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BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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Select Poetry.



THE SHADOW OF THE HAND.

How varied are life's flowery paths,
With varied pleasures strewn,
But there where duty points the track,
Is happiness alone.

Thus musing, as in fancy, far
My footsteps seemed to stray—
Mightiest some strange mysterious power
Impelled them on their way.

It was a shady path I trod,
Yet beautiful to see;
For there were flowers upon the turf
And birds in every tree.

I loved the flowers, their form, their hue,
Their fragrances, faint and rare;
I loved the birds, whose plaintive strains,
Harmonious, fill'd the air.

The clustering shadows of the trees
Upon the ground were cast;
They seem'd to change their forms, each time
A breath of wind went past.

Yet still I mused,—as if the path
Were some good angel's care;
The figure of a hand I traced
Among the shadows there!

A hand, that ever pointed me
Along that peaceful way;
A way so happy, strange 'twould seem,
That I should wish to stray!

Yet oft, too oft, I knew not whence,
Gay sounds would reach mine ear,
Of music, mirth, and revelry,
And I would pause to hear!

And through the trees, on either side
That shady path, would gleam
Bright eyes, and glittering forms,—such sights
As happy lovers dream!

And they would call in wily tones,
That sounded sweet and low,
And wave to me their snow-white arms,
Until I long'd to go.

But, while the shadow of the hand
Upon the greensward lay,
I could not turn to right or left,
A charm was on the way!

I felt, beneath that hallow'd spell,
New life was being thrill'd,
And all things lovely seem'd to take
A lovelier semblance still.

The air breathed purer,—from the flowers
A sweeter fragrance came;
And through the shadows above I saw
The blue and quiet heaven.

All was so sweet within that path,
I would not from it stray,
And leave that shadow of the hand
Heaven sent to point my way.

There may be sunnier paths afar,
With flowers more bright and rare;
But what of them, unless that hand
Have cast its shadow there?

No fortune's brightest beams I lack
Around my path to glow,
If duty, with its guiding hand,
But point my onward way.

HORRIBLE, MOST HORRIBLE.

We earnestly invite men of all parties, and Christians of all sects and denominations, to read the following compilation of the teachings now to be had in the churches of the land.—We beg them to pause, and ask their hearts if it be safe to entrust the government of this country to the reckless hands of men who utter such sentiments.—*Chicago Times.*

In Danville, Ohio, a "Republican" preacher declared, a short time since, while in his pulpit, that any man who voted for James Buchanan would surely go to hell!

A Reverend Plummer delivered a political abolition discourse from the pulpit, in the Granary's Creek, (Ohio) Methodist Church, a few Sundays ago; a large number of his congregation left their seats, highly indignant at such wicked d-secrations.

Reverend John Lamb delivered a political sermon, Sunday before last, in Mount Vernon, Ohio, in the course of which he took occasion to denounce the pro-slavery party of the country as he pleased to style it. A member of the church, Mr. R. Mineheart, arose and demanded of Mr. Lamb to say what party he meant. The Reverend gentleman said he meant the democratic party, whereupon Mr. Mineheart pronounced the charge a falsehood. Mr. Lamb then became highly excited, and declared that "Any man who will stand upon the Cincinnati platform, his face and heart are as black as hell and damnation." Thereupon a number of democrats in the congregation, who did not wish to hear any more of such reckless falsehoods and blasphemy, arose and left the house.

In Brown township, Knox county, Ohio, a man's political opinions are made a test to qualify him for partaking of the Sacrament of the Lord's supper, any person who is not a black Republican is excluded from the holy eucharist!

The *Elmira (N. Y.) Gazette* says that Mr. A. a minister, a prominent black Republican in that county, recently gave utterance to the following: "He'll be Damned if there is a clergyman in the United States, who honestly represents the sentiments of his church, who will not support the nomination of FREMONT & DAYTON; and if there is a clergyman in the land who refuses to advocate the principles of the Republican party, who is base enough to refuse to preach from the pulpit, and in his intercourse with his church, disseminate the doctrines of the FREMONT party, he ought to be sent to hell, and discharged from his pastoral charge."

Read!!

From the Philadelphia News.

Black Republican Doctrine Boldly Avowed.

