

UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN AND J. R. CORNELIUS.
At \$1.50 per year, always in Advance.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1860.

"THE UNION," established in 1814—Whole No., 2,446.
"CHRONICLE," established in 1813—Whole No., 867.

Union County Star & Lewisburg Chronicle
An Independent Family Journal,
Published at Lewisburg, Union County, Penna.
TERMS:—\$1.50 per year in Advance.
Advertisements:—For one square, first insertion, 10 cents; for each subsequent insertion, 5 cents. For a full page, first insertion, 20 cents; for each subsequent insertion, 10 cents. For a column, first insertion, 30 cents; for each subsequent insertion, 15 cents. For a long advertisement, the price will be made to suit the advertiser. All advertisements must be paid for in Advance.
Subscription:—For one year, \$1.50 in Advance. For six months, \$1.00. For three months, \$0.50. Single copies, 5 cents.
The Proprietors:—O. N. Worden and J. R. Cornelius.
Printed and Published by J. R. Cornelius, at the Union County Star & Lewisburg Chronicle, Lewisburg, Pa.

of the Central, and Sanitary & Erie, Railway Companies, to enrich themselves by securing Legislation at the expense of the State Treasury—in other words, to take money from the pockets of the tax-payers—will try the integrity of our Legislators not only, but of Gov. Curtin ultimately, and strengthen or break down the party in this State for years to come. So a renewal of the Galpin or other speculations of the Federal officers, in Congress or out of it, would cast Pres. Lincoln speedily down from his present proud elevation in the hearts of his countrymen, and leave him at the mercy of his own and his country's enemies.

ECONOMY OF ADMINISTRATION IS DEMANDED. Our country is running a race in extravagance which to all reflecting men augurs ill for the permanence of our republican institutions. Our expenditures are startling in comparison, and are becoming a prolific cause of fraud in obtaining elections, and of profligacy when once seated in positions of power. Our new Governor and President could do nothing which would so much cheer the hearts of the non-office-seeking tax-payers, as by well-directed efforts to repress the tendency to gross and licentious appropriations of the public monies. A reduction of salaries and perquisites to moderate compensations, (making all stations more desirable for honor than for profit) would be hailed with delight as a substantial and most healthful reform.

Messrs. CURTIN and LINCOLN are men who from their boyhood up have been striving most manfully and perseveringly for the Right, but were almost invariably overborne and crushed down by adverse majorities in their respective districts. Their selection to inaugurate a grand change of affairs, was justly due their merits in this respect. The honor and reward thus accorded, they should imitate distributing the gifts and means of distinction in their hands. They who have borne the burden and heat of the day, through evil and good report, in prosperity and adversity, are most worthy of notice and reward. With creditable agents, wholesome measures, and due regard to the public wants, the present party ascendancy may be indefinitely prolonged, or it may be broken into fragments by the folly, weakness, or criminality of its officers.

ABLE AND INDUSTRIOUS men should be chosen for all positions—not party lawyers, not the men who can make the best speech, tell the richest story, drink the most wine, or shine brightest at the ball or social party—but men who have solid reputations to sustain, who will attend strictly to their own business, personally, and as vigilantly as a merchant oversees his goods, his clerks and his books. We have known Executives who were greatly injured by incompetent, unsuited, indolent men in their Departments, or representing them abroad.

From the outset to the close, expand and punish every defaulter, speculator in public funds or power, or trickster of any kind, under your control.

AND ANDY! in your hands is measurably the power to make or mar our party—to work for the weal or woe of the community—to make yourselves honored and blessed in the long years we hope are before you yet, or to be scorned and execrated in the esteem of the masses of your countrymen, as other men have been after holding the seats to which you are designated. For the sake of the honest, confiding, generous people of our common land, we say, "GOD SEND YOU A SAFE DELIVERANCE!"

The way the Electoral vote of New Jersey is divided, is this. The Bell, Brock and Doug. leaders "Fused" on a ticket of 7, having on it 2 Bell men, 2 Brock men, and 3 for Doug. But 2000 of 5000 Doug. men would not vote for a Bell or Brock man; they took up and voted for a full ticket which included the 3 Doug. men on the Fusion Ticket. These 3 Doug. men, and the 4 highest Lincoln men, are elected. Thus the Brock and Bellites conspired to cheat Lincoln and Douglas—but, as it turns out, these two get the whole vote of Jersey, and the wire-workers get none!

