

# LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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born Hames, at equally low prices.  
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F. G. FRANCISCUS.

SINGLE Pullies for unloading hay forks,  
at 90 cts each. Ropes of all kinds and  
best at reduced prices, for sale by  
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

From *Author's Home Magazine* for July.  
BY MRS. P. P. BONNEY.

**Lemon Pie.**—One lemon, one spoonful  
of flour, three spoonfuls of sugar, a little  
butter and salt. Grate off the yellow out-  
side peel to flavor your pie; then pare away  
the white skin, which is apt to be bitter,  
and slice the pulp into a plate lined with  
paste. Dissolve the flour, and other in-  
gredients, in water enough to fill the paste,  
then cover with another. This is an ex-  
cellent pie, the lemon being a good substi-  
tute for apple.

**Another Lemon Pie.**—One tablespoon-  
ful of melted butter, one egg, a small ta-  
blespoonful of flour, a little salt, and sugar  
to your taste. Grate off the outside peel,  
squeeze out the juice, and add to the beaten  
egg and sugar; then pour in, carefully,  
boiling water enough to fill your paste.  
This pie has no top crust.

**Another Lemon Pie.**—Grate off the out-  
side peel, then pare off the white part and  
throw it away. Slice the pulp and lay it  
into your plate lined with paste. Make a  
custard with one egg; a little salt and su-  
gar to your taste—all lemon pies require a  
good deal—pour it over the sliced lemon,  
then cover with a top crust.

**A Lemon Pudding Pie.**—To bake in a  
deep plate. The grated rind and juice of  
one lemon; sugar to your taste; one egg  
and a little flour, or grated cracker, a glass  
of currant wine, and two large, fair apples,  
pared and grated; a halfspoonful of butter  
and a pint of milk. Boil the milk and  
butter together and let it cool. Beat up  
the eggs and sugar, and add them—do not  
add the wine and lemon until the moment  
before you set your pie in the oven, as it  
will curdle the milk.

These pies are all good, and do not taste  
in the least alike.

**Whips.**—Take a pint of rather thin  
cream, sweeten it quite sweet; then add a  
large glass of wine, and a tablespoonful of  
extract of lemon. Good currant wine is  
quite as good as any other. Let this stand  
in a cool place until you have cut the whites  
of three or four eggs to a stiff froth; then  
add these to the cream, stirring rapidly as  
you do so, and fill your glasses at once.  
These whips are delicious, much nicer than  
those made of whisked cream alone, and can  
be made in ten minutes.

**For a Desert.**—Line a large dish with  
thin pieces of sponge, or any other cake,  
spread quite thick with jelly or marmalade  
of any kind. Prepare your cream and  
eggs—half the quantity will be sufficient,  
as for the whips described above—and fill  
your dish with it. This is a delicious des-  
sert, and can be made so quickly that it is  
a convenient resort when you wish to add  
to your dinner or tea for an unexpected  
guest.

**For a Desert.**—Line a large dish with  
pieces of cake of any kind; then fill it with  
nice boiled custard. With the whites of  
two or more eggs make an icing and pour  
over the top. In making an icing always  
beat your eggs while adding the sugar, a  
little at a time, and the longer you beat  
your icing after the sugar is in it, the nicer  
it will be.

## MORAL & RELIGIOUS

**Profane Swearing.**—It is not generally  
known that the Revised Penal code, passed  
last winter, makes all persons who speak  
loosely or profanely of God, Christ, the  
Holy Spirit, or the Bible, liable to an in-  
dictment for blasphemy, the penalty for  
which is a fine not exceeding one hundred  
dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding  
three months, or both, at the discretion of  
the court. Persons in the habit of swear-  
ing had better be careful, as no officer who  
regards his oath of office can avoid return-  
ing to Court all persons who are guilty of  
the offence as above specified.

