should be elected, HE WOULD SEIZE THE NATIONAL ARSENAL AT HARPER'S FERRY, how few would at that time have justified so bold and decided a measure? It is the fortune of some great and gifted minds to see far in advance of their cotemporaries. Should Wm. H. Seward be elected in 1860, where is the man now in our midst who would not call for the impeachment of a Governer of Virginia who would silently suffer that Armory to pass under the control of such an Executive head?"

Here, again, rank Treason is threatened, but you will not find a Locofoco paper, North or South, who will dare to rebuke it!

NOVEL ADVERTISEMENT.—The most remarkable among the many remarkable advertisements which daily fall under our notice, in scores of exchanges from every section of the country, is the one given below:

"A PEW is For Sale in the meeting house of the First Parish in Amherst. The man that owns the pew, owns the right of a space just as long as the pew is, from the bottom of the meeting house to the top or roof, and he may go as much higher as he can get. If a man will buy my pew and sit in it on Sundays, and repent and be a good man, he will go to heaven if God lets him go. Let a man start from the right place, let him go right, keep right, and do right, and he will go to heaven at last, and my pew is as good a place to start from as any pew in the meeting-house."

A Large Family.

A correspondent of the *Ohio Citizen*, says there is a family of "high standing" in Bourbon county, Kentucky, whose height and weight are as follows:

	Pounds.	Feet.	Inches.
The Father	260	6	1
The Mother	236	6	4
Thomas	286	6	4
James	215	6	6
Sarah	165	6	6
John	296	6	11
Mary	150	6	2
Elijah	210	6	2
Matthew	220	6	2
Eli	192	6	4
Another Daughter	160	6	3
Aggregate	2585	70	0

The father is a native of Maryland, now in his 70th year. One son, Enkel, died—he was 6 feet 6 inches in height, and weighed 200 pounds. The living average 235 pounds in weight, and over 6 feet 4 in altitude. Certainly a fine, substantial, growing, promising family.

THE ONE THOUGHT.—A friend once told me, that, amongst other symptoms of high nervous excitement, he had been painfully harassed by the want of sleep. To such a degree had this proceeded, that if, in the course of the day, any occasion led him to his bed-chamber, the sight of his bed made him shudder at the idea of the restless and wretched hours he had to pass upon it. In this case, it was recommended to him to endeavor, when he lay down at nights, to fix his thoughts on something, at the same time vast and simple—such as the wide expanse of Ocean, or the cloudless vault of Heaven—that the little hurried and disturbing images that flitted before his mind might be charmed away or hushed to rest by the charming influence of one absorbing thought. Though not at all a religious man, at the time, this advice suggested to his mind that if an object, at once vast and simple, was to be selected, none could serve the purpose so well as that of GOD. He resolved, then, to make the trial, and think of Him. The result exceeded his most sanguine hopes; in thinking of God, he fell asleep. Night after night, he resorted to the same expedient. The process became delightful; so much so, that he used to long for the usual hour of retiring, that he might fall asleep (as he termed it) in God. What began as a mere physical operation, grew by imperceptible degrees into a gracious influence. The same God, who was his repose at night, was in all his thoughts by day. And at the time this person spoke to me, God, as revealed in the Gospel of His Son, was "all his salvation, and all his desire."

The State of South Carolina, which is eternally threatening to dissolve the Union, has been aptly termed, by the Lebanon *Courier*, a little aristocracy. The few poor whites who live there are disfranchised, and have no equal voice in legislation. But the great portion of the population are negroes. The census of 1850 showed the white population to be only 174,563, while the negro population was 393,944. This shows South Carolina to be emphatically a Negro State, and if she were divorced from the Union, which is the bulwark of her safety, her whites might be murdered in less than a year. Yet it is she that is continually shaking the disunion apparition in Northern faces, to scare us from our equanimity, and to drive us into doing what our justice condemns! It is time such nonsense were thoroughly exposed.

A YANKEE IN A VIRGINIA RAILROAD CAR.—A few days since Marshall Jewell, Esq., of this city, passed through Virginia on his way home from a business trip to the South. The train was searched, at Culpepper, for incendiary documents and individuals. Mr. Jewell had a revolver with him, and was requested by the vigilants to leave the cars, as they wanted to shut him up for a period. Mr. Jewell objected, and casually remarked, during the conversation, that the vigilants had better clear out—somebody might get hurt, as he should shoot dead the first man that put hand on him. As he was determined in his manner, and as the vigilants numbered only forty or fifty, they left him to go his way in peace. "Oh, Jewell," saith an ancient writer, "thou art a consistency!" —*Hartford Courant.*

"It was not your advice that finally determined me to vote your ticket, nor was it your eloquent appeals from the stump: IT WAS THE MURDER OF BRODERICK!"

So said the Hon. Thomas Ewing of Ohio, recently, as he cast, for the first time, a Republican vote. Mr. Ewing is not the only man, who had been deluded with sham "popular sovreignty," whose eyes were opened by Broderick's murder. Broderick was honest in his opposition to slavery, and because he was thus honest, he was killed, and Douglas rejoiced at his fall.