The Black Republicans have hailed with intense satisfaction, the open admission of Fred Douglass, the negro Editor, to the cause of Mr. Fremont, and have welcomed his paper which now hoists the Fremont and Dayton ticket, and struggles manfully to secure its success, with joy into the party ranks. Mr. Douglass had no sooner given in his welcome admission to Republicanism, than he was put upon the stump by the Central Committee, and sent forth to make new converts throughout the State. He was cautioned, however, to moderate his denunciations of the South, and to conceal as much as possible, the extent of his confidence in the Republican party as a party of abolitionism and disunion.

This negro supporter of John C. Fremont on Thursday last attended the Jerry Rescue Celebration at Syracuse. There he appeared in his true colors; and while urging upon the assemblage, the claims of Col. Fremont, and advocating the principles of the Republican party, he offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That while we most ardently desire peaceful emancipation, and will continue to labor earnestly and faithfully to bring it about, we will not conceal from the guilty slaveholder, nor from his trembling victims our deliberate and solemn convictions, that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God"; that an enslaved people have the undoubted right to gain their freedom, "peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must"; that the life of the oppressor should not stand in the way of the slave's freedom; that in depriving the slave of all rights, the slaveholder has forfeited all rights; that in killing a slaveholder to secure freedom, the slave is guilty of no crime, but should be regarded as the rightful executor of Divine Justice and a friend to the full liberties of Mankind.

Resolved, That while we deeply oppose the necessity of shedding human blood, and the destroying of human life, WE SHOULD REJOICE IN A SUCCESSFUL SLAVE INSURRECTION, WHICH WOULD TEACH SLAVE-HOLDERS THE WRONG AND DANGER INVOLVED IN THE ACT OF SLAVEHOLDING, and the numerous outrages which slavery necessarily inflicts upon its victims.

Resolved, That since the traffickers in the bodies and souls of men have resolved upon the endless enslavement of their victims, and, with diabolical meanness and wickedness, have deprived them of all power to procure arms, with which to win their freedom in an open and honorable manner, the slaves are justifiable in the use of any or every secret process for destroying the life of the oppressor! by which he can reasonably hope to secure his liberty.

Resolved, That the Slaveholder should be made to dream of DEATH in his sleep, and to apprehend death in his DISH and TEA-POT. FIRE SHOULD MEET HIM IN HIS BED, AND POISON SHOULD MEET HIM AT HIS TABLE! and the silent Angel of Death should every where be invoked to afflict him in the midst of his slave-holding revelry.

What American—what Christian man—can read the above deliberate sentiments of one of the leading supporters of John C. Fremont, expressed in and upheld by a Fremont assemblage, without feeling the deepest indignation—a shudder of horror. And yet what is this but the Higher Law doctrine of the Fremont papers practically carried out; and what is it but Black Republican principles boldly avowed?

And this is the man for whom FR. JORDAN is using all his energies to have made President of the United States. Whilst Jordan was making the most solemn professions of friendship for Fillmore, he now boldly avows himself the advocate of Fremont, as proved by his acts in the late fusion Convention at Philadelphia. Such political infamy has never before been witnessed in this country.

THE DAUGHTER OF A FREMONT ELECTOR MARRIED TO A NEGRO.

The following is from the Crawfordsville, Indiana paper. Read it, and learn the true principles of Black Republicanism:

"The doctrine that has been so boldly advocated by the leaders of the Abolition party during the last year, 'that a NEGRO was as good as a white man,' has become with a majority of the members of that party, a fixed fact. No longer than last week, a man residing in the vicinity of Oberlin College, in the State of Ohio, gave his only daughter in marriage to a sooty African who has been educated at this Abolition Institute. This man, we understand, is a State Elector on the Fremont ticket, and regards the negro as his equal. The young lady is described as being extremely beautiful, and but sixteen years of age, while her doting lord is blacker than the darkest midnight.

WILLIAM ARRISSON SENTENCED.—William Arriison, convicted of manslaughter upon an indictment charging him with murder in the first degree by killing Isaac Allison by means of an "infernal machine" or "torpedo" was brought

up before Judge Parker, at Cincinnati, on Monday last, and sentenced to the extreme penalty of the law—ten years' hard labor in the penitentiary. He was also required to pay the costs of prosecution.

Speech of Hon. JAS. B. CLAY, Delivered at Lancaster, the Home of James Buchanan!