## Science in Nature.

It is a remarkable and very instructive  
fact, that many of the most important op-  
erations of nature are carried on in unbro-  
ken silence. There is no rushing sound  
when the proud tide of sunlight breaks on  
a dark world, and floods it with glory, as  
one bright wave after another falls from  
the fountain, millions of miles away.  
There is no creaking of heavy axles or  
groning of cumbersome machinery, as the  
solid earth wheels on its way, and every  
planet and system performs its revolutions.  
The great trees bring forth their boughs  
and shadow the earth beneath them—the  
plants cover themselves with buds, and the  
buds burst into flowers, but the whole  
transaction is unheard. The change from  
snow and winter winds to the blossoms and  
fruit and sunshine of summer, is seen in  
slow development, but there is scarcely a  
sound to tell of the mighty transformation.  
The solemn chant of the ocean, as it raises  
its unchanged and unceasing voice, the  
roar of the hurricane, and the soft notes  
of the breeze, the rushing of the moun-

tain river, and the thunder of the black-  
browed storm; all this is the music of na-  
ture—a great and swelling anthem of  
praise, breaking in on the universal calu-  
There is a lesson for us here. The might-  
est worker in the universe is the most unob-  
trusive.

## Happy Women.

A happy woman! is not she not the very  
sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman  
who is happy because she can't help it—  
whose smiles even the coldest sprinkling of  
misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a  
terrible mistake when they marry for beau-  
ty, or for talent, or for style; the sweet-  
est wives are those who possess the magic  
secret of being contented under every cir-  
cumstance. Rich or poor, high or low, it  
makes no difference; the bright little foun-  
tain of joy bubbles up just as musically in  
the hearts. Do they live in a log cabin? the  
firelight that leaps on its humble hearth  
becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers  
in an Aladdin palace! Do they eat  
brown bread and drink cold water from the  
well? it affords them more solid satisfac-  
tion than the millionaire's *paie de foie gras*  
and iced champagne. Nothing ever goes  
wrong with them—no trouble is too serious  
for them to 'make the best of it.' Was  
ever stream of calamity so dark and deep  
that the sunlight of a happy face, falling  
on its turbid tide, would not wake an  
answering gleam? Why, these joyous tem-  
pered people don't know half the good they  
do. No matter how cross and savage you  
feel, Mr. Grumbler—no matter if your  
brain is packed full of meditations or 'af-  
flicting dispensations,' and your stomach  
with medicines, pills, and tonics, just set  
one of these cherry little women talking  
to you, and we are not afraid to wager any-  
thing she can cure you. The long drawn  
lines about the mouth will relax—the cloud  
settled gloom will vanish, nobody knows  
when, and the first thing you know, you'll  
be laughing—yes, positively laughing!  
Why? That is another thing; we can no  
more tell why than we can tell why you  
smile voluntarily to listen to the first blue  
bird of the season, among the maple blos-  
soms, or to meet a knot of yellow-eyed dan-  
dions in the crack of a city paving stone.  
We only know that it is so.

Oh, these happy women! how often their  
slender shoulders bear the weight of bur-  
dens that would smite man to the ground!  
how often the little hands guided the pon-  
derous machinery of life with an almost  
invisible touch! how we looked forward,  
through a weary day, to their fire side  
smiles! how often their cheerful eyes set  
*couleur de rose* where we only behold thun-  
der-charged clouds! No one knows—no  
one ever will know, until the day of judg-  
ment, how much we owe to these helpful,  
uncomplaining women!

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
**THE LUCKY PREDICTION.**  
BY CAROLINE R. PRESTON.

John Wyman was over head and ears in  
love with Annie Grafton—an attachment  
which Annie was not unwilling to receive.  
So far, everything seemed prosperous and  
plain sailing, but—my dear reader, did you  
ever know a more detestable conjunction  
than that but? Well the but in this par-  
ticular case was that the widow Grafton,  
who sustained the maternal relation to An-  
nie, had a very decided objection to John as  
a son-in-law. Not that she disliked the  
young man. She admitted that he was  
steady, goodlooking, of an amiable dispo-  
sition, and all that—but he was poor. He  
learned the trade of a carpenter, and  
though he made fair wages, had thus far  
been called upon to support two sisters,  
both of whom are now married and off his  
hands, and consequently he had not been  
able to lay up more than two hundred  
dollars or so.

Mrs. Grafton, on the contrary, was the  
owner of a valuable farm, and some money  
in the bank, altogether no less than two  
thousand dollars. This, in a country town,  
entitled her to one of the foremost places  
among the village aristocracy, and as An-  
nie was her only daughter, and would in-  
herit all the property eventually, she felt  
that it would be a decided misalliance for  
her to marry any other than a rich man,  
or, if not rich, a member of one of the  
learned professions.

