

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVIII.

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THE OBSERVER
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April 24, 1847.

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SONG OF THE ARTISAN.
BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Sing, comrades, sing!
We are part of the State, who labor,
As well as our wealthy neighbor,
And each in his sphere, a king.
Sing, comrades, sing!
We are part of the State, who labor,
As well as our wealthy neighbor,
And each in his sphere, a king.
Sing, comrades, sing!
We are part of the State, who labor,
As well as our wealthy neighbor,
And each in his sphere, a king.

**THE MERCHANTS' CLUB;
A NIGHT SCENE**
BY HENRY W. HERBERT.

A dark and stormy day of November had
closed with a night as dark and stormy.
A stiff southeaster was blowing right across
New York Bay, turning up the whole sur-
face into long broken waves, and bringing
with it scuds of rain and hail, driven almost
in horizontal lines, by the fury of the winds.
All the day long it had been blowing thus,
and although it had lulled for an hour or two
at sunset, as night drew on the storm had
still increased, and now, at ten o'clock a
night, it blew harder than it had done heretofore;
and the wind having altered its direction,
in a degree, had knocked up a cross sea
amid which, there was a considerable ground
swell, the remains of the morning's commo-
tion.

In a word, it was to use a seaman's
phrase—as dirty a night as need be encoun-
tered, whether afloat or ashore.
The bell at the Hoboken ferry-house was
just sending forth its last impatient jingle,
announcing that the ten o'clock boat was
on the point of starting, when the rattle of wa-
gon-wheels, and the clatter of horses coming
down the road at a slopping pace, announced
the arrival of more passengers, though it
might be a question whether would arrive in
time.

This question was solved, however, before
the wagon came up by the loud "Hillo!" of
the ferry-master, who had heard the approach-
ing sounds, and who now turned to one of
the boat-hands, saying in a low voice:
"It's Mr. Forrester, I guess. He crossed
over yesterday at daylight to go a gunning,
and he said he'd be back to-night."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the boat, not caring
a half-penny who it was, so he got his orders.
And at the next moment a pair of fast-
stepping colts, one silver gray and one jet
black, without a spot of white, were jugged
up at the gate; while such a steam arose
from their lathered sides, that it looked like
smoke in the lamp-light, and completely hid
the carriage and its occupants from the by-
standers.

"I thought it would be you, sir," said the
ferry-master, "and held on the boat a minute
or so. Be as lively as you can, will you,
sir?"
"Much obliged, much obliged—that's right
I believe."
"All right, good night."
And straightway the light wagon rolled on
board, containing another gentleman besides
the driver, and a servant, together with a
brace of setter dogs. Two or three guns
were lashed to the dash-board, and several
large bunches of quail and ruffed grouse were
suspended from various parts of the wagon.

The driver and his friend were buttoned up
to the throat in heavy box coats, and a large
bearskin was tucked about their knees. For
travelling on such a night, men scarcely
could be better guarded against the weather.
As they drove on board the boat, the light
of the wagon lamps, which was very power-
ful and clear, fell directly in the face of a
man who was leaning with his back on the
starboard side. The driver of the carriage
was looking the other way, and did not ob-
serve him, but his friend caught one of those
momentary glances of the face, illuminated
as it was for a single second by an excess of
light, which sometimes seem to show us
twice as much as we could see, in the same
space of time, by broad daylight.
It was a terrible face that, although it was
the face of a young and not ill-looking man.
But it was so thin, so pinched, so careworn,
and, above all, so deadly pale and wan, that it
showed actually blue and ghastly in the lamp-
light, like the visage of a corpse. Yet it
was not merely the thinness or the pallor,
but something in the expression which seem-
ed to indicate that these were but the signs
of "wo," while there was "that within which
passeth show;" which seemed to prove that
neither want, nor weariness, nor watching,
nor any of the "natural" ill that flesh is heir
to, but some strange and portentous agony,
some dread spiritual conflicts had wrought
this awful change, which made the living
man look like a dead corpse.

