

clods.

The rejection on the part of England of all the colonial paper as a legal tender in payment of debts; the system of monopoly which she practised in regard to her commercial policy; the abominable prohibitions and restrictions placed upon their exports and imports and the intolerable restraint up to their manufacturers—all these causes, covering far back than the year 1760, were calculated both from their nature and consequences, to produce that discontent among the colonies which now, in the words of Washington, "set the whole country in flame."

And when in the year 1760, James Otis, in behalf of the colonies argued the question in Court, whether writs collect for certain duties on imports should be executed or not—with his great and burning with indignation, he poured forth his thrilling eloquence in vindication of American rights, and struck a responsive chord in the hearts of his hearers and his countrymen.

Although the colonies looked upon the mother-country with that reverence which the child feels towards its parent; although their love for her was deep-rooted and strong yet when they saw that reverence not with acts of cruelty and oppression, and felt their love was not reciprocated, they resolved to resist, "the bitter end," her unwarrantable assumptions of arbitrary power. For one hundred years, they had been held in thralldom, but "then and there," says John Adams, who was present, "was the first scene of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain—and there American Independence was born."

Think of the further acts of aggression of the British crown—of the commissions to judges to hold their offices *during the King's pleasure*—of the abrogation by Parliament of the right to tax America—if the perpetuation of duties on all foreign articles imported—of the passage of the Stamp Act—add to this long catalogue of injuries and abuses recited in the Declaration of Independence, and tell me, can you wonder that our forefathers, under those circumstances, ran up the standard of rebellion, and flung down the gauntlet at the feet of their oppressors. Americans will never submit to be slaves. Our ancestors saw that their dearest right were invaded, and that by submission to this invasion, they were betraying their manhood and their honor. They felt that American socks were never made to bend to Englishmen.

But think not that the taking of this decisive step was resolved upon in the wild heart of excitement. Ah no! For years, they had looked forward to it. They had seen their addresses and petitions to their sovereign there could be but one appeal!" They saw, in anticipation, all the ghastliness and horrors of such a war. They knew that English would be arrayed in battle against their own sons, and that "brothers' swords would be sheathed in brothers' breasts," but they also knew that the liberties of three millions of people and their posterity (now numbering thirty millions) were at stake, and that the security of those liberties, to "countless generations yet unborn," would be worth far more than all the blood which would be spilt.

On the 19th of April 1775, the first blood for American Independence was shed at Lexington. Throughout all the colonies, the news of that first struggle ran like wild-fire. The whole country sprang to arms in a moment. The bold husband tore himself from the pleasures of his own fireside—from the embrace of his loved ones—all bade them go on! Did they falter? They bore the blood of the first martyrs, who fell at Lexington, crying from the ground for vengeance—They saw the "Star-Spangled banner floating in triumph from the summit of the undergo." They heard the dying breath of Warren, as it came, wasted from the heights of Bunker's Hill—"It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country"—and how the voice of the gallant Montgomery, speaking to his men at Quebec—"forward; you are not the men to flinch now—yes, as ye sit within that now sacred hall, ye feel the violent throbbings of the great American heart, anxiously awaiting the result of their deliberations and panting for a bold, defiant declaration of American rights, and knew that their countrymen, one and all, were ready to write that Declaration on the page of history, with the best blood of their own brave hearts.

That was no time to falter. Outraged justice—the memory of cruel wrongs—in-dignant manhood—love of Liberty—love of country and the voice of their countrymen—all bade them go on! Did they falter?

You have often seen the sky, in mid-summer, look bright and clear. In a few moments, light, fleecy clouds rise along the western horizon. Those clouds gradually grow larger and larger, becoming darker and darker, until black darkness enshrouded our whole land. At times faint flashes of lightning streaked out of those clouds, lighting up for a moment the hearts of an oppressed people, and then all was dark again.

But suddenly one red-hot thunderbolt, as though hurled by the hand of Omnipotence, himself, flashed forth in all its dazzling brilliancy, lighting the world with its splendor, and, quoth so thought, one peal of thunder, long and loud, rent along the American sky—across the broad Atlantic, startling the dumbing millions of the Old World from their lethargy and bidding them strike for Freedom. That thunderbolt was *The Declaration of Independence*. That peal of thunder was the resounding voice of the American people—Did those fifty-six men falter? As we see it, they signed that Declaration with British names blazoning in their ears, and British gibbons staring them in the face. There were "few that tried man's soul," but there were souls equal to the times.

That Declaration fired the whole American heart. The cause of Massachusetts—*as their "Pillar of cloud by day and Pillar of fire by night"* to guide them through the bloody scenes of the Revolution—the Deliverer of the people from

the oppression of a tyrannical government, he won for himself the imperishable name of the Father of his Country. He appeals no orator to celebrate his praise. The columns of his fame, of matchless beauty and colossal proportions, pierce the very heavens. In his life he was the guiding spirit of the nation, and when death set him at his victim—in the beautiful language of one of America's most gifted statesmen as applied to Henry Clay—his countrymen, weeping for him, the laurel wreath, with numerous hands, did bleed of about his venerable brows, and send him crowned to history.

And now the grave of Washington, re-cured from the deplored hand of Time by America's most illustrious living orator and America's most gifted and patriotic woman, is the most sacred spot on American soil.

American Mothers! Next to the name of the Redeemer, teach your child to keep the name of Washington. Tell him the story of his life. Tell him of his patriotic—of bigots—separating spirit in behalf of his country—of his unswerving and in the cause of Freedom—of his magnificence of soul—of his love of truth—and the purity of his private life—of his firm confidence in Divine Providence in the date hour of trial, and the name of Washington will be an eternal fire in his heart, burning on when the night is darkest, and blazing brightly when the gloom is most terrible."

On the Fourth of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was published to the world. Eighty four years ago this very day fifty-five men assembled in the old State House in Philadelphia. That must have been a glorious right—fifty-five plain American citizens—farmers, mechanics and tradesmen—united by the threats of a tyrant backed by a mighty nation—their souls fired with an intense love of Liberty—trampling beneath their feet the uprooted laws of the British Parliament—building an altar for the oppressed millions of the New World. Did there men falter in their work?

The tie of kindred: their affection, strong as it was, for the mother country, their natural pride in the glorious achievements which had distinguished the English name and extended the British empire; their reverence for the great statesmen, whose names embalm the pages of English history; the boasted power of the English throne; the horror of a war which would drench their native soil in the blood of brother—the gibbeted timbermen, on which they knew their bodies would be suspended, if they could fail, and the deep yearnings of their hearts towards the land of their fathers' inheritance—all these urged them pause in their seeming mad career and to throw down the weapons of rebellion.

Did they falter? They bear the blood of the first martyrs, who fell at Lexington, crying from the ground for vengeance—They saw the "Star-Spangled banner floating in triumph from the summit of the undergo." They heard the dying breath of Warren, as it came, wasted from the heights of Bunker's Hill—"It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country"—and how the voice of the gallant Montgomery, speaking to his men at Quebec—"forward; you are not the men to flinch now—yes, as ye sit within that now sacred hall, ye feel the violent throbbings of the great American heart, anxiously awaiting the result of their deliberations and panting for a bold, defiant declaration of American rights, and knew that their countrymen, one and all, were ready to write that Declaration on the page of history, with the best blood of their own brave hearts.

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Ones the American sky was bright and clear. A cloud, "not bigger than a man's hand," appeared upon the horizon. One single spark defaced the beauty of the vast expanse. That cloud grew in size and seemed to attract other clouds, until black darkness enshrouded our whole land. At times faint flashes of lightning streaked out of those clouds, lighting up for a moment the hearts of an oppressed people, and then all was dark again.

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the oppression of Pennsylvania, New York and New Englanders are no more nor less Virginians, but *an American*."