So when John Wyman ventured to  
broach the subject to her, she said, not un-  
kindly, but still very firmly, 'No Mr. Wy-  
man, I cannot give my consent.'  
'Have you heard anything against my  
character?' asked John in a tone of great  
disappointment.  
'Not at all,' said Mrs. Grafton. 'I be-  
lieve you to be a very correct and estimable  
young man, but Annie is entitled to look  
higher.'

That is what Mrs. Grafton said, in sub-  
stance, in response to every appeal the  
young man made, and he was finally obliged  
to retire from the conference in despair.  
But when man's wisdom fails, woman's  
wit often steps in and avails much.

When Annie heard from her lover the  
report of his conference, she leaned her  
head on her dimpled hand and said with a  
smile:  
'We won't give up.'

'What! do you really think you can  
bring your mother round?' said John  
eagerly.

'I have strong hopes. I know my moth-  
er better than you do, John, and I can ar-  
range some way or other to manage her.  
I don't exactly see how, yet, but I'll set  
myself a thinking, and I guess something  
or other will turn up.'

'But if there shouldn't, Annie, do you  
think it right that that should separate us?  
Won't you promise to be mine at any  
rate.'

'No, John, I won't promise to do that.  
I should not want to leave my mother  
alone.'

'Then I'm afraid,' said John, despond-  
ingly, 'that there is no hope for us.'  
'Fie, John, do you mistrust my power,'  
said Annie, shaking her head at him—  
'If that's the case, I've a great mind to  
say I won't marry you, even if my mother  
does consent.'

'Anything but that, Annie, but you  
know when your mother once gets her  
mind made up about anything, she isn't  
apt to give up very easy.'

'I know that my mother has some  
strong points of character, and it is on one  
of these that I rely for success. I won't  
tell you anything about it just yet, but I'll  
let you know before it comes off.'

With this agreement the two separated  
—John not knowing where to hope or de-  
spond, but he felt that if ever Annie be-  
came his wife it must be through the re-  
sult of her stratagem.

It was, perhaps, a week after the con-  
versation detailed above. Annie had tak-  
en her mother's decision quite calmly,  
much to that lady's satisfaction, for she  
loved her daughter, and would have been  
pained to see her grieve.

This particular morning Annie was un-  
accountably careless. She managed to  
break a pane of glass in the sitting-room,  
without the slightest apparent necessity of  
so doing. As it was a cold day in Novem-  
ber, and this was the room where they usu-  
ally sat, it was a matter which must be  
remedied at once.

'There, we shall have to send for Mr.  
Wyman to come and put in a new pane,'  
said her mother.

'I have got an errand down in the vil-  
lage,' said Annie, demurely—'I will call  
and tell him to come up.'

'You had better do so,' said her mother,  
'and tell him to make haste. Ugh! we  
shall catch our deaths of cold if it isn't  
put in at once.'

'Yes, mother,' said Annie.

'I declare, I don't see how you came to  
do it,' continued her mother.

'I suppose I must have been very care-  
less,' said Annie penitently.

'Well, what's done can't be undone, and  
I suppose we must expect such things to  
happen once in a while.'

Meanwhile Annie was putting on her  
bonnet and shawl, and at once bent her  
steps to John Wyman's shop.

He was planning a board when she en-  
tered. He looked up with an air of glad  
surprise.

Annie explained her errand, and like-  
wise added a few words, the purport of  
which our readers will learn in due time.  
In about twenty minutes Mrs. Grafton saw  
John advancing up the gravelled walk that  
led to the door.

'Your daughter left word,' said he, 'that  
you've got a job in my line this morning.'  
'Yes,' said Mrs. Grafton, 'and I'm glad  
you've come so promptly. It isn't very  
comfortable in this cold weather to have a  
broken pane.'

'Whereabouts is it?' said John in a  
matter of fact way.

'In the sitting room. Walk right in  
there.'

Mrs. Grafton did not fail to observe that  
Annie did not come home with her late  
lover, as she feared she might, and in her  
heart she commended her daughter's pru-  
dence.

'I am glad she knows what is good for  
her,' thought Mrs. Grafton. 'I hope in  
time to secure a lawyer for a son-in-law;  
they usually pick out lawyers for political  
officers, and I should really like to be the  
mother-in-law of a politician.'

The good lady went back to her knitting  
work while Wyman, with a business like  
air, proceeded to his work. He had nearly  
finished the job, which by the way seemed  
to take him longer than usual, when a  
knock at the door caused Mrs. Grafton to  
put down her knitting work and answer  
the summons.

She started back in surprise at the ap-  
pearance which presented itself.