Mr. CLAY advanced to the front of the stand, and was greeted with great and protracted applause. He said:

Fellow Citizens of Lancaster, and men of Pennsylvania:—I come here to-day to address you, under circumstances more extraordinary, perhaps, than ever surrounded any plain citizen who ever before had the pleasure to speak to you. A farmer, as you are, when at home, men throughout the length and breadth of this land have heaped upon me loads of abuse and revilement for an honest and free expression of the sentiments which I have entertained. Yet I fear not, for truth ever lends its votary the courage requisite for its vindication. I am here upon a Democratic stand to speak to you; and I am glad to be here, because upon it stands with myself the son of the man who stood by my father—the son of the great expounder of the Constitution—the son of the revered and lamented Webster. (Immense applause.) We stand here together—and why? Does he come here to ask for your votes for himself? Do I come here on any such mission? Does he come to ask you Mr. Buchanan for anything? Do we come to ask any favors from the Democratic party? No! I tell you a thousand times, no! I ask none, and I believe Mr. Webster asks for none. We are here for our country. (Applause.) We came here in the cause of the Union, which is sanctified by the efforts of his father and mine. Though in their graves, Clay and Webster are not dead. Such men can never die. They have left their words as an inheritance to us; and although the mantle of Mr. Webster has not fallen upon his son, and although the mantle of Clay has not fallen upon his son, his son, yet both of them have left their record for you and me and all of us to study.—(Applause.) What have they told us? What did their writings tell us now? What did the Father of the Country tell us in days long ago. Washington warned us against sectionalism.—He bid us beware of all parties arrayed on sectional issues.

Mr. Clay was interrupted by delegations, which marched into the Square, with bands playing and banners flying. Three cheers were proposed and given for the son of the Sage of Ashland, and three more for the son of Daniel Webster.

Mr. Clay resumed his remarks:—Fellow-citizens, I thank you for the honor of your cheers. They come from your true and honest hearts. They are not for me; they are for him who, though gone, is yet amongst you. (Applause.) I had commenced to tell you why it was that I am here to-day. I have referred to what Washington has said. I told you how he warned you against sectionalism; against the drawing of geographical party lines, and especially against demagogues and the candidates of section. Other men followed him,—men you used to love. You used to love two farmers—the farmer of Marshallfield, and the farmer of Ashland. (Applause.) They followed in the wake of Washington, and they reiterated what he had told you. In 1820 they gave you a solemn warning, and told you that the country was in danger. Standing together by your help, became your Union-loving people were with them, those men saved the country then. They thought that it was saved for all time to come; that this miserable question of slavery was put to rest for ever; but they were deceived. In 1850 the black cloud again hung over us. But they feared not. They battled bravely for the Union and the Constitution, and they were successful once more. They did not fight alone. They were surrounded by patriots of every section; and together they presented a glorious and ennobling spectacle. The day that Webster and Clay, and Cass and Buchanan, and all the great men of the country stood side by side to save this Union—that was a great day for liberty. (Applause.) They warned you against the sectionalism which would divide your brethren of the South from you. They told you that the same people who originally accomplished our independence, still lived in their descendants and they implored you to keep them united. (Applause.) And what do we see now? Planting themselves on a miserable abstraction, a hollow pretext, sectionalists have aroused the North—thank God not the whole North. (Cries of No! and cheers for the Union.) They march under a flag with but sixteen stripes; under a banner with the inscription, "No Union with slaveholders."

They ask you to put our slave-holding brethren out of the Union—not that they have done anything wrong, but because they have in their midst an institution which they did not make for themselves—an institution the existence of which many of them regret as much as you do. (Applause.) The Kansas-Nebraska bill was passed by Congress, and they told you that its object was the extension of slavery. I say there is nothing of the sort in the bill. They told you that the Cincinnati platform is designed to extend the area of Slavery. It is not true and the men who tell you so have not read that Platform. (Applause.) The principle of the Cincinnati Platform is the greatest principle of the Compromise Measures of 1850, which emanated from the greatest minds of modern days; that the people everywhere are capable of self-government. (Loud and protracted applause.) The Cincinnati Platform announces that the people of Pennsylvania had the right to form her own domestic institutions; because her people were a free people and that the people of the Territories ought to have the same right of self-government. (Applause.)—The Democrats of Cincinnati proclaimed their adherence to the principle that when the peo-

ple of any territory presented themselves at the halls of Congress, with the requisite population, and a Republican constitution, they had the right of admission as a State into the Union, with domestic institutions formed to suit themselves. And the man who says that the Cincinnati platform has for its object the extension of slavery, never read it, or if he did, had not the capacity to understand it. (Laughter and Applause.)