"I have seen that face before, Frank," said
he who had observed it, in a low whisper to
the driver.
"What do you mean? what face, Harry?"
"Did you not see it, as we drove in that
pale, ghastly, tortured face. I never saw the
like of it in my life. It put me in mind of
the damned souls in Michael Angelo's Last
Judgment—but I have seen the face before,
who the deuce is he?"
"How should I know? You're always fan-
cying something wonderful or other."
"Ah! I have it now. It is that young
fellow we saw the other night, at Delamare's
betting and losing in such sporting style.—
The fellow, you know, who lost fifteen thou-
sand at one run, and then called for cool cham-
pagne. I saw it cut him to the heart then,
though he affected to carry it off with a frolic-
k. It is he, sure enough!"
"Ah!" said Forrester, carelessly, "some
clerk, I dare say, who has been rummaging
the till, and making his master's dust fly. I
thought the chap had a sort of Pouch street
cut about him at the time, a tough too much
of the 'yes sir!' sort of thing. Didn't ring
true, by a great sight! Look here, Timothy,"
and he turned to the servant as he spoke,
"jump out and slack those bearing reins, and
throw the blankets on. We shall be half the
night getting across in this sea way, and hot
as they are, they'll catch their deaths, if we
don't cover them."

"Hold on, Tim," cried the other. "I'm go-
ing to get out myself, and I'll do it."
And disengaging himself from the comfort-
able bearskins, he got out of the wagon, and
the rain having ceased for a moment, threw
aside his heavy box-coat.
He was tall, powerfully-framed, active man
of something less than six feet high, without
an ounce of superfluous flesh on his frame,
deep chested and thin flanked; the very man
for the performance of athletic feats, whether
of strength or agility.
He was dressed in sporting toggery, a cor-
durey shooting jacket buttoned close up to
the throat, with knee breeches of the same
material; and owing probably to his having
got his boots wet in the morning's shooting,
he had contented himself with drawing on an
extra pair of thick Canada woollen stockings
over his other clothes, and only wore on his
feet—which were sufficiently protected from
the weather by the bearskins of the wagon—a
pair of loose morocco slippers.

Applying himself to the horse, without loss
of time, he soon made them comfortable, and
then selecting a good cheeroot from his cigar-
case in his side-pocket, and lighting it at one
of the wagon lamps, strolled aft, remarking
carelessly to his friend as he went:
"I am going to take a look at my friend,
Frank. By the cut of his job, it would not
surprise me a bit, if he were to jump over-
board, before he got across."

"Serve him right," answered Forrester,
with a light laugh, never dreaming that his
friend was in earnest, or that such a catastro-
phe was indeed likely to occur. "What
right have clerks to play at faro, with their
master's money?"
Archer hardly heard him out, for in truth
he paid no attention to what he said, so much
was his mind engrossed by that pale face,
and the fearful expression of inward agony
which it conveyed. This feeling it was, indeed,
though he was scarcely conscious of it him-
self, which had induced him to descend from
the wagon, and perhaps to divest himself of
his great coat; for though he'd do so, as it
were, thoughtlessly, and though assuredly
he could have given no reason for the action,
still it was the sort of thing which no man
does without some momentary reason, how-
ever transient or unconscious.

Meanwhile, so heavily was the boat be-
laboring in the sea, the tide and wind being
both dead against her, the former running
very strongly up, and the latter blowing, as
I have said, full in her teeth, from the north-
eastward, that although she had left the pier
above ten minutes, she had not yet made half
her passage; and was now, perhaps in the
very deepest part of the river.
The young man had not walked ten steps
from the wagon, walking aft toward the per-
son he had seen, before a heavy splash reach-
ed his ears, as of a weighty substance falling
into the sea, down stream, and toward;
and the next instant the loud cry of the man
at the helm, "a man overboard!"
"Back her! back her!" cried Harry, as loud
as he could shout, in those clear and com-
manding tones, which impress all hearers, in
moments of energy or peril, with the convic-
tion that the speaker is right, and must be
obeyed. "Back her, and run her head up
stream."

And as he spoke, without pausing a moment,
he rushed aft, kicking off his slippers as he
went, sprang upon the railings of the boat on
the leeward side, and leaped overboard, spring-
ing as far out as he could throw himself, and
striking out as soon as he touched the sur-
face of the water.
It was not without that ready and instinc-
tive calculation which strong minds—in-
stantly such as this, that Archer jumped into
the river on one side of the boat, while the
person whom he aimed at saving had fallen
or thrown himself overboard on the other.