SAD END.—A courtezan called "blue eyed Mary," was buried in St. Louis, last week, only the driver of the hearse and a negro sexton accompanying the body to the grave. Five years ago, she was the respected and lovely daughter of a wealthy merchant of that city, but went astray.

A celebrated divine said that the more he undertook to reason about sin, the more unreasonable it appeared.

A Democratic Game, Foiled.

JOHN E. COOK, was represented as an inoffensive young man, who was led into the power of Brown in Kansas, highly and patriotically connected by family relations, &c., and for this reason it was urged by many Democratic presses and people that his life should be spared. But if Brown was the commander, Cook was *voluntarily* the commanded; and who will attempt to excuse any act on the plea that somebody *told* the offender to do it? The law and common sense laugh at such an idea, unless it be that the culprit be an idiot, or a child not yet arrived at the years of moral understanding. Neither was the case with Cook. It was not pretended that he did not understand fully the nature of the expedition, and the consequences that must flow from the act, if he was not in fact the one who led Brown into the plan.

But the Democratic U. S. Attorney for Indiana came all the way to make a grand public speech for Cook, and *The Constitution*, (Buchanan's organ) the *Argus* and most of the Democratic journals, North, copied and commended it. A combined, universal effort was made to get up sympathy in his favor, as a basis for pardon—for he was a good Democrat!

Cook was also a brother-in-law of Gov. Willard of Indiana, and an effort was made to turn the party press of the West into his service on that account. A man by the name of Sprole has been traveling for that purpose, but the *North Iowa Times* exposed the whole plan, by publishing the annexed letter from Sprole to its editor:

OV BOARD KAY CITY, Nov. 11, '59.

COL. RICHARDSON—Dear Sir: I knew you in Indiana, through Senator Bright, (whose private Secretary I was,) as a *thorough-going Democrat*, and I take the liberty of addressing you *as an Indianian* AND A DEMOCRAT. I enclose you an article which I desire published in your paper as editorial. Willard is in trouble; Cook is his brother-in-law, and we are trying to get Wise to pardon him; *Virginia is all right on the subject*, the *Judge*, the *Senators in Congress*, and all the leading men, will sign a petition for Cook's pardon—but Wise is a candidate for the Presidency, and we must deal with him as such, hence this article, flattering him, &c. Please publish it as soon as you possibly can, and send a number of your paper containing it, *marked*, to Gov. Wise, Richmond, Va., and another copy to Gov. Willard, and one to me at Washington City. The Western press are all right. The Pioneer & Democrat at St. Paul, the Winona Democrat, The Prescott Democrat, the Henderson Democrat, &c., will all come out next week; the press of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, whom I have seen, will chime in, and I am now on my way to Iowa, Missouri, Tennessee and Kentucky, to get them to join in also. Truly yours, R. S. SPROULE.

Mr. Richardson deserves the thanks of the country for his integrity, for had the plan gone on unexposed, no knowing what might have been its effect upon the Executive of Virginia, who could only have interpreted it as the honest opinion of the country. It was a Democratic trick to save a brother Democrat, but the people—especially of Virginia—would not abide it, and, (*for the first time*,) a Democrat has suffered for the same crime as an Abolitionist! So may it be always, hereafter.

CENTENARY OF AMERICAN METHODISM.—The one hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Methodism into the United States is to be appropriately celebrated by that denomination. The *Christian Advocate* says: The true centenary of Methodism is the year 1860. Dr. Roberts, of Baltimore, has fully demonstrated this fact from local as well as documents, and other evidences. The late Local Preachers' Convention, at Baltimore, appointed a committee to consult the general conference respecting measures for its due observance. It is a happy coincidence that the general conference meets in this grand epochal year. It will be, not, indeed, the centennial general conference, but it will be the centenary general conference.

That slavery is incompatible with a free government, is shown every day in the experience of the South. Those great rights that we boast so much of—the rights of free speech and a free press—are denied every day in our sister States below Mason and Dixson's line. Scarcely a mail comes that does not bring us an account of some one's being mobbed by a rabble or arrested by law officers for speaking sentiments at variance with the popular feelings. *There is no liberty for white men where slavery exists.* Yet this is the institution the Locofocos want to extend. They say the price of a denial of this privilege, will be a dissolution of the Union. There may be some who will not think the price too high.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.—A venerable minister, who had preached some sixty-seven years in the same place, being asked what was the secret of long life, replied: "Rise early, live temperately, work hard, and keep cheerful." Another person, who lived to the great age of one hundred years, said, in reply to the inquiry, "How he lived so long?" "I have always been kind and obliging, have never quarreled with any one, have eaten and drank only to satisfy hunger and thirst, and have never been idle."

BRODERICK VS. DOUGLAS.—"They have killed me because I was opposed to the extension of Slavery."—BRODERICK.

"I don't care whether Slavery is voted down or up"—DOUGLAS.