Many persons say they would vote for Mr. Buchanan were it not for this platform. They have confidence in him as a man but he is bound by the platform. I have already said what I think of this platform. It is not a declaration in favor of the extension of slavery, but determines to leave the question of freedom or slavery in the territories to a majority of the people in framing a Constitution preparatory to their admission into the Union as a State.—This is the doctrine at the root of our free institutions. It is, I repeat, the doctrine of Clay and Webster, and of all the old leaders of the Whig party. Let me read this part of the platform:—

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

Now what is the response of Mr. Buchanan to this resolution, in his letter of the 16th July last, accepting the nomination? It is as follows:

"The agitation on the subject of domestic slavery has too long disturbed and divided the people of this Union and alienated their affections from each other. This agitation has assumed many forms since its commencement but it now seems to be directed chiefly to the territories; and judging from its present character I think we may anticipate that it is rapidly approaching a 'finality.' The recent legislation of Congress respecting domestic slavery, derived, as it has been, from the original and pure fountain of legitimate political power, the will of the majority, promises 'ere long to allay the dangerous excitement. This legislation is founded upon principles as ancient as free government itself, and in accordance with them, has simply declared that the people of a Territory, like those of a State, shall decide for themselves whether slavery shall or shall not exist within their limits."

The Kansas-Nebraska act does no more than to give force of law to this elementary principle of self-government, declaring it to be

"The true intent and meaning of this act, not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States."

This principle will surely not be controverted by any individual of any party, professing devotion to popular government. How utterly illusory would any other principle prove in practice in regard to the Territories.

Now, fellow-citizens, I am no Democrat; I have never been a Democrat, but I am not the man to do the Democrats injustice, and especially when I have a glorious country, and that country to be saved. (Cheers.) We are all on the same ship, and my love for the Union is greater than my love for party. Drive the gallant ship through the breakers and upon the rocks and every man of us is lost. I have not come from South of Mason and Dixon's line to indulge in the weakness of some Southern men who have tried to frighten you in talking of a dissolution of the Union. The people of my country are opposed to it, and thank God, the women too, are in favor of Union to a man.—(Laughter and applause.) We, of Kentucky, know where we stand. We know precisely our position. We know there are at the extreme South fanatics on the subject of Slavery. We know also there are fanatical Abolitionists at the extreme North. And we of the Centre, slave States as well as free, have to save this Union, and save it we will. (Applause.) How can we save it? Can you Fillmore men save it? I suppose there are some here. What chances have you—men who fight under the banner of Mr. Fillmore, who advocate the doctrines of his great Albany speech—to save it? Are you not pursuing a suicidal course? Are you not killing yourselves? You know that you are a fragmentary party here; that in Pennsylvania the Fremont Abolition party is stronger than you are, yet you suffer them to delude and cheat you into a shameful fusion.—[Applause.] Fillmore men don't you feel this to be so? [Laughter.] A few weeks ago the fusion was a great thing, you were going to cipher up all the officers, and all that sort of thing, but don't you sicken of it now? It was a trick, that fusion was a vile, miserable trick of the politicians. They did not come out bravely and boldly and show their hands. They did not say here is our ground and upon it we will fight to victory or death. The fusion was not even manly. What have you Fillmore men gained by it? You say you love the country and the whole country. You say that your leader, Mr. Fillmore, is a great man. Then why have you not listened to him? Why have you not hearkened to his voice? Was not his speech at Albany a great and noble effort? It was, and in that patriotic speech he goes so far as to charge moral treason upon those engaged in the cause of Fremont. Yet when you loved him so much as to take him without any platform, when you hold that he himself is a good enough platform for you, why is it that you are now seen tugging with the Black Republicans whom he most earnestly warned you against. I appeal to you in the matter. I know you think you are right. The mass of the people are nearly always right. I know the American people, and am sure they are everlastingly in

favor of the Stars and Stripes. (Applause.)—Fillmore men, beware of demagogues. They have led you away from the doctrines of your leader. I am free to admit that he is a good man; that I admire and respect him. I go further—I believe that the country would be safe under his administration. But the Fillmore men must not be led away from their own ground—from their own principles, and those of their leader, by designing politicians, unless they wish to have the long finger of scorn pointed at them.