He had taken note of the wind and tide
and knew, almost without thinking at all,
that he would be drifted up stream, and that
by taking that direction, his chance of saving
him would be increased materially.
Scarcely was Archer in the water, how-
ever, before two more short, sudden splashes
followed, and the master of the boat, utterly
bewildered by the rapidity with which events
were passing, cried out in consternation.
"What the—alls the folks! Is all
hands jumping overboard?"
"The last two are only dogs, sir," cried
Forrester, who had sprung out of the wagon
in great agitation the moment he heard the

noise, foreseeing what had happened; "but my
friend—my friend, sir, whom you know, Mr.
Archer, is overboard! He leaped out to save
some person or other. Did you not hear
what he said before he went? To put her
head up stream! For God's sake do it! For
God's sake save him! I will give five thousand
dollars, if you'll save him!"
"If you'd give a million, young gentleman,
I could do no more than I will do. But the
odds are terribly against him such a night as
this. Why the deuce didn't he let the fellow
down? a fellow that would go to take his
own life, ain't worth saving, no how. Stop
her!" he shouted suddenly. "She's run up
far enough. Now show lights to the water
edge. Ring the bell!"
For a moment or two the dull clang of the
bell was heard, and as it ceased, Forrester
and the master, who had run forward, listen-
ed with all their ears. A faint hurrah came
suddenly down the stream, against the strong
wind, from a hundred yards distant.
"It is he! We can save him!" shouted
Forrester.

"Let her go. Keep her so. Steady,"
shouted the master. "More deck hands, bend,
a line on that settee, and make fast for the
lanthorns to the back-sail of it; deck alive!"
"Ay, ay, sir."
"Are you ready?"
"Ready."
"Stop her!"
Again the ponderous engine ceased to work,
and as the boat became stationary, Forrester
and the master both halted at once; and now
the cheerful hail was returned from the water,
so nicely had the distance which the boat
ran been calculated, within twenty
feet of her bow.

"Overboard with it! lively, men, lively.—
Hold on to the line. Belay!"
And, in an instant, the settee was floating
on the waves, and the lanthorn dancing above
them like a will-o'-the-wisp, throwing a lit-
tle circle of pale lustre over the green flanks
and agitated crests of the foaming billows!
"Strike for the light, my brave lad! Do you
see it?" hailed the master, as he saw, by the
light of twenty lanthorns which were lower-
ed to the water's edge, a dark mass drift by,
within ten feet of the bows.

"Ay, ay!"
There was a moment of terrible suspense,
all eyes being fixed on the dancing light, now
rising above the crests, now lost to view in
the trough of the sea. Suddenly it was to-
sed, as it seemed, high into the air, then
plunged as rapidly into the water and was
extinguished.
The hearts of all on board ceased, as it
were, to beat for a moment; but the next,
came a hearty cheer from the settee, "haul
us up! All right. Hoorah!"
And loud and hearty, and thrice repeated,
was the cheer from all hands, as carefully and
slowly the frail settee, with its precious
freight, was hauled up along side to the leav-
ard.

It soon appeared that Harry had succeeded
in saving the person who had first fallen over-
board; but that person was so completely ex-
hausted that it was with great difficulty that
Archer supported him on the plank, while he
himself, though holding on by his hands, now
swam but wearily, and low in the water.
Help was, however at hand; and, fortun-
ately, they who brought it, knew how to apply
their force to the best advantage. The body
was first got on board, then a rope was thrown
to Harry, which he twisted about his right
wrist; and then setting one foot on the float-
ing plank he sprang to the boat side, catch-
ing the rails with his left hand, while he was
himself caught by the collar by one of the
hands of the boat, and hauled bodily on board
in less time than it has taken us to describe it.

"Do not forget the dogs—do not forget the
poor dogs! It was all up with us both, if it
had not been for them. They saved both our
lives!" were the first words that Harry ut-
tered as he stood on the deck, and shook himself
like a Newfoundland dog, making the water
fly in all directions from his saturated jacket.
The men laughed, cheered his indomitable
spirit, and sprang actively to save the dogs,
which now came swimming up almost ex-
hausted; and with the strange sagacity of
their race, climbed on the settee directly, and
as if conscious of what was about to happen,
hooked themselves on by their legs to the
back and side railings, and held on so ten-
aciously that they were lifted on board with-
out difficulty.

"God be praised. All is right, and no
harm done," said Archer.
"God be praised, indeed," said the master.
"It was a thousand to one against you, such
a night as this. But I must see to the boat.
All hands, get her about. Look alive."
In the mean time Forrester and his servant
had applied themselves with dexterity and
skill in restoring the half drowned man;
while Archer, after taking a good pull out of
his own flask, exchanged his wet jacket for
the heavy box-coat which he had fortunately
laid aside just in time.