The thirteen colonies rallied, as one man, around the standard of Freedom. From one end of the land to the other there was a simultaneous uprising of the masses—*a* *no* *uprising* to taxes the shams of tyranny upon us weak, half-civilized nation, just as liberty-loving England has been slaughering the down-trodden inhabitants of India for the last few years, in order that she may extract unmitigated dominion over that unhappy land—not an uprising, prompted by the thirstings of Ambition and the love of conquest, like that of the French, when the first Napoleon bounded the trumpet of battle and cast his long eye over the whole map of Europe—not an uprising like that of the allied powers of Europe when they let loose the hounds of war upon that young Napoleon, hunting him like a beast of prey, until they saw the star of destruction go down in blood at Waterloo—but *a* *no* *uprising* of fear, the heart, some plucking of shoulder to shoulder—a sweeping scander of the bands of despotism—one grand, glorious, spontaneous act of the whole American people, resolved to be free. Though I like to say, not of any of its works, there is something glorious in such an uprising as this.

A people resolved to be free can never be crushed. They may be defeated now and again. The uprisings of some base tyrant may ride roughshod over their country, and the voice of Freedom frowned amid the overwhelming shouts of Freedom's foes, but if the heart be stirred and the soul take up the banner of the cause of freedom, then the stars and stripes of the United States of America are written on the pages of American history. The actors in that bloody drama have nearly all gone to their long homes. To them the grave is a place of honor. Their glorious deeds are embalmed in the hearts of their countrymen; and as year after year rolls into eternity, bringing upon the stage of life new scenes and new actors—extending our dominion over the whole Western Hemisphere, and carrying the American flag and the American name to the utmost limits of the known world, back through the dim vista of the past, will the mind take its flight to the brave heroes.

—Who in earth's air cause,
Releaseth in flight,
The rule and right
Of Liberty and Laws.

Since the time of the Revolution, the history of the American Union has been an almost continual series of trials and tribulations. It is difficult to find a period in which there was not a conflict between North and South. Does it mean that Americans are divided, and that they are plying with each other? No, does it mean that we are on the verge of a revolution whose trembling movements passed as a vapor? Does it mean that the goddess of Liberty is to be torn, ill managed and bleeding, from her sacred Temple? Does it mean that the times' "tidy juntas" and "mobs" with apprehensions of civil war? Do you not fear that they are the precursors of some direful calamity?

Would to God, that the whole American People would rise this day as one man, and nail to the dispossess, the pillars and the walls of the National Capital, the heads of these base traitors—North and South—who are plotting the overthrow of our Government, who would pull down the Temple of Liberty, and plunge our beloved Union in the horrors of a civil war. I have no sympathy for Disunionists come from what quarter they may.

The Declaration of Independence, penned by that pure patriot and illustrious Statesman Thomas Jefferson, signed by those fifty-six men who assembled in Independence Hall on the Fourth of July, 1776, and sealed with rivers of American blood, is good enough for me. The Constitution of the United States, framed by the wisest minds of the Revolutionary era, approved by all the great and good of the Past, that Constitution under which we have grown great as a nation, and the Union as our fathers made it, are good enough for me. Accursed forever be he who would blot out that Declaration from our history, who would tear to pieces that Constitution, and never let that Union to stand!

If these evils remain unchecked, it needs no prophet to foretell the result. The tide of corruption must be stemmed. The wild waves of sectionalism must be allayed. In vain will it be that our forefathers shed their blood on battle-fields, in vain will it be that our great statesmen of the past, warned us of the dangers which lay in our pathway; in vain will it be, that Heaven, with beautiful hand, goes to this nation, the most precious jewel in her rich basket of treasures, if we seek, blind, ungrateful mouths—allow this Union to be broken up and destroyed.

I adjure you, then, by those brave men who framed the Declaration of Independence, and by that Declaration itself; by those heroes who fought, and bled, and died to secure for you those inestimable rights which you now enjoy; by that day, on which every anniversary, American patriots lay their heart offerings upon the altars of the fallen pillars and moldering ruins of her once beautiful temple, shall make her bright, and never light the world again?

The "signs of the times" are filling the minds of our wisest and best Statesmen, of all parties, with sad forebodings for the future. What are the facts which stare us in the face against our will?

The best men in the country stand aloof from politics. If they vote [and, by the way, there are a great many good, honest citizens in our own County who never do that much for their Country] they think that they have done their whole duty. They leave the control of the affairs of government to those corrupt, black-hearted politicians, who make politics a business; who aspire to positions of honor for the sake of plunder. Votes are bought and sold like merchandise; yes, even in our own County men have been willing to barter their manhood and their honor, and have done it, by giving their votes for gold, to candidates, who were units intellectually, and (Heaven knows!) totally unfit morally, for the positions to which they aspired.

Editors of newspapers, shaping public opinion, exercising a tremendous influence upon the political questions of the day, still the votes of Conscience and Reason, and give their support to men and measures, under promises of lucrative offices and extensive patronage.

Year after year, our own State Legislature abhors private corporations in fearful numbers, thus creating an army of grasping corporates, who will grow stronger and stronger, until every department of trade, agriculture, manufacture and commerce shall be hopelessly within their power." When we look at the action of our Legislatures for the last five years, we might almost be led to the conclusion that there is a mass of gold, constantly flowing through the streets of

a foul nest at home, drowning of love and happiness with him. Many a young soldier fell the blood-drop from his wounded heart, and thought of a kind mother and devoted wife, weeping his tears, with tearful eyes and aching hearts. But, though the grief and the brave fell around them continually, like groans before the batter's ax, those stern warriors in the cause of Right stood on. No coward hearts beat within their breasts.

There is but one name that stains the pages of our Revolutionary history, *have no respect for the memory of those who turn their backs upon their country in the hour of trial.* Let traitors meet their traitor's doom. The cause of the United States is "a cause antithetic to Death and an agreement with Hell."

Men of the North talk eloquently of bleaching the Union side, to us that the eighteen millions of the North are able to cope with the eight millions of the South at any time—that the Constitution of the United States is "a cause antithetic to Death and an agreement with Hell."

Men of the South tell us that the cause for the present evils is a Southern Confederacy, that the Union is an Aspinwall turning its nose around. *Sisterly,* and that in certain contingencies we are in favor of a dissolution of the Union.

Men of the Church North taught us much of members of the Church South can never get to Heaven.

What means this lashing of the waves of sectional strife? What means this violent war of words, which is being waged between North and South? Does it mean that Americans are divided, and that they are plying with each other? No, does it mean that we are on the verge of a revolution whose trembling movements pass as a vapor? Does it mean that the goddess of Liberty is to be torn, ill managed and bleeding, from her sacred Temple? Does it mean that the signs of the times' "tidy juntas" and "mobs" with apprehensions of civil war? Do you not fear that they are the precursors of some direful calamity?

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Almighty God in his wise Providence, has seen fit to hide the future from our vision. No human eye can pierce the veil, and see what is to be the destiny of this nation. But his is a onward heart which shrinks from the contemplation of the effects of certain known causes.

The Ark of Promise is floating upon an unknown sea. Will she be wrecked upon its unknown breakers and go down to destruction, or, will she ride in triumph over its stormy billows until she strikes the shores of Eternity? Will the glories of the Republic pass away like the airy fabric of a noon-day dream; or, will the Republic and its glories endure until the end of Time? Are you willing that this Union—bound by the Atlantic on the East, and the Pacific on the West—with the flag which has floated on the breezes of both Oceans, and carried civilization and Science to Earth's remotest bounds—with her sails of commerce whitening every river and sea—with her population intelligent and brave, increasing with a rapidity unsurpassed in the annals of history—with her institutions of Learning and Charity shedding their benign influence over the whole world—with a history crowded with high resolves and noble deeds, and with the light of Christianity streaming from the Throne of God into the hearts of her people—shall crumble and fall like the Republics of Anti-patriotism, and that nations of Europe shall point the finger of scorn and say, "there is the ruin of the American Republic?"