The corrupt, silly course of the Bell leaders in the Free States, not only killed the party there, but also lost them some Southern States. The Republicans hold the balance of power in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Missouri, and were disposed to vote for Bell, but seeing the Bellites at the North playing into the hands of the Slave Democracy, most of them either voted for Lincoln, or not at all, thereby losing Bell the States of Delaware and Maryland, if not Virginia and Missouri. Bell should have carried every Southern State—Lincoln every Northern.

The few counties in Pennsylvania which voted "Fusion," boast of being "true to the Constitution and the Union," and are friends of Breckinridge. Yet, mark you, the leading foes of the Constitution and the Union at the South, are Breckinridgers—South Carolina tolerating no other party in the State! The North and Southern Brecks, then, are "wide as the polls asunder!"

To Our Old Editorial Pine Table.

BY EARLY CONVENTIONS.
Of the plain farmers' children, whose parents twenty-five to thirty-five years ago led them up here to the house of God, let me notice a few, to illustrate how diverse now are their pursuits, and how they are scattered in life. Mrs. S. K. B. was the pride of the neighborhood for her intellectual and social qualities; she has long been the admired wife of a Missionary printer and preacher in Bahmah, and her grand children are among us. Her oldest brother was lately a Member of the N. Y. Assembly—another is a preacher—and some others are doctors or lawyers. Just opposite that hive, is S. S., also late a Legislator for New York—his next brother died one of the most promising lawyers in California—and the two younger are prominent physicians, one an editor, in New York City. W. S. furnished a lawyer for one Western State, a popular sheriff and landlord for another, and a number of thriving farmers, &c., for the western part of this State. W. B. Jr., son of our honored blacksmith, represented Catawagous county in the Capitol at Albany, at the same time with the son of another of our neighbors, Mr. V. A., also now from the same county. Several of the W-r family were printers—one an early partner with Greeley. A son of Dea. A. S. was recently a leading member of the Michigan Legislature—another is a rising member of the Bar in G. Ham. R. B. was a pioneer Legislator for Michigan. M. S. W., a National Senator from Minnesota, says one of his exalted enjoyments was the seven mile ride with his father to the meeting on (now) Taorm Hill. These I recall, while writing, of those whose success in public life was not owing to wealth, to finished education, or to influential friends. They all had a pious father or mother, or both, and received sound training in the school of New England morals—for nearly every early settler here was of pure Yankee origin. Schools and chapels—the cultivation of the mind and the soul—were prime objects with the men and women of that day; and these prominent citizens may be more indebted, for the sterling qualities which distinguish them, to the preaching and various religious influences of their childhood, than they are themselves aware of. New England has never sent out a better generation than her first and noblest offspring in Central New York. Coming fresh from the fires of the Revolution, these descendants of the Pilgrims were strong in the Scriptures, studied thoroughly every question in politics and morals, and sought to be just with Man and with God. We had living among us active participants in the struggles of '76—men and women who loved to talk about the "old Revolutionary War," and never tired "fighting their battles over again." Their descendants are mostly Republicans, and do honor to an honored ancestry.

It seems that I am not the only one who has left this goodly land. For four miles on the south side of our main road, I found but one person living in the same place as in my boyhood, and other streets were almost as much changed. Some have gained in goods by a removal—others have lost—on the whole this restless, wandering disposition of our people I believe is injurious to the best influences. It was pleasant to hear of the absent—to make a brief call "on those at their old homes, and wish a more extended renewal of acquaintance with more leisure time.

THE GRAVE-YARD
Is located in the rear of the church and school houses, and has been the "God's Acre" for many families for perhaps fifty years. The history of every tombstone, if not of every grave, was formerly familiar to me, and I wandered as unconcerned in that yard, or in the meeting-house, in daylight or dark, as in the kitchen at home. But a silly hired girl once so alarmed the children with stories of ghosts and hobgoblins around graves and church-yards, that our eyes and ears acquired unauthorised keenness, wonderfully accelerating fleetness and diminishing weight when compelled to pass near those places—so that, even now, we have to confess that often, when ghost exposed, "she spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." What an evil to terrify the young with such delusions!