By this time, the man he had rescued
opened his eyes, heaved a deep sigh, and recover-
ing his senses all at once, asked in a faint
voice:
"Where am I?"
"You are with friends, my poor fellow,"
said Frank, compassionately. "You are
with friends, who will take care of you."
"Friends!" replied the poor wretch.—
"Friends! I have not one in the wide world,
Friends! why did you save me? why did you
not let me die? Friends! ha! ha! ha!"
"Look here, Archer," said Forrester, "are
you all right, old fellow?"
"Right as a brick!" he replied cheerfully,
"and righter!"
"Well, jump into the wagon, then, before
a crowd gets about him. We are just get-
ting to the dock. We'll take him up to my
rooms!"

"Surely, Frank, surely. But I must see
these good fellows first, but for whom all of
us would have been in another world ere now.
Upon my honor, Frank, it is a naughty night
to swim in. It was the hardest swim I ever
had for it in all my life. That drowning fel-
low hung on to me like grim death, and took
me down twice. Once, I believe I actually
touched the bottom. It seemed as if I never
should get up again; but when I did, old
Chance grabbed me by the collar, and San-
cho caught the other chap. Here, my lads,"
he added, as one of the hands came near him.
"Here is a trifle to drink our healths," hand-
ing him, as he spoke, "and hark you, not a
word about this matter to the crowd; we don't
want a bother."
"Ay! ay, sir; I understand. Thank you!
thank you!"
The boat touched the dock, the chains
clanged, she was made fast; the wagon drove
out, rattled over the stones, and in five min-
utes stopped at the door of Forrester's cozy
lodgings.

Ten minutes afterward the party, clad in
dry clothes, were basking in the clear blaze
of a jolly Liverpool coal fire.
Gaining composure gradually, and finding
that he was indeed in the hands of friends,
the wretched man, conscious now of the al-
most miraculous escape he made, not only
of suicide here, but from the penalties of au-
ticide hereafter, related to them his sad tale.

Strange to say, it was almost point for
point, as Forrester had surmised. He was
indeed a merchant's clerk, and from Pearl
street; of a respectable family, of good hab-
its, talents, industry, integrity; he was ris-
ing rapidly in his profession, and might safe-
ly look to competence at least, if not wealth,
in a short space of time. In an evil hour, a
friend had led him to a faro table. He played
for a trifle, and won; and the old tale,
thrice told, ensued. A latent rage for gam-
ing, hitherto unsuspected by himself, devel-
oped itself. He lost his all, dipped his hands
into his employer's till, intending to make
good the losses. Lost again! stole again,
and lost again, until all was lost—the sense
of integrity and honor—all in fact, except
shame and pride.

His wife (he had been married) discovered
the dread secret; and had died on that very
morning of consumption—of a broken
heart—perhaps both together! Then he re-
solved to die also, and had not the ferry mas-
ter at Hoboken, bade the helmsman "hold
on," when the rattle of Forrester's wheels
were heard in the distance, on so small things
of human counts hinge—he had died soul and
body that night, in that black, fearful river.

But he was in the hands of men, who did
not things by halves. Frolicsome fellows,
they, full of fun and glee, yet soft as woman
to the touch of sympathy or pity, bold and
energetic as men—and right stout men they
were—when aught occurred to call forth
their energies.

Many a tear they shed that night; and by
their sympathy—their manly sympathy—and
rational consolation, they brought the wretch-
ed man to a state of comparative composure.
The next morning Archer saw Delmore,
the owner of the table at which the losses
had been incurred. It should have been stated
above that the merchant's clerk, whose name
is purposely omitted, at once absolved the
partners from all charge of collusion or
unfairness. He had invented, he said, a story
of a legacy to account for his playing so
high; and even then, instead of exhibiting
undue anxiety to win his money Delmore had
advised and urged him not to play, and had
even warned him of the coming ruin.

On Archer's statement and showing—Ar-
cher never played himself, but knew all the
men who did—Delmore instantly refunded
the money. There is a vast deal of lumber,
by the way, about the villany and cold-heart-
edness of these same gamblers—nine times
out of ten they are not half so bad as the
gentlemen, as they call themselves, who play
at their tables! Like some other classes we
could name, it is not as much they who are
to blame as the system—not so much the
system as they who make the system!

And who, methinks I hear some one say,
makes the system?
The gentlemen! society! the world
Out on it! out on it! They first make
criminals, and then whip them for the crimes
which they have goaded them into commit-
ting