Are you willing that Liberty, mourning over the fallen pillars and moldering ruins of her once beautiful temple, shall make her bright, and never light the world again?

The "signs of the times" are filling the minds of our wisest and best Statesmen, of all parties, with sad forebodings for the future. What are the facts which stare us in the face against our will?

The best men in the country stand aloof from politics. If they vote [and, by the way, there are a great many good, honest citizens in our own County who never do that much for their Country] they think that they have done their whole duty. They leave the control of the affairs of government to those corrupt, black-hearted politicians, who make politics a business; who aspire to positions of honor for the sake of plunder. Votes are bought and sold like merchandise; yes, even in our own County men have been willing to barter their manhood and their honor, and have done it, by giving their votes for gold, to candidates, who were units intellectually, and (Heaven knows!) totally unfit morally, for the positions to which they aspired.

An apparently unscrupulous youth went into one of our saloons a few days ago and, for something to amuse his leisure, he asked the keeper to give him a good dinner, after which he said: "If you ever come up on our way east." "That won't do; your dinner is charter'd." "Oh I hasn't got any money, but if you ever come up to Allegheny county, I'll give you a better dinner for nothing."

"Why," said the keeper, "you're very cool." "Yes, I'm a cool shop, so much so that my mother makes me stand in the pastry during the hot weather to keep the meat from spoiling."

A fellow and damnable husband had this advice: "My wife, Anna Martha, has strayed on her head, and had a good deal to do with her. All along, on her passage from Europe she carried a sharp, and asked a tailor what it was she replied:

"We call them sea lawyers."

DEMOCRATIC PLATTFORM.

The Platform and Resolutions adopted by the Democratic National Convention of 1860, at Chicago, Illinois.

Resolved, That we, the Democracy of the Union, in Convention assembled, do hereby declare our affirmation of the resolutions originally adopted and declared as in form of principles by the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati in the year 1856, to wit, that Democratic principles are *neither* dead, nor are they ever applied to the same subjects.

[The portion of the Cincinnati platform relating to the slaves question is the following:]

Resolved, That we, the Democracy of the Union, in Convention assembled, do hereby declare our affirmation of the resolutions originally adopted and declared as in form of principles by the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati in the year 1856, to wit, that the reserved rights of the States.

1. That Congress has no power, under the Constitution, to interfere in, or control the domestic institutions of the several States, and that the States are the sole and proper judges of everything relating to their internal government and discipline.

2. That the Constitutional Convention of 1787, in framing the Constitution, standing on the principles of the Colonies, standing on the basis of the Colony of Massachusetts, Massachusetts being the first to adopt the Constitution, and the last to ratify it, did not intend to give to Congress any power, except that of making laws for the District of Columbia, and that the Constitutional Convention of 1787, in framing the Constitution, did not intend to give to Congress any power, except that of making laws for the District of Columbia.

3. That the foregoing proposition is correct, and that the Constitutional Convention of 1787, in framing the Constitution, did not intend to give to Congress any power, except that of making laws for the District of Columbia.

4. That the Democratic party, will faithfully abide by and uphold the principles laid down in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of 1790, and in the report of Mr. Madison of the Virginia resolutions in 1792, that is, of upholding the principles as embodied in the original Constitution.

5. That the Democratic party, will faithfully abide by and uphold the principles contained in the organic law, establishing the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, as embodying the only sound and safe solution of the "slavery question" upon which the great national idea of the people of this wide country can repose in its determination and creation of the Union.—*See Interests of Congress with States in Slave Territory or in the District of Columbia.*

6. That the Constitutional Convention of 1850, condoned by both the Democratic and Whig parties, in National Convention, ratified by the people, in the election of 1852, and rightly applied to the organization of Territories in 1854.

7. That by the uniform application of the Democratic principle to the organization of Territories, and to the admission of new States, with or without domestic slavery, as they may elect, the equal rights of all the States will be preserved intact—the original compact of the Constitution maintained inviolate—and the purity, purity and expansion of this Union, in peace and harmony, every future American State that may be constituted or annexed, with a republican form of government.

8. That we recognize the right of the people of all the Territories, including Kansas and Nebraska, acting through the legally and fairly expressed will of a majority of actual residents, and whenever the number of inhabitants justifies it, to form a Constitution, with or without domestic slavery, and to admit it into the Union upon terms of perfect equality with the other States.

[At the Charleston Convention passed the following additional Resolutions:]

Resolved, That it is the duty of the United States to afford ample and complete protection to all its citizens, whether at home or abroad, and whether native or foreign born.

Resolved, That one of the necessities of the age, in a military, commercial and postal point of view, is speedy communication between the Atlantic and Pacific States, and the Democratic party, will, by their constitutional power of the Government, endeavor to insure the organization of a railroad to the Pacific coast at the earliest practicable period.

Resolved, That the Democratic party is in favor of the acquisition of Cuba, on such terms as shall be honorable to ourselves and just to Spain.

Resolved, That the enactments of State Legislatures to defeat the faithful execution of the fugitive slave law are hostile in character and subversive to the Constitution, and revolutionary in their effects.

To the foregoing the Baltimore Convention added the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is in accordance with the interests of Territorial governments the measure of restriction, whatever it may be, imposed by the federal constitution on the power of the Territorial Legislature over the subject of the domestic relations, as the same has been or shall hereafter be finally determined by the Supreme Court of the United States, should be respected by all good citizens, and enforced with promptness and fidelity by every branch of the general government.

The foregoing constitutes the platform of the party which condoned for President and Vice-President Mr. Stephen A. Douglas, and General George B. McClellan, of Virginia.

A man who had bravely avenged his wife in London, was brought before Justice Kavenagh, M.P., and had a good deal to say about getting justice. "Justice," said Kavenagh, "you can't give it to me; I am sorry to tell you, in this court I have no power to hang you."

The most dashing man in the world is a Pugilist in a passion. "I got you out of Europe two or three years ago," said Kavenagh, "and now you've got me into the dock-house, and blown out your brains like a candle."

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VALLEY SPIRIT.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

Wednesday Morning, July 18, 1860.

RIPPER & JEWELL,

Publishers and Proprietors.

FOR PRESIDENT,
STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS,
of Illinois.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON
of Georgia.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

Elected at Large
George M. Bain, Richard Vaux,
District Electors.

Frederick A. Morris	James Rockwell
Wm. C. Penrose	John Jackson
Joseph Crockett	J. A. Atkinson
J. Q. Birney	W. H. Danner
G. W. Jacoby	J. R. Crawford
Charles Kelly	H. N. Lee
J. P. Jones	J. B. Howell
David Schell	S. P. Fetterman
J. L. Lightner	Samuel Marshall
R. S. Barber	William Bock
T. H. Walker	B. D. Usman
S. S. Winchester	Gaylord Church
Joseph Lubach	

FOR GOVERNOR,
HENRY D. FOSTER,
of Westmoreland.

Water Works.

A large and highly respectable meeting of the citizens of this place convened at the Court House on Thursday evening last, for the purpose of getting an expression of opinion favorable to the construction of Water Works. It has been a habit in this place, after every fire, to call a town meeting and agitate this subject. This may have a good result in shaping public opinion for the future, but for the present it has effected nothing. A resolution offered at the meeting that we have Water Works was passed unanimously, and another that the borough authorities build them also passed without a dissenting voice. The Council were then instructed to make the necessary survey and estimates for the construction of the works, and report at a subsequent meeting to be called by them for that purpose. This was the sum total of the business transacted by the meeting. The Borough Council, in compliance with the request of the meeting, met on Monday evening last, and appointed I. H. McCauley, Esq., Chief Burgess, and James King and Calvin M. Duncan, Esq.s, members of the council, a committee to carry out the wishes of the citizens expressed at the meeting.—These gentlemen will engage the services of a competent engineer and enter upon their duties at once. This important matter could not have been intrusted in more judicious and competent hands than those selected by the Council. Thus far everything looks favorable—what the end will be we will not undertake to predict.