First of all here I seek my cherub sister's little tombstone—then pass from row to row, and the pulse quickens, or the heart sinks, as I read the name of a venerable man or woman, or a young friend, "lost to sight, to memory dear." The old and the young, those to me known and unknown, here sleep in solemn silence together. Probably 30 or 40 there buried, were born before the War of Independence commenced; some I knew were Revolutionary Pensioners, and for their birth-date doubtless others were. "Mute, inglorious Milton here may rest—heart's once pregnant with celestial fire, but by fortune unfavored they left no name to be long remembered. Two cherished pastors, worthy deacons and their as worthy wives, and private members, are here united in death, perhaps better than they were in imperfect life. "They sleep in Jesus, and are blessed—How kind their number here!"

ward, and was lost sight of. Aunt B. yet lives to entertain the neighborhood with news—uncle K still peddles, although nearly 90 years old, and anxious for election day that he may vote for Liberty and Lincoln—good old souls! who could have thought they would be spared so long, and the young be taken!

ONE'S EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS
Are often matters of thought and of remark. We may mistake or utterly forget the time, place or person of a marked event, while some unimportant fragment of it may be forever lodged in the mind. One "little haver" of four years, playing with a table fork, accidentally ran one eye into his right eye, spoiling his sight; but all he recollects of it is, sitting in a small chair in "the west entry," surrounded by a number of people, of whom the most important (the Doctor) is not at all remembered, but the comical looks of Uncle K (who happened in, it being Sabbath morning, on his way to meeting) is fresh in view; the pain, the medicine (if any) and the covering and confinement, are all forgotten, but the white cup which some one held to cool and wet the eye. So, too, all he recollects of tearing down a huge chimney in the centre of the house, was the fact that a big fat rat jumped from the ruins, and ran for dear life across the street, almost escaping the men, boys, dogs and cats, pursuing in "unequal combat" whether he fell: the rat is remembered, but not the men or any other boy than this dependent. Nor can he remember when he could not read "the Testament," nor when prayers were not daily offered in his behalf at the family altar. It is a plain, honest-looking house—that earliest, dearest home, to which its present owners (married nearly forty years ago by my father) gave me "the freedom." Slept one night under its roof again—the sun arose exactly in the east, as it has never seemed to do elsewhere—but wanted in vain for the call, "My son, it's time to get up," from either of the two once familiar voices, now hushed in death. Our chambers remain much as they were—all below was renewed if not improved. (Timely is my visit, now, as the "old part" is under sentence of removal.) A thousand reminiscences crowded one after another as I passed from room to room, from chambers to cellar. Here were born my three sisters—here, sickness and sorrows alternated with health, and happiness was enjoyed that shall cheer to the last day of time—here the youngest of the flock, who came in the declining years of her parents, to make glad the house with her smiles and just-melancholy prattle, was smitten with "the scarlet" scourge, and died, her last looks divided between some toy I had sent, and the mother who bore her. There is yet the very well which supplied such delicious cool water; I tried it again and again, and the "old caken bucket" might pass for our own. Shade trees, smoke house, and some division fences remain life-like, and the barn and other out-buildings should all know me, for I "knew them well." Ate for the first time of the fruit of pear and apple trees which thirty years ago I helped to plant—(think of that, reader!) and set out something good, every year—currants from the same bushes, ripe, rich, abundant—but found hardly a remnant of our plum or cherry stocks. We had from mammoth trees, every year without fail, an abundance of the best rare-ripe peaches that ever melted upon the tongue of memory; all are gone—only one stunted specimen upon the premises, and that is barren. Sought out every field-shade-tree or its place, on our little farm—walked over lessening hills and higher hollows—traced the drain we dug to transform a bog into a meadow—found some of the street-maples standing; others are gone—picked out, again, trees in the decaying apple orchard, and enjoyed them—looked into the covered well where we watered cattle, by the little corner lot from which white, mealy potatoes were extracted, half a bushel to the hill—searched in vain for division lines which have become obliterated by the enlargement of farms, and for the huge, obstinate stumps around whose snaggy roots we plowed and hoed, and tried to exterminate by burning, but which only rotted away when they got ready—re-clothed the fields which were in woods when we hunted for leeks, ginseng, berries, mantrakes and squirrels—rummaged about the many heaps of apples, stones, and potatoes, we had helped pick up here or there—the hoeing, haying, and full-hay-mowing on hot days, and corn husking and wood chopping on cold days. Pushing back into the farthest fields, came upon the water brooks where my predecessor self used to dabble, and call it "swimming"—purling, nestling, little streams, wherein now I could hardly cover up. The land is cleared to the very verge of the long-to-see "Pitch-Oil," where three steep hills come to a point, and before the two highest is a perpendicular ledge of slaty rock, seventy feet deep—and on below is the dark, cool, still vale, a most delightful retreat for such a day as this. The stream of over-flowing water is usually small, unless a dam be raised, as some considerate patriot-philanthropist had done for me: I opened it, enjoyed all alone the "roaring cataract," and "set the trap" for the next comer. It is stated that somebody at one time bored here for salt, commencing at the top of the ledge instead of the bottom—not a very economical procedure, one would suppose, whatever may have been the geological persuasions of a saline issue not yet realized. But—had not time to visit the modest little flour-mill, deprecatingly styled the "Pudding Mill," nor to go down the steep hill to Marietta, where I so often rode on the old mare with a grist, and had good times fishing while waiting for my not-in-any-hurry turn at the mill.