It was apparently a venerable crone  
nearly bent double, attired in an old plaid  
cloak, and leaning for support on a rough  
stick.

'Good morning,' said the visitor, in a  
cracked voice.

'Good morning,' said Mrs. Grafton, men-  
tally deciding that she was an applicant for  
charity.

'Would you like your fortune told, my  
worthy madam?' inquired the crone in a  
quivering voice.

'Are you a fortune teller?' asked Mrs.  
Grafton, wonderingly.

'Yes, madam, I can read the secret of  
the stars, and from their mystic depths  
trace out their wondrous secrets. Thou

wouldst know of the past, present or fu-  
ture.'

Now Mrs. Grafton had in her nature a  
large portion of superstitious credulity, and  
she listened with no little awe to those  
words of the crone.

'How much is your charge?' she asked.

'Twenty-five cents,' was the reply.

'Can you tell me the past?'

'Yes, madam.'

'Very well: what is my husband's  
name?'

'It was Ebenezer. But your husband is  
no longer living.'

'You are right,' said Mrs. Grafton quite  
impressed with the correctness of the reply.  
'Can you tell me how long ago he died?'

'Three years since.'

'On what day?'

'The day before Christmas.'

'This is wonderful,' said Mrs. Grafton  
to herself. 'Can you tell me how many  
children I have?'

'You have had two, but only one is liv-  
ing.'

'Is that male or female?'

'It is a girl.'

'How marvelous,' thought Mrs. Grafton.  
'I wish Annie was here: I should like to  
hear what she would say about her.'

But Annie did not seem likely to make  
her appearance.

At this moment John Wyman came to  
the door.

'Will this young man have his fortune  
told?' inquired the crone.

'Yes,' said the young man.

'What would you know—the past or the  
future?'

'The future by all means, my good la-  
dy.'

'Propound your questions.'

'Shall I be rich?'

The old crone took his hand in hers, and  
examined it attentively.

'Riches await you,' she said, after a con-  
siderable pause.

'Well that's agreeable,' said the young  
man. 'Shall I become in any way distin-  
guished?'

Again attentive examination, and the  
crone started in apparent agitation.

'Young man,' said she, 'you will be-  
come President.'

'Is it possible?' exclaimed both Mrs.  
Grafton and John, in chorus.

'Rely upon my word,' she said, shaking  
her head solemnly.

'Come,' said John gaily, 'she deserves  
to be well paid. Here is twice your fee.'

'I cannot accept it,' she said; 'I never  
take more than my fixed rate.'

This more than anything else, convin-  
ced Mrs. Grafton of her predictions.

After the old crone was gone, Mrs.  
Grafton seemed plunged in a brown study  
for some time.

At last she said; 'John Wyman, I have  
considered the matter which you spoke of  
the other day, and if you still desire to  
marry Annie, and she is willing, you have  
my consent.'

It is needless to say that John Wyman  
very warmly protested that he was of the  
same mind. That day a month they were  
married, and John took charge of his  
mother-in-law's farm.

P. S.—As the reader may be anxious to  
know whether the prediction has been ver-  
ified, I will say that John Wyman is now  
President of the B— bank. As to the old  
crone, she has not been seen since.  
But I shrewdly suspect that Mr. and Mrs.  
Wyman know something about her.

**An Interesting Meeting.**—Among the  
rescued from the slave bark wildfire at Key  
West, are a middle aged woman and three  
children. She seemed quiet and subdued  
in manner, and excited no special attention,  
other than that she had part of her family  
with her. Her great hope was to meet the  
others from whom fate had separated her.  
On the landing of the William's cargo, she,  
with the others of the first arrival, peeped  
through the fence which separated the new  
comers from the old. Quick maternal in-  
stinct discovered one, two, three and four  
among the crowd who she claimed as her  
daughters. She gave vent to her joy in the  
loud language of song, and the children  
hearing the familiar air of home, caught  
sight of the singer, in whom they found  
their lost mother. The meeting was one of  
tumultuous joy; shouts arose from three  
hundred voices for the gladness of a sim-  
ple mother, and with her four daughters  
entwined in each other's arms, the mother  
took them with her, to meet the long sepa-  
rated, of whose fate each party was in ut-  
ter ignorance.