We ought to have water-works and if we do not construct them in our own day, and enjoy their advantages, our posterity most assuredly will. The locality is most favorable for constructing the works and supplying the town through all seasons of the year, with a sufficiency of the best and purest water for all public and domestic purposes. A trifling additional borough tax, for a few years, will meet the expense, which no good citizen will grumble at when he can enjoy the invaluable blessing of an abundance of pure and wholesome water, for drinking, cooking, washing, bathing, cleansing the streets and every other useful and healthy purpose to which water may be applied; and last, though not least, a sufficiency to protect his property in case of fire. What are dollars and cents in comparison to the comforts and security derived from an abundant supply of this pure element. None but the miserable hoarder of dollars will say nay against a project so conducive to the health and happiness of mankind.

Georgia in Line.

The conflict between Douglas and Breckinridge, in Georgia, was opened on Monday last, at Atlanta, by a scathing speech from Gov. Herschel V. Johnson. He poured hot shot into the ranks of the disunionist. The Atlanta Confederacy and the Augusta Constitutionalists have hoisted the Douglas flag.

Letter from Rorrey Johnson.

On our 6th page will be found an excellent letter from the Hon. Rorrey Johnson, to which we would direct the attention of our readers.

Our Prospects.

The prospects for the whole Democratic party uniting on DOUGLAS and JOHNSON are becoming cheerfully bright. The insane folly of defeating the regular candidate of the party by supporting an irregular nomination, merely for the sake of defeat, is becoming every day more and more apparent to the bone and sinew of the Democracy. They will stand no nonsense of that kind. They want to beat the Republicans and not themselves, and are determined not to be thwarted in their laudable purpose by the fears and anxieties of a few place-holders.

From every quarter the indications of returning harmony are becoming more evident. The leading men and the leading papers of the party, all over the country, are rallying to the support of Douglas and Johnson. Only a few parasites of the Administration here and there hold out against the regular nomination of the party, and many of these appear heartily ashamed of the mutinous plot to which they are unwilling victims. Could any

course be more suicidal, or could a party be more blind to its own interests, than to differ about men and sacrifice both friends and principles in the quarrel? We cannot believe that any great portion of the Democratic party are so stupid as to commit such an egregious blunder, and thus give the power of the government for another Presidential cycle to their political opponents. We all know very well that the Republicans are rejoicing over the split in our party, and are striving with might and main to widen the breach, and magnify every apparent difference that unfortunately exists in our ranks. Will we frustrate their amiable intentions, or join with the disorganizers in our party and thus help the Republicans to elect their candidate? We think no sensible Democrat will be required to hesitate long as to what course to pursue. Our opponents well know that *their* only chance for success lies in *our* being divided—will we then divide to oblige them? We rather think not. We have an abiding faith that the Democratic party will yet be united in the present contest and rally harmoniously and energetically to the support of DOUGLAS and JOHNSON, the regularly nominated candidates of the Democratic National Convention. Let this feeling be everywhere encouraged, let there be, as there should be, but one sentiment among us, and then let us rally under the old battle cry of the party and the contest is no longer doubtful—we must triumph.

Mr. Hill's Speech.

We earnestly desire every Democrat, into whose hands the present number of our paper may fall, to read the able and interesting speech delivered by Hon. James Nill, before a Democratic meeting, in this place, on the 7th inst. Judge Nill was a delegate from this district to the Democratic National Convention, and attended at Charleston and Baltimore. His speech embraces a pretty full account of the proceedings of the Conventions, and is a calm, dispassionate appeal to the Democracy to unite on the only regular nominated candidate of the Convention, if they desire to avoid defeat and save their party from irretrievable ruin. This speech was written out at the particular request of the meeting, and we gladly give it publicity, well convinced that the opinions of Judge Nill will exert a potent influence wherever he is known.

Hon. John Cessna.

This gentleman is out in a long and strong letter, addressed to the Democratic party of Bedford county, showing convincingly that Douglas and Johnson are the regular nominees of the party, and entitled to its universal support, and that Breckinridge and Lane are irregular and disorganizing, meriting no favor at the hands of any Democrat, but, on the contrary, deserving the hearty condemnation of the whole party.

Where the JACKASSES go.

If they (the Democrats) get confused about whether they are down as asses, bitterns, they may become so completely mixed as to lead in the People's party for relief!—Transcript.

It is very true that where Democrats make "asses" of themselves they generally "lead in the People's party." The Editor of the Transcript was once a pretended Democrat and proved himself a JACKASS of the loudest bray, and, of course, "led in the People's party." A good riddance.

Significant.

Why is it that all the Republican papers in the land are loud and foul-mouthed in denouncing the Douglas nomination and smile so approvingly on that of Breckinridge? One would be almost led to believe that he was their own candidate from the pains they take to chronicle his progress.—There is not a paper that boasts his name but the Republican press exultingly announces the fact. There is not a Post-office or Custom-House meeting held to ratify his nomination that every Republican paper, from Fred Douglas' organ away down to Andy Rankin's hurdy-gurdy, does not become jubilant over the "tremendous demonstration in favor of Breckinridge!" It is very evident from the deep interest they take in the Breckinridge movement that they expect it to "bring grists to their mill," and we think this significant fact ought to be sufficient in itself to open the eyes of Democrats, if there are any so blind as not to see it, as to who are the disorganizers in their party.

Tit for Tat.

In neither the National or Seceders Convention did the present administration come in for a complimentary resolution or endorsement of any sort. This goes to Mr. Buchanan seems to fit very sensibly, and has paid them back for the intentional slight in a recent stump speech delivered at Washington. He says in his harangue that neither of the Conventions were regular Democratic Conventions, and that no Democrat is bound to stand by their nominations. This is a pretty hard kick at both these bodies, but they should have known that Mr. Buchanan is a "plucky old dog, and will kick back like a mule" whenever assailed. This elegant sentence, in quotation marks, is the language of one of his own Cabinet, who, no doubt, had ample opportunity to discover his retaliatory propensity in many a well fought battle in the Councils of State.

Signs of the Times.

The political heavens are full of propitious signs.

The Nicholsonsburg (Ky.) *Democrat*, published in Mr. Breckinridge's district, hoists the Douglas and Johnson flag, and says:

It has ever been, and is now, our fixed and determined purpose to support the man for President who is fairly and justly entitled to nomination. While we admire and like Mr. Breckinridge, we cannot forsake the medium of nationality that yet remains to the Democracy to promote his interest to the detriment of party whose recent rupture has cast such a gloom over our land and nation. We love the Union. We will never knowingly take a position which will array one section of the Union against another. Mr. Breckinridge did not receive the vote of Kentucky's Convention, and he will not receive it in November next. If he accepts the nomination from the handful of delegates who receded at Baltimore, it will militate against the success of Mr. Douglas, while it tends to his own ultimate defeat. At a time like the present, when the greatest harmony is needed in the Union, it is suicidal to attempt a victory with a divided front.

I will not go to Baltimore, so HILL ME GUD.—Col. Rob't B. Scott.

The man who would go to Baltimore would lose his manhood and nerve, and there are no circumstances under which we can go.—Col. J. C. B. Mitchell.

It would be *dishonorable* and *humiliating* for any delegate to go back to Baltimore.—Wm. L. Yancey.

And yet these very men went to Baltimore and begged for admission! Could there be any lower depth of degradation, any deeper pit of shame?

And yet these men call themselves honorable, when their conduct was contemptible, and their purpose—secession disorganization, disunion—base.

Yes, we saw and heard Mr. Yancey at Baltimore, which convinced us that he was not as honorable as he pretended to be.

The Three Platforms.

The three platforms, on the subject of slavery in the Territories, in other words, intervention by Congress to prevent the people having slaves if they want it.

INTERVENTION BY CONGRESS AGAINST SLAVERY IN THE TERRITORIES.

Intervention by Congress for slavery in the Territories. In other words, intervention by Congress to make the people have slaves when they don't want it.