THE LITTLE LION TAMER.
The lion-heart, of which we are going to write, beat in the breast of no shaggy monster, roaming the jungle of his native India; nor yet of a captive couchant in his cage. His victorious conqueror was no Van Amburg, dressed like a gladiator, who by alternate feeding and whipping, brought him under control. This stout heart beat wilfully in the breast of a young boy whom we shall call Harry. He was ready for any sport; no matter what noise, or trouble, or danger attended it. Hunting, fishing, swimming, climbing, riding—anything that mortal boy could conceive of, he was engaged in. Without being really what we would call "vicious," he was a great anxiety to his parents. They feared he might annoy some neighbor, injure, in his rough and tumble games, some companion, or be brought home to them maimed or killed. He was terribly mischievous and thoughtless; pumping in his Sunday hat and drinking therefrom, leaving his school books on the roadside while he played ball, and forgetting where they were till they were ruined, and carrying matches, firecrackers and fish-hooks in his pockets, the contents of which would, for variety, have outdone Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop." What was ever to be done with this boisterous fellow, none of the household could foresee. This was master Harry, as he was, three months ago; to-day he is another boy, tamed down to the gentleness of a very lamb, moving quietly about the house, waiting on grandma, leaving the kitchen to those who belong there, and hovering morn and night about a certain chamber-door. What wrought the change? Who tamed the lion?

One afternoon, our noisy hero came home from an expedition which had brought more weariness than fish. Poles, hooks, lines, worms and mud were all deposited on the newly scrubbed kitchen floor, and he shouting as usual, "I'm hungry, I'm tired! Is't tea almost ready?" Usually, his answer would have been a threat, "I'll tell your mother, sir;" but now Bridget looked wonderfully amiable, as she said, "Ye can't guess what we's have got?"

"What?" asked Harry.
"A baby!"
"Whose is it?"
"Our own, intirely."
"I don't believe you!"
"Ask yer grandmum, in yonder."
"Grandmum," shouted Harry, "have we got a baby of our own?"
"Yes, we have a sweet little sister!" replied the old lady, coming into the kitchen.

"Is it our own, to keep for ever?"
"To keep as long as God pleases, my dear boy. He sent it to us and He can take it away, if we are not thankful."
"I'm afraid it will die!" cried Harry, looking alarmed. "Can I look at it, grandmum?"
"Yes, my dear, if you step very softly. It is a frail, delicate, little thing, which must be very tenderly nursed for some time. If you should handle it as you do the dog or cat, you would kill it in a moment."
"Why, grandmum?"