**Tenacity of a Death Grip.**—The body  
of the boy Smith, who, with his brother,  
was drowned at Albany on Sunday, was re-  
covered opposite this city yesterday—six  
miles up stream. As some men employed  
on board of one of the tow-boats were en-  
gaged hauling up the hawser the body of  
the little fellow was found both hands  
clinging to the rope with all the tenacity  
that has ever been ascribed to the death  
grip. It is supposed that as he was sink-  
ing he grasped the rope, but was too far  
gone to pull himself up to the surface. By  
this grasp the corpse was fastened to the  
rope for forty-eight hours, and its tenacity  
was so great that even the very strong cur-  
rent necessarily met with in dragging the  
body six miles up stream had not force  
enough to loosen it.—*Troy Times*, June 6.

Address of the People's State Central  
Committee.

To the People of Pennsylvania:  
We are about to enter another great na-  
tional struggle, the issue of which must tell  
decisively for the weal or woe of our coun-  
try.

The so-called Democratic party has been  
in power for nearly eight years, and the fruits  
of its policy are now felt in prostrate indus-  
try, a paralyzed commerce, a bankrupt Treas-  
ury, and a large and steadily increasing Na-  
tional Debt.

The domestic peace and harmony that wit-  
nessed the restoration of the party now in  
power, have been wantonly exchanged for  
sectional discord and fraternal strife, and  
even the sacred landmarks of the constitution  
have been blotted out, in the systematic ef-  
fort of the Government to spread the blight  
of Slavery over free territory, in defiance of  
the popular will.

Corruption has gained undisputed mastery  
in almost every department of power, and  
stamped its fearful stain indelibly upon the  
Government; and shameless profligacy has  
given us national bankruptcy at home and na-  
tional dishonor abroad.

The time has come when a thorough re-  
form is unmistakably demanded by the Peo-  
ple.

In this great work Pennsylvania must, as  
ever, be potential. Always loyal in the last  
degree to the maintenance of the National  
Union and to compromise of the Constitution,  
and faithful to the supremacy of the laws,  
her people have no warfare to wage upon the  
rights of sister States. They will maintain  
these rights inviolate with the same fidelity  
that they defend their own.

Our Free Labor is the basis of all our  
wealth, our prosperity, our greatness. It  
has trusted and appealed in vain to the party  
in power to protect it. Its confidence has  
been ever betrayed, its interests ever sacrific-  
ed. Our untold millions of slumbering  
wealth and unemployed and unrequited labor  
are swift witnesses to the suicidal policy that  
has impoverished us.

The studied purpose of the National Ad-  
ministration has been to sectionalize the Gov-  
ernment, and give boundless dominion to a  
system that has dishonored and beggared  
Free Industry wherever its desolating steps  
have gone.

Against this fatal sectionalism, the friends  
of a diversified and prosperous industry have  
protested without avail. Nothing but a rad-  
ical change of administration can give rea-  
sonable promise of respect for the great in-  
dustrial interests of our State, and redress  
for the endless train of evils flowing from the  
faithlessness of the Government.

The Territories of the Great West team  
with beauty and richness. There, with free  
homes, our sturdy sons would rear new em-  
pires to pour forth their boundless wealth  
and add to the prosperity and true greatness  
of our boasted Republic. They have escap-  
ed the withering blight of servile labor thus  
far only by defying the whole power of two  
Democratic Administrations, and leaving a  
history crimsoned with the blood of our breth-  
ren.

Failing to subdue, even by force, the strong  
arms that are there scattering the rich fruits  
of peace and enlightened industry, the Con-  
stitution itself has been sectionalized, and its  
sacred aim perverted, to sectionalize the nation.  
The startling declaration is now made by the  
party in power, through its official exponents,  
that the Constitution must defend the wisest  
beneficent purposes of its authors, and carry  
servile labor under its own broad shield, in-  
to every Territory of the Union.

To restore the Government to its original  
purity; to redeem it from its fatal hostility to  
the interests of Free Labor; from the corrup-  
tion, the profligacy, and the sectionalism  
which have marked the party in power, are  
the great purposes of the People's organiza-  
tion in Pennsylvania. To this patriotic end,  
we invoke the aid and cooperation of all who  
desire to join in a common cause, to inaugu-  
rate a liberal, just and faithful Government!

Our standard-bearers fitly represent the vi-  
tal issues involved in the struggle. They  
command the unbounded confidence of friends  
and the respect of foes. Even the partisan  
Abraham Lincoln, the nominee for President  
is spotless in both public and private life,  
and that he is as "honest and capable"