INTERVENTION BY CONGRESS FOR SLAVERY IN THE TERRITORIES.

Non-interference by Congress with slavery in the Territories, either to prohibit, prohibit or protect. In other words, to leave the people of the Territories, who organized communities, to have slavery or not, as they think best, subject to control in the master by no outside interference.

Which will sensible and patriotic people choose to rely on? There is but one for such persons, and that is the Democratic.

The question, "Why printers did not succeed as well as lawyers?" was thus answered. "Because printers work for the hand, and moves for the stomach, but law has brains."

The Democratic Electoral Ticket.

Our readers will remember, that at the late meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee in Philadelphia, the Hon. Wm. H. Welsh, Chairman of that Committee, was directed to correspond with the different gentlemen composing the Electoral Ticket of Pennsylvania, and to obtain from each of them a written pledge, that they will faithfully carry out the resolution (which we published in our last issue), concerning the fusion on the Douglas and Breckinridge ticket.

The Hon. RICHARD VAUX, of Philadelphia, one of the Electors at large,

has written the following letter, a copy of which has been kindly forwarded to us, in reply to the interrogatories put to him.

Reply of Hon. Richard Vaux to the Proposition of the Secessionists

PHILADELPHIA, July 9, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: Your printed communication of July 5, with its enclosure, is most respectfully acknowledged. By both conjured you inform me, as one of the "Democratic Electors at large," that the Democratic State Committee, of which you are chairman, desires to know, in the event of my election, if I will give a pledge to conform to the arrangement made by that committee, at its meeting on the 2d July last. This proposed arrangement provides, &c. I understand it, that the Democratic elector for Pennsylvania, shall, if elected, vote for the regularly nominated Democratic candidate for President and Vice-President of the United States, if their vote will elect them; candidates: if it will not, then to vote for the candidates nominated by a meeting of gentlemen, at the Maryland Institute, in Baltimore, on the 2d of June, 1860, if such vote will elect them; and, lastly, if neither of these propositions can be managed successfully, than that the Democratic elector of Pennsylvania, if elected, may vote as they may deem best for the interest of the Democratic party. This is my interpretation of your note, and its enclosure.

To this most extraordinary and unexpected proposition from a committee, appointed only by the chairman of the Democratic Convention, and for certain specific duties, I am requested to reply.

The proposed arrangement was made, in my opinion, without any authority. The Reading Convention gave no power to its committee to compromise its integrity of Democratic principles, or Democratic candidates. This so-called compromise, in my judgment, involves each, and includes all. It is competent for the "Democratic State Committee" to propose an arrangement with those not in the regular organization of the Democratic party, then I see no reason why a compromise might not be entered with any of the political organizations now existing, under their various designations. It is almost incredible that such a proposition should ever have been considered, much less approved by a Democratic body, or one assuming to represent the Democratic party of Pennsylvania.

Placed on the Democratic electoral ticket by the only regular Democratic State authority, at Reading, on the 29th of February last, with at any interference on my part, I accepted the position, its duties and responsibilities, because it was the voluntary offering of the Democracy of the State, through its representatives then and there regularly organized into a Convention. I owe fealty to the Democratic party only. That party expects me, as one of its representatives, frankly, honestly and faithfully to execute the trust thus imposed and accepted. It gave me no power to adopt a compromise or an alternative of this trust. The masses of the Democracy do not yet understand how its representatives can hold a divided duty. Conscientiously entertaining these old-fashioned opinions, I beg to state that, in the event of my election as the Democratic elector at large, I shall vote for the only regularly-nominated candidates for President and Vice-President, nominated by the Democratic National Convention, at Baltimore—S. A. Douglas for President, and H. V. Johnson for Vice-President—and shall not vote until the electoral college finished the task the Constitution imposes on it. If the Democracy of Pennsylvania do not approve of this publicly-announced determination of mine, then unequivocally asserted, I will cheerfully surrender to the authority which selected me the position it gave; but I will recognize no other authority to receive it.

If, as it is said, there are difficulties and doubts as to the course of a portion of the Democracy in the present crisis, then the only mode to be adopted is to convene a Democratic State Convention, and leave to its wisdom, prudence, and omnipotent will a solution for these difficulties. Every true Democrat, devoted to his party principles, and willing to be governed by the time-honored stages and organization, will, or ought to be soberly bound by this action of the party. He who will not so agree cannot be sincere in his devotion to the Democratic party, and his separation from it will result in no injury, either now or in the future.

With great personal respect for yourself and the members of the Democratic State Committee, I have only to add that my political allegiance is due to a regular Convention of the Democracy of Pennsylvania. I will obey its commands, or render to it the authority only held by its committee.

I have the honor to be, most respectfully yours,

RICHARD VAUX

To the Hon. W. H. Welsh, Chairman

Democratic State Committee

from Washington. Every steamboat that passes along carries a great many visitors to the sacred spot. When we neared the place the Steamboat bell commenced tolling which seemed to strike a feeling of sadness over all on board. After landing, the first spot we visited was the *Tomb of Washington*. Here also repose the remains of his wife, and that of many of his friends and relatives, their graves being marked with appropriate inscriptions. Every American should visit this spot, at least once in his life time, and catch something of the spirit that pervades the place. We visited every spot of interest on the estate, and would say here that it is a fortunate thing, for the credit of the country that the patriotic ladies of the land have by their noble exertions rescued the spot, where is centered a nation's gratitude and love to which it was fast tending. The Ladies Mount Vernon Association have already commenced beautifying and improving the grounds and repairing the buildings; and under their judicious care it will become one of the most interesting and delightful places in the world to visit. We left the spot with feelings of sadness and pleasure, and with more reverence for the name of Washington and more love and admiration for our country then we ever felt before.

We returned to Washington, and left for Philadelphia next morning, where we arrived safely and put up at the Allegheny House, one of the most convenient and comfortable hotels to stop at in the city. The proprietor, Mr. Jonas Orr, understands what is required by his guests, and has it provided in an agreeable and pleasant manner. We do not know whether it is the good living in this House that has brought our old friend the Rhumba to our presence or not. One thing is certain it has spoiled our fun and will send us home in a hurry without the pleasure of seeing the "Great Eastern" which we had promised ourselves before starting on our journey.

G. H. M.

Herschell V. Johnson.
The Baltimore Patriot an opposition journal refers to Mr. Johnson, the candidate for Vice President on the Douglas ticket, in the following terms:

We know the gentleman personally, and we are free to say that, though not his political friend, he has our most cordial sympathies in the work of redeeming the South from the tyranny of that intolerable public opinion which a few hotspurs have managed to impose upon so noble a people as ever the sun shone upon. And there is no man in the whole South, politics apart, whom we would sooner see, not only Vice President but President of the United States. He is one of our soundest and most reliable statesmen.

Dr. Hayes' Arctic Expedition.
The "United States," (hitherto known as the "Springfield"), the schooner which bears Dr. Hayes and his band of explorers to the Arctic region, took her departure on Saturday afternoon, the 7th inst., at half past three o'clock. A number of persons assembled on the wharves to witness her clearance, and when the steamer H. B. Forbes took her in tow, a salute was fired from India Wharf, which was answered by the brass band of the schooner. Many ardent friends of the expedition and a few notable personages—Gov. Banks, Dr. B. A. Gould, Dr. Hunter, Mr. Aspinwall, Baring, and Mr. Baker, of the house of W. F. Weld & Co.—accompanied Dr. Hayes to the President Board, where both vessels came to anchor, and the former, in the cabin of the "United States," the formal giving away of the schooner and her cargo took place. After a few observations, passed over Dr. Hayes, all the papers necessary to legalize the claim of the vessel. This was a very interesting scene.