Babies were a class of the community with whom Harry had very little intercourse. He now brought out his slippers—their office was a sinecure, he never having time to wear them—washed his face and hands, brushed his hair, and then followed grandmum up stairs on tiptoe, a style of walking he had never tried before. He went into the chamber, and lying in the rocking-chair, was she whom we call "The Little Lion Tamer." Harry touched the velvet chair, lifted the tiny hands, and examined the wondrous frame. Tears filled his eyes as he kissed his mother, and said, "O mother, wasn't it kind in God to send it here; I do hope it won't die!" From that hour, he has been subdued; and if at any time the old boisterousness returns, a glance from those baby eyes, or a wail from the little lips, brings him back again to his new found gentleness. The silent influence of the helpless babe has done for Harry what neither the discipline of home nor the chastisements of school could ever accomplish.

Looking at him, I have asked myself, "Are there not men whose spirits might bow before gentleness, although they would yield to nothing else? May not the influence, sometimes, of a helpless woman, curb the will which never bends before man, nor yet, perchance, before the laws of the land? O, there is a mighty power in love; it is stronger than death."—Boston Watchman & Reflector.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

FELLOW CITIZENS: The revolutions of the year have again brought us to our annual festival of Thanksgiving to Almighty God. In no preceding year have we had more abundant cause for gratitude and praise. The revolving seasons have brought with them health and plenty. The summer fruits and the harvests have been gathered and garnered with unexampled abundance. A healthy activity has pervaded all the departments of life, and provident industry has met with a generous reward. The increase of material wealth has been liberally employed in sustaining our educational and religious institutions, and both are making the most gratifying progress in entertaining and purifying the public mind. While, in Europe, central and absolute governments, by their pressure on personal rights and liberty, are producing excitements which threaten to subvert the very foundations of society, and have led in some instances to bloody and cruel wars, in the enjoyment of constitutional liberty, and under the protection of just and equal laws, are peacefully pursuing the avocations of life, and engaging in whatever promises to advance our social and individual improvement and happiness. "The lines are," indeed, "fallen to us in pleasing places, and we have a goodly heritage." In this we see the orderings of a kind and merciful Providence, which call not only for our recognition, but for our public Thanksgiving and Praise.

Under this conviction, I, William F. Packard, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby appoint *Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of November next*, to be observed as a day of public Thanksgiving and Prayer, and recommend to all our people, that setting aside, on that day, all worldly pursuits, they assemble in their respective places of worship, and unite in offering thanks to God for His manifold goodness, and imploring His forgiveness, and the continuance of His mercies.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this twenty-fourth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-fifth.

W. M. F. PACKER.
By the Governor: Wm. M. HERRICK,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

William-port returns two pretty old ladies—Mrs. Mary Whitmer, aged 94 years, a native of Bucks Co., Pa. She has a daughter who is the mother of nineteen children. The other is a colored woman, Nancy Rouch, who is between 90 and 100 years of age. John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, married a daughter of her mistress, Mrs. Rouch, and she lived with them when Harris kept a tavern and ferry at Louisburg now Harrisburg, where she says she rowed over not only Indians, but also Gen. Washington. She then removed to Shamokin, Northumberland, Williamsport, and lives with the fifth of her fourteen children—George, who is sixty-one years old.

Some New York City politicians in a public address charged Gerrit Smith with complicity in the Harper's Ferry raid. He said them for libel, when they retreated in a public letter, and gave him \$3000 to settle. It would be well for public decency if other Democratic forgers and slanderers were thus corrected, and compelled to take back their lies.

HEAVY AND UNUSUAL SENTENCE.—The Kent County Court, Del., on Monday sentenced John R. Hamilton to pay a fine of \$1,000, on Saturday, November 10, to stand in the pillory one hour, receive sixty lashes and imprisonment for life. Also, John Cannon, colored, convicted of rape, to be hanged on the 28 of December.—Wilmington Republican.

Spencer county, Indiana, which in 1856 gave Fremont only 235 votes, voted on the 6th inst. as follows: Lincoln, 1,246; Douglas, 1,108; Breckinridge, 172; Bell, 175; a Republican gain of 1,061. Mr. Lincoln lived in Spencer county in his youthful days, and some of the people seem to have remembered him.

The House that Sam Built.