I came here to-day to speak to two classes of people. The Buchanan men are all right. I cannot touch them, or stir them, and I want to do neither, because they are right. [Great applause.] One of the classes to which I wished to talk was the Fillmore men, to whom I have talked, because they were at one time like me, Old Whigs. But there is another class in this county of Lancaster to which I came here to talk. Now, do you men of Lancaster suppose, because I live away off in Kentucky, that I did not know this farmer people?—these men who raise cattle and grow grain—these men who stood so honestly and faithfully by my father.—[Immense applause.] I have known you and I feel at home in your midst. It is to these Old Whigs I wish to appeal: to these men who stood by my father through thick and thin even against the man of their own county—the statesman of Whatland, and who gave him and his party thousands and thousands of majority. Is it not strange to you that the son of Henry Clay comes here and implores you by the memories of his father, by the love you bear your wives and children, and by your own happy firesides to support the man of Whatland.—[Applause.] It may appear extraordinary, but I am marching in the strict line of my duty.—[Great applause.] Since 1818, we Whigs have no party; but we have a Union to save which is above all parties. [Renewed applause.] I take up the game where my father left it. Did he not leave off with the Compromise measures of 1850? Did he not die with the harness on? Did he not die a Senator? The last days of his life devoted to the Union above all parties. And do you think I would dare to come here this day to make the appeal I do for Buchanan, unless I believed I had his sanction? (Immense applause.) Do you not think it was a hard thing for me to tear passion and prejudice from my heart and lay them a sacrifice upon the altar of my country? It was hard. But passion and prejudice are bad things in themselves, but they are ten times worse when they stand in the way of duty to our country. When at last I knew I had the patriotism to make the sacrifice, I looked back and found encouragement. It was as though a man were patting me on the back and saying, "go on, boy, you are doing right." I had seen my father standing side by side with the democratic leaders—all freeing themselves from party trammels, and embarking, as he expressed it, in the same oxen in which there were neither Abolitionists nor nullifiers, but Whigs and Democrats, who had by common consent come together for the salvation of the Union. And are you Whigs afraid to do now what was done then? (Cries of no, and cheers.) What have you to look to unless you take this course? Do we not all struggle for union and against disunion? Certainly we do, and we should reflect on the fact that there are extreme men in both sections, who by their violence may force us to do what, upon sober reflection, we would not do for our lives if we could avoid it. We are one people with one history, which is crowded with recollections of gallant and glorious deeds. The bones of an uncle of mine lay upon the bloody field of the Raisin, and the field of Buena Vista was watered by the blood of a brother. A gentleman now on the stand assisted me to bring home his remains for sepulture.

These are my memories, and they are with me far above all platforms. They are above Kansas Nebraska Bills; they are above any thing except the Union. They gave their lives, they gave their fortunes, and they would have given every thing but honor for their country. That sacrifice of honor they were never called upon to make. They gave their lives, patriots as they were, and they believed that it was sweet and proper to die for their country.

Fellow WHIGS I appeal to you to lay aside your passion and prejudice as I have done. I appeal to you all to join heart and hand with me to save this Union. [Cries of we will do it! and cheers for the Union and for Clay.] Now you do not like our southern institution of slavery. That is right enough for you, and if I lived amongst you I would not only not own a slave, but I would not have a NEGRO amongst us. But we have them in our midst and we cannot help it. We appeal to you to let us stay where we are until Providence in his wisdom shall send that we too may say—there are no slaves amongst us. I thank you kindly for the attention with which you have listened to me. (Cries of go on.) My voice is not strong enough for further speaking, and you must excuse me. If I could speak to you in trumpet tones, I would tell you preserve the Union and the Constitution. I have done.

Mr. Clay retired amid a shower of bouquets, and the almost deafening plaudits of the crowded assemblage.

A Live Snake in a Live Man.

A gentleman, whose name we did not learn, says the San Francisco Golden Eagle, arrived in this city from Bird's Hill, for the purpose of procuring surgical advice in relation to the possibility of removing from the stomach a large snake, which has inhabited that locality for past fifteen years. Exactly at what time the reptile was taken into the stomach the sufferer is not aware. He felt its presence in the vicinity of the kidneys many years ago; but the pains experienced, although sometimes acute

and troublesome, occasioned no alarm until about two years since, when, one day feeling quite unwell, he placed his hand upon his bowels, and distinctly felt the snake crawling within him.