It was quite touching too. All the officers of the expedition were present, and pledged themselves, "sink or swim, survive or perish," to stand by their commander. The Governor wished the explorers "an open sea and warm bears to welcome their return," and all present endorsed the sentiment. The company remained on board the schooner an hour, and then took leave of commander and crew. It was understood that the schooner would not sail until her cargo was re-arranged and her deck cleared. She was very heavily loaded, and one of the officers remarked that all they did was to make them happy. But they were not, because as they went off the ship was not in condition to meet the weather. The following is a list of all on board the schooner: Dr. Hayes, Commander; Augustus Sontag, Astronomer; Master; M. W. Dodge, Mate; George F. Knobell, Captain's Clerk; Harry G. Radford, Assistant Astronomer; Gibson Corathers, Carpenter; Ola C. Starr, Cabin Boy; Frank L. Harris, steward; John Williams, Cook; Charles McCormick, William Miller, Harvey S. Haywood, Thomas F. Browne, John McDonald, Thomas Boyman, seamen.

Dr. Hayes expects to arrive at Upernivik (North Greenland) by September, and there the crew will provide themselves with furs, traps and lake or boat traps and dogs and two Eskimos. Proceeding thence through the "middle ice" to Smith's Strait, they will seek a secure winter harbor, somewhere over where Dr. Kane had to abandon the big "Admiral," and wait during the long winter night until spring before taking up the line further northward over the ice.

VALLEY SPIRIT.

Chambersburg, July 18, 1860.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Late Fire.—We regret to state, for the credit of our fire, that a considerable amount of piffing took place during the progress of the late fire at the residence of Mr. Ott, Deckmeyer and Dittman. Mr. Deckmeyer lost a large sum of gold—barrels of Crockers, bags of nuts, boxes of figs and raisins, jars of candies, and many household articles. Mr. Dittman had also many articles stolen among which was an excellent gun. Mr. Ott was also a sufferer in this way to a considerable amount. We have now the best evidence before us that our town is infested with petty thieves and for us to work to remedy the evil to the best of our power. Could not our Fire Companies detail a police force of their own and most reliable men to remove and take charge of goods at the time of a fire—let a guard over them and allow none to touch them but themselves? The Hook and Ladder Company might readily undertake this service, as they, we understand, have a large company and could beat up their men from their apparatus. The men detailed in this service should wear a badge to designate them, and should be sworn in as special constables and have power to make arrests of all found piffing.

We hope some member of the company will bring this matter up at their next meeting and have this desirable measure carried out.

Holiday & Flight.—Owing to the scarcity of Local News, we give our readers the following: Chambersburg like all other places, has its Advertiser, some of the Standard Species, some of the Bantams, some white and some black. It will be sufficient for our purpose to make the above statement and to select an "Adult" from the black Standard tribe aour bero. Last Sunday night after services were over at the colored Bethel Church, some of the fair (colored) were supposed that the time had arrived when seven should by hold upon one man. The object selected for fastening upon was a certainately arched "scolded person," whose "grass tanglers" are of such length as to warrant the supposition that he might right and run away and live to fight another day.— Atkins is a gay boy and can mount his equites on the "finger and toe system." On the night in above stated, the demons made a vigorous assault on Atkins, each one endeavoring to capture him for the evening. Of course that evil spirit which is represented as having "green eyes" put its foot in the matter when a "wandy fight resulted." Our reporter does not know whether the combatants concluded that the wool market was dull; at any rate, we hear of none being offered on Monday. A lining of the piercing black eyes, should be careful in future, and not throw himself and his attractions in the way of a brand of the peace. Reporter says that no new threats were made. We may look for further developments and fea-cause unless the possessor of the elongated tremities leaves town.

An Excellent Cook-Stove.—We were highly gratified by a recent visit made to the extensive Foundry and Workshops of Messrs. Wool and Illusion, in this place. We had no conception, previous to our visit, of the immense amount, and various and important character, of the work turned out at this establishment. Every article that can be made of iron, either wrought or cast, from a Steam-Eggie down to a Hong-Trough is manufactured here in the best style of workmanship, after the most approved construction, and out of the very best material. We were particularly pleased by an examination of an extensive lot of Cooking Stoves now being supplied by these works. After a very thorough examination of every variety of stove in use, and at a very heavy outlay, the proprietors of this establishment, have purchased three sets of patterns of the "Sir John Franklin," admitted by all to be the best stove ever offered to the public. The construction of this stove for all purposes of cooking or baking cannot be excelled. It will do more cooking with a less amount of fuel than any other stove in use. We do not state this from representations made to us by interested parties but from information obtained from families using the stove, and who have no motive to make any other than a true statement. This stove must supersede all others now in use, as we believe it to be superior in every respect and as perfect as it is possible to make a Cooking Stove. Mr. J. B. Miller will supply this superb stove and equip it out in the very best manner. His ware is made under his own inspection with a view to convenience and durability, and the stove is furnished by him in a liberal manner with every article required about a stove for the purpose of Cooking or Baking. We would recommend all intending to purchase a Cooking Stove to examine the Sir John Franklin before they try or buy any other.

Stenger's Oration.—We place before our readers a Fourth of July Oration, delivered at London, by Mr. W. S. Stenger. This talented young orator has not followed the beaten track usually pursued by orators on this patriotic occasion. His address has nothing of the "Grand Eagle" character about it. It displays plain, practical, strong, common sense in every sentence, and for those substantial reasons we sincerely give it the large space it occupies in our paper and, we think, our readers will agree with us that it could not well be better filled. We consider it an elegant and powerful effort, evincing a ripe intellect and high order of talent on the part of its young author, and would, therefore, entreat for it the entire personal regard of our readers, satisfied that from its scope and temper, they may agree with us that it is the production of an ordinary mind.

We append an apology to our young friend for stating in our last issue, that his oration was delivered by the Rev. John Atch. It was an unintentional oversight on our part.

The Woods Children.—We have observed frequent notices in our exchanges, in praise of the musical genius of those young jewels of Baltimore, who will shortly give two of their unique Concerts in this place. The Richmond *Advertiser* of late says, "They not only give satisfaction to their auditors but really delight them by their sweet voices and their wonderful musical attainments." The paper closes the notice by saying that "they are indeed real prodigies, and all lovers of music should hear them." The children will have the assistance of Miss Mary C. Miller on the Piano and Professor Brooks on the Violin, both musicians of great popularity. The Troops will be in charge of Col. Wm. Ellinger, and is now travelling in the South. The time and place of the Concerts will be duly announced by all present.

Price of Gas for Street Lamps.—Allentown has thirty gas street lights, and pays \$3 per thousand feet; Easton, seventy lights, \$2 per thousand feet; Pittsburg, seventy-three lights, \$2 37 per thousand feet; Frederick, forty-three lights, \$2 37 per thousand feet; Harrisburg, seventy-three lights, \$2 .50 per thousand feet; Lancaster, one hundred lights, \$2 per thousand feet; Nittany, seventy-three lights, \$2 50 per thousand feet.

Chambersburg has thirty-seven lights, and pays about \$4 per thousand feet. Pittsburg and Chambersburg pay the highest price for it. Allentown has fewer lights and pays only \$2 per thousand feet. What makes the difference?

The Census.—The Census Marshals are now actively engaged in taking the Census of Franklin County. Several townships have already been taken and they have now commenced operations in this borough. The districts added to the borough from Hamilton and Guilford have been taken and found to have increased our population seven hundred. We think the borough proper will show a considerable increase in population since last Census; though several townships already taken exhibit a large falling off in the census.

Heavy Blasting.—The workmen engaged in widening 3d street, between Market and Queen, discharged with three blasts, on Saturday last, about thirty pounds of rock. The vast body of rock there is fat disintegrating before the force of powder.

Queshing should be guarded against by the workmen. The blasts are not sufficiently ordered to prevent large pieces of rock from endangering the lives of those living near. Quite a large piece passed through the window of the Academy, and had the school been in session, death, to all probability, would have resulted.