The White House.—This is the house that Sam built.
\$100,000,000.—This is the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.
James Buchanan.—This is the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.
S. A. Douglas.—This is the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.
J. C. Breckinridge.—This is the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat, &c.
Bell-Everett.—This is the cow with crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat, &c.
New York Fusion.—This is the maiden all tattered and torn that kissed the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with crumpled horn, &c.
The Cotton-Souled Press.—This is the man all tattered and torn that kissed the maiden all forlorn that milked, &c.
The N. Y. Tribune.—This is the cock that crowed in the morn to wake the priest all shaven and shorn that married the man all tattered and torn, &c.
Abraham Lincoln.—This is the hunter with trumpet and horn that owned the cock that crowed in the morn to wake the priest all shaven and shorn that married the man all tattered and torn who milked the cow with crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.

In a recent speech at Huntsville, Ala., Ex-Senator Clements, now of Tennessee, scouted the idea of Secession, exposing its utter impracticability, and added:

"The dream of a Southern Confederacy is the wildest vision that ever troubled the brain of a moonstruck enthusiast—a dream interrupted by bloody conflicts with your neighbors, and a vile dependence on foreign powers."

Some of the people of Alabama are kicking at a special tax of \$100,000 imposed by their last Legislature. A special tax to support the Oglethorpe's Empire, would be a sweet thing to swallow.

Douglas made a strong Union speech in New Orleans, and Houston in Texas, since the election of Lincoln was known. Both said they would oppose him in what they deemed wrong, inside and not outside of the Union.

At Montgomery, Ala., a number of rotten eggs were thrown at Judge Douglas, one of which struck his wife in the face! Truly a "chivalrous" people, to mob even a woman who only went to wait upon her husband.

The large Southern cities all go against Breckinridge, except Baltimore in Texas, since the election of Lincoln was known. Both said they would oppose him in what they deemed wrong, inside and not outside of the Union.

Chief Justice Hornblower, of N. J., heads the Lincoln Electoral Ticket for New Jersey, and is elected. His father cast the Electoral vote of New Jersey for Washington.

Dr. Lyman Beecher voted for Washington and was this year taken to the polls by his son (Henry Ward Beecher) and voted for Lincoln.

Miss Davenport, who married Col. Landon in San Francisco recently, brought her husband the snug little dower of \$75,000. It will enable him to overlook any little peculiarities of temper that she may possess.

New Orleans gave Bell 5,215, and Douglas 2,998—8,213—against 2,645 for Breck, the Seceders' candidate.

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, NOV. 19, 1860.

CURTIN AND LINCOLN.

What the People Want and Expect.

The overwhelming votes by which the above-named gentlemen have been called to the highest official positions in the State and Nation respectively, are not to be viewed as Party triumphs merely, but as a Peaceful Revolution of the Masses, who, discontented with existing politics of government, seek for better.

SHALL THEY BE DISAPPOINTED?
As we do not intend to ask any personal favor from either of these Executives—only desiring to have that open, upright, fair course pursued in all things which shall demonstrate that our highest aim is the public good—we trust these suggestions may be received as from a disinterested source, as we are sure they reflect the wishes of the vast majority of our fellow-citizens. In addition to the great Measures generally discussed and passed upon, there are perhaps minor but not less important points to be considered in reference to the future of the voters.

The selection of CONFIDENTIAL ADVERSARIES will be the first and greatest practical test of the good sense of the coming men. With proper aid here, their success is half secured. Let them be in no haste—receive the advice and petitions of all, but in the end cautiously, INDEPENDENTLY make their own selection of their own agents, giving every proper interest the consideration. Thus will they lay broad and deep the foundations of Administrations which an observant and right-loving people will heartily sustain.

But, in selecting all officers—HONESTY AND UNDOUBTED INTEGRITY are prime qualifications. Not only should they be well-meaning, far-seeing men, but men against whom no real suspicion attaches of undue love of money or of looseness of moral or political principles. The responsible tasks may be themselves pure, and yet be harassed or ruined by the misdeeds of their agents. And no matter how severely pains may be taken to cover up secretly or corrupt practices, in the Departments or Legislature, like murder, they "WILL OUT!" and blast the fair fame of those interested with the party party or parties. Upon this point, Pennsylvanians are particularly sensitive. The approaching efforts