Since then it has grown enormously, and has attained a length of at least fifteen inches, and a size round the middle of five or six inches. Its proportions can be pretty accurately ascertained, as its entire shape is fearfully obvious to the touch. It is quite active, and possesses an insatiable appetite, judging from the amount of food and water consumed by the sufferer, who is continually parched with thirst, and who frequently requires from three to four gallons of fluid daily. Through the recommendation of an Indian, he has lately found considerable relief from the incessant thirst by drinking water liberally diffused with vinegar.

He has made several ineffectual attempts to dislodge the "varmint" by starvation and the free use of stimulants. On one occasion he abstained from both food and water for three days, in the hope of bringing the occupant to some sort of terms. The first day, the snake became uneasy; the second, boisterous; and the third, furious; but still the man held out. At the end of the third day, however, his snake-ship commenced an attack upon the walls of his prison, with what appeared to be a tolerable full set of teeth, and the result was an immediate supply of food more agreeable to both parties.

As may be supposed, the man is reduced to a perfect skeleton, under the extreme torture of mind and body, and upon him night and day, but he does not despair of finding a surgeon in the city sufficiently skillful to make an incision in the abdomen and remove the reptile.—We have read of similar cases; but this is the first that ever came under our own observation—and we hope it may be the last, for we have felt "all overish" ever since.

THE RESULT.

Three days ago, the united opposition forces of Fillmore Americans, Johnston Americans, Free Soilers and Abolitionists were confident of carrying the Fusion State Ticket by a majority of twenty thousand. Every possible element of hostility to the Democratic party was engaged in the contest. Money was lavished profusely. A portion of the German press was enlisted in the cause, for the purpose of seducing adopted citizens into the support of candidates who had sworn to proscribe them. Pamphlets were circulated, appealing to Catholics to support the iniquitous combination in some localities; and in other localities speeches and presses denounced Popery in the oft-repeated Know Nothing vulgarity of 1854. But, discordant as were the elements, they for a day suspended their fury against each other, and gave it all full vent against the Democracy. All with one accord voted the fusion ticket throughout the State, and all alike contributed time, money and labor in the desperate attempt to overthrow the Democratic party. Every inch of ground in the State was fought as it had never been fought before. It was literally flooded with Sumner's speeches; and the Massachusetts Senator was kept on the mountains to excite sympathy, while lying reports were circulated about his critical condition. A dozen speakers were brought from Kansas to scatter over the State their wholesale fabrications. All the aid that the emigrant societies ever gave the Territory was promptly repaid by the returned emigrants.—In every township in the State the spectacle of bleeding Kansas was held up before attentive crowds, by pretended eye witnesses of border outrages. But New York bled as well as Kansas, and money was liberally supplied to pay speakers and defray the other expenses of the attempt to revolutionize Pennsylvania. The press of the opposition, which was numerically strong, was made still stronger by bribery, and journals under the guise of neutrality took up the cry of the disunion fanatics and published as true every manufactured rumor of the sufferings of free State men in the west.

Formidable as these efforts appeared, they were rendered still more fearful by the notorious fact, that some ministers of the gospel forgot their sacred calling, and desecrated the pulpit by exhorting their congregations in terms that could not be misunderstood, to vote with the opponents of the present administration, and that of the Democratic party. Never in the history of that party has there been such a seemingly powerful combination arrayed against it. Never was resort made to such extraordinary exertions as have been made to defeat James Buchanan, the statesman, the pure minded patriot and benevolent man, in his native State.

Against these desperate means—against these combinations of fanatical factions—against the union of sectionalism and religious intolerance—against the reckless machinations of political tricksters, there was still something to sustain the cause which was thus so desperately assailed. With a firm reliance in the omnipotence of truth, our forces took the field. We wish our limits would permit us to notice in detail the names of the gallant orators from other States who kindly volunteered to aid the Democrats of Pennsylvania in their struggle. But the result is not to be attributed to them alone. We had thousands of active working men in the State who, each in his own ward or township, rendered efficient service. We had hundreds of speakers on our own soil who gave up for a time their business and their private interests, to take an active part in the defence of the constitution against the disunion elements which threatened it. There was a high-toned Democratic press that never ceased its efforts in behalf of the Union, the truth, and the right.—But, more than all, there was among the honest conservative masses of the people a deeply seated veneration for the institutions which our fathers founded, and a consciousness of the danger which threatened the country from the insane efforts of a sectional party. The result