Hagerstown Seminary.—At the recent Commencement of this excellent school advertising columns it will be seen, that our young friend, W. H. Hartnick, has opened a Music Store a few doors above our office. Persons in need of any article in his line of business will bid it to their interest to give him a call. We have known "Hartnick" for many years—when we used to blow the horn—and a more clever, fair dealing and obliging gentleman, one who understands the business better, cannot be found anywhere. Don't forget the place.

The Two Little Orioles; Or, Music In The Heart, And How To Make It—18mo, cloth gilt, illustrated, Price 25 cents, published by Am. S. S. Upton, and for sale by Shroyer & Smith, Chambersburg, Pa.

The Children of this beautiful little book are, Chapter I. Sunshine and Moonlight—Oriole that won't fly, 2. The Charming lesson—Grandmother Story, 3. Notices Disappointment and angry feelings—Lessons to forgive and be happy—Uncle George's kind words—Lime Jim etc. 4. "Mother's" Sunday Evening talk about poor Jane, 6. The Visit from Anna and her uncle, Nellie's ride to the waterfalls—Uncle George" almost preaches a Sermon, G. Another pleasant Surprise—Kindness triumphs over pride—Nellie feels happy in consequence, and bears a sweet burden.

We cordially recommend the book.

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A synopsis of the chapters will give as good an index to the character of the book as our limited space will allow. We can recommend this beautiful book.

The Prayerless Home; Ruth Summer; N. Winter; A Happy Day; The Flower; Comfort in Sorrows; The Young Disciple; Waiting Time; Passing Away; Christmas Day; The Return Home; The Death of Ruth; Dark Days; The Escape; Retribution; The New Home; Mary's History; The Power of Gentleness; The Parting; Harken's Return; The Old Home; Trials and Triumphs; The Holiday; The Bible; Another Death; Trust in God; Unseen Help; Rest for the Weary.

Spanish and Mexican Coins.—We are requested to state that the Spanish and Mexican fractions of the dollar will not, after to-day, be received at the mint at their nominal value in exchange for the new cent. The male object of the law authorizing these coins to be received at their nominal value of twenty-five, twelve and a half, and six and a quarter cents, was to withdraw the community from a worn out and depreciated currency, which materially interfered with our excellent decimal system of coinage. This object having in a great measure been attained, and the amount of coins issued being quite large, Mr. Seward, the Director of the Mint, recommended that a law should be passed to repeat so much of the former law on the subject as required these exchanges to be made. This has accordingly been done. Hereafter the new cent will only be paid out in exchange for the gold and silver coins of the United States, and for the copper coins of the former issues—Peru.

New and dangerous Almoration.—"Almoration" reads us the following, on the Commercial Bank, Philadelphia, Pa. Almored from Commercial Bank, North Antey, N. J., (broken affair.)

"I do, by this certifying the third day of August, 1860, in each upper corner. This is well done." Enter robes all be unassisted they are genuine.

The Douglass and Johnson Club.—On Saturday evening last, the Douglass and Johnson Club met at Riley's Hotel. There was a full attendance of Douglassians. The officers of the former meeting were continued. Mr. Dow from the Committee appointed at last meeting, reported a Constitution and By-Laws for the government of the Club, which, as a whole, was unanimously adopted, and signed by all present.

The President was instructed to appoint a committee of five on permanent organization, to report at next meeting. The Committee thus constituted of Mr. Wilson Ralphy, W. M. Member, A. Jackson Broad, J. W. Dean, and J. P. McNeil, Esq.

It was decided that after the Club is permanently organized, it shall meet regularly every other Saturday evening.

On the next Saturday evening, the 21st, at 8 o'clock, the Club will meet at Montgomery's Hotel, for the purpose of selecting permanent officers.

Mrs. H. C. Keyser and Mr. Gillian were appointed a Committee to procure speakers for the next meeting.

Short addresses were delivered by Messrs. Rose, Kennedy, and Duran.

Water Works.—Pursuant to the resolution of the citizens of said Borough convened in the Court House on the evening of the 12th, for the purpose of adopting measures to ascertain the probable cost of erecting Water Works for the use of said Borough;

Whence motion of Col. F. S. Stumbaugh, Wm. Boyer, Jr., was called to the Chair, and in motion of Wm. Wilson Ralphy, J. W. Fletcher was chosen Secretary.

The object of the meeting having been stated by Col. Fletcher the following resolutions, offered by Col. F. S. Stumbaugh, were adopted:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting it is highly necessary that the Borough of Chambersburg have Water Works erected to supply the same with Water, sufficient for all purposes.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting the Works should be erected by the Borough Authorities.

After which the following resolution, offered by the Hon. Wilson Ralphy, was adopted:

Resolved, That the Burgesses and Town Council of Chambersburg be requested to make an estimate of the probable cost of erecting Water Works for the use of said Borough, and that when so as will estimate is prepared, it be submitted to a meeting of the Citizens to be convened at the Court House, on notice given by the Chairman of this meeting, to take such action thereon as they may deem proper.

Wm. Hayson, Pres't.

J. W. Fletcher, Sec'y.

Musical Music.—By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen, that our young friend, W. H. Hartnick, has opened a Music Store a few doors above our office. Persons in need of any article in his line of business will bid it to their interest to give him a call. We have known "Hartnick" for many years—when we used to blow the horn—and a more clever, fair dealing and obliging gentleman, one who understands the business better, cannot be found anywhere. Don't forget the place.

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A synopsis of the chapters will give as good an index to the character of the book as our limited space will allow. We can recommend this beautiful book.

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Spanish and Mexican Coins.—We are requested to state that the Spanish and Mexican fractions of the dollar will not, after to-day, be received at the mint at their nominal value in exchange for the new cent. The male object of the law authorizing these coins to be received at their nominal value of twenty-five, twelve and a half, and six and a quarter cents, was to withdraw the community from a worn out and depreciated currency, which materially interfered with our excellent decimal system of coinage. This object having in a great measure been attained, and the amount of coins issued being quite large, Mr. Seward, the Director of the Mint, recommended that a law should be passed to repeat so much of the former law on the subject as required these exchanges to be made. This has accordingly been done. Hereafter the new cent will only be paid out in exchange for the gold and silver coins of the United States, and for the copper coins of the former issues—Peru.

New and dangerous Almoration.—"Almoration" reads us the following, on the Commercial Bank, Philadelphia, Pa. Almored from Commercial Bank, North Antey, N. J., (broken affair.)

"I do, by this certifying the third day of August, 1860, in each upper corner. This is well done." Enter robes all be unassisted they are genuine.

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VALLEY SPIRIT—JULY 18, '60.

LETTER FROM HON. REVERDY JOHNSON, OF MARYLAND.

The following letter was addressed by the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, to Lewis C. Cassidy, Esq., in answer to an invitation to address the Douglas Ratification Meeting held in Independence Square on last Saturday evening:

BALTIMORE, June 27, 1860.

DEAR SIR: I find it impossible to accept the invitation with which I am honored to the meeting in your city on Saturday, called to ratify the nomination of Mr. Cass and Johnson to the offices of President and Vice President of the United States. There never was a time more politically momentous than the present. With a few in the field marshalling forces entirely sectional; with no hope of even making battle in a single Southern State; with principles alleged by the South, with almost one voice, to be essentially derogatory to their honor as equals under a Confederacy of equals, and, as a consequence, fatal to the peace of the country, if not to its continuing existence as a nation, we are presented with the *dreaded* spectacle of a fierce antagonism in the only party which, from its past nationality, is capable of restoring us to prosperity and safety. The execution for this madness, in its last exhibition in this city—for it hardly assumes over the air of justification—is the admission by the Convention of one set of competing delegates from a few Southern States, instead of another. No one denies the power of the Convention to decide such a question. It is inherent in all deliberative representative bodies. They could not exist without it. Some are to be admitted, and which are the rightful claimants must depend on the judgment of the body. In this instance, too, the ground of secession is as futile as it is illegitimate. The delegates refused admission had seceded from the Convention at Charleston. There, he is seen as signed for it was the refusal of a majority of the body to adopt a platform acceptable to the majority, and the action of one approved by the former.

That there was nothing in this latter platform so hostile to Southern interest as to justify the disruption of the Democratic party, and especially with the seeming design of breaking up the Union on the same pretense, all sensible patriotic men will agree, when remembering that it is the very platform on which the entire party stood and triumphed in '60, and the very one which, at the Convention of that year, one of the leading spirits of the Secession insisted, with great zeal and apparent sincerity, would demand a dissolution of the Union if not adopted. So certain they announced that their fixed resolution was to retire forever. Their seats were therefore, dedicated. They remained, if they spoke the truth, and they have hardly say that with them to speak otherwise is possible.

In this state of things, the seats being vacated, a Virginia delegate, who then saw no cause for secession, offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That when this Convention adjourns it adjourns to reassemble at Baltimore on Monday the 18th of June, instant, and that it is respectfully recommended to the Democratic party of the several States to make provision to supply all vacancies in the respective delegations to this Convention when it shall reassemble.

With the exception of the vacancies created by secession, there were none others were anticipated. It is clear, therefore, that the resolution referred to those vacancies, and none others. That the Convention had the power to pass it, and that, under the circumstances, it was its duty to pass it, no one can ever plausibly question. Nor, at the time, was any such question raised. Under that resolution, the vacancies in Alabama, Louisiana, and Arkansas were filled by Conventions of the party, called according to usage in those States, and the delegates chosen were admitted. Had the Convention decided otherwise than it did, it would have been false to its own plighted pledge, and a party to the disorganizing conduct of the Secedes—participants in their political gains. True the duty, they adhered to their plighted hoar, and admitted the delegates chosen on the faith and warrant of its legal recommendation. But, beside the utter futility of the adverse claims, most of the delegates seceding at Charleston, whilst in that city, and afterwards, and the press that defamed their course, treated as an insult even the suggestion that they would ever return to sue a body. Mr. Yancey, their admitted leader then and still, in a speech on Alabama, after his return from Charleston, referring to the Secedes, said, among other things of like import: "My humble opinion we cannot go back to Baltimore, that Convention not having ratified his action, not having altered, nor, indeed, proposed to alter its platform, offering no olive branch of peace—'We cannot go to independence with dignified self-respect, and honor." The limits of a letter will not admit of further proof, existing in abundance, of their fixed purpose to sever all connection with the Convention. The protest, then, of these party dolinquents in Baltimore, as supposed for seats in the Convention, and to be permitted to participate in its counsels, was not only illegal, but according to their leader, was "independent dignity, self-respect, and honor." The Convention owned it, therefore, as well as the clear rights of the delegates admitted to follow the course it did, as to seek admissions as they may have left, whatever that was, to save the Southerners from the weakness of forgetting their dignity, self-respect, and honor.

These two fixed against which to secede from a Convention of which they

were not members; and when, in passing through, other Southern delegates did the same thing who had voted for the resolution referred to, denouncing their acts of the former meeting. Not wishing to do that change, if any, would be made in the Charleston platform, without proposing an themselves, they also left the main body, constituted themselves a Convention, and made nominations. To these made by the regular Convention they object, because, sanctioned by two thirds of all the members elected—a motion not to be had, because of the own party's recency, and, at the same time, challenge approval for their own, though made by a Convention not even legally numbering one third of the elected number. Never was the dogma of secession carried to such ridiculous excess. Never was political madness more obvious and maladroit. The idea, too, into which they seem to deduce the mind of the party South, that Douglas will not be true to the rights of the South, as well as to the right of all, would seem too preposterous for reasonable sanction. They all of them ought to know better; *most of them do know better*. It is impossible that prejudice, even blinding as that ever is, can so confound the intellect. Most of the gentlemen enlisted in this crusade against Douglas are gifted with high intellectual and moral qualities, and they feel in this instance the power which these very qualities give. Their course is but another proof that personal qualities, however great and good, can never protect a body of men from the deteriorating influence of irresponsible power, and the one-third, or less, have given us their nomination. Of that third, the master-spirit was Mr. Yancey, the next in influence, Mr. Rhett, of South Carolina. These gentlemen on various occasions, and up to a late period, have openly advocated, with all their admitted power, Southern secession from the Union. They do not now pretend to be the friends of the Union. The first, even in his speech in his emancipated nominating body, did not show attachment to the Confederation. He said he was "neither for or against it." The time, with him, is not now to precipitate the cotton States into a revolution. He evidently waits for a more propitious season. Appearing under such auspices, well may their numbers draw all purposes or thought of Disunion; well may they appeal to their continuing loyalty, and to their States as giving for them like assurance. To the observing and patriotic mind of the country, this appeals, however, will be in vain. That mind must see in this, the first open effect of secession, danger, great danger, that it will be used by the managers to accomplish its eventual and full purpose. And, in spite of their past and present conceded patriotism, the nominees will too far find that political contamination of these seeming supporters will stick to them like the shirt of Nessus. They may crawl and strive to tear it off, but, there it will be still, adhering to them with a never-dying tenacity, till it involves them in political ruin over which their real friends, also will sincerely grieve. Our duty, however, is a plain one. The nation is in peril. The principles we believe in, and our constituents sustain, we think, confidently can, alone save the country from fearful strife, perhaps irretrievable ruin. Let us, therefore, buckle on our armor, muster our forces, meet the united strength of Northern Abolitionists, and Southern Secessionists, Northern interventionists, and invoking the genius of the Union, and the spirit of a patriotic ancestry, conduct the struggle with courtesy to our opponents, but with untiring zeal, and, under Providence, all may yet be right, and our ticker-tome preserved, to make, the world over, "the brightness of the morning and evening to rejoice in the glad sunlight of morals, and letters, and arts."

Your obedient servant,

REVERDY JOHNSON

Lewis C. Cassidy, Esq., Philadelphia

The Explosion and Burning of the Steamer "Sam Lewis."

From the St. Louis Democrat of 2000 ult.

We are compelled to record another lamentable disaster—a disaster which takes rank among the most horrible of those fatal events for which the broad Mississippi is so celebrated. We must be content with very disconnected and incomplete statements of the facts and rumors, given by men who were actors in the fearful and appalling scene. Whatever occurs at such a time, if seen at all, is seen as if it were the unreal apparition of a dream, but, alas! here real.

A Passenger's Statement

Mr. H. B. Lester of Lexington, Mo., took passage on the Steamer at Memphis for St. Louis. He says:

About one o'clock on Monday morning, shortly after backing out from Cairo, and sailing around a sand bar, I had stepped out on the boiler deck, and had gone up the steps to the lower deck, when suddenly I was brought to a pause by a loud report as if a canon had been fired off high and near me. The dead silence and the darkness of the surrounding scene making the thing far more startling. But I had time to think, no ability to act, for I fell myself whirled helplessly up into the air, and then knew that the hand had exploded her boiler or her boiler. I fell near to where I had been standing, and I saw my clothes torn to pieces, and the broken and twisted metal, for a part of the Woodward of the cabin, the chimneys, and the heavy bell came in a confused mass, falling right over me, here, mostly some houses or stinks lay right afterward, keeping me from being killed. However, as it was, I got so scared that I could hardly draw a breath. After a little while I worked myself out, and heard no more noise of "Oh God!" Oh God! uttered in such an agonized tone that I could not help being affected by the invocations. I thought that some were from the flames. When I got out and could look about, what was seen the cabin seemed to be now down to the level of the bottom. In a few moments a body of men rolled over the Woodward, unhooked and unengaged the boats, and these men, and others not far off, had helped me to throw these things over the side, and we did the end of 1000 ft. of Woodward and 1000 ft. of cabin, nobody but the two sets of the body. Mr. Marshall, coming out of the cabin, as he was

judged out to escape a bad plight.

He judged out to escape a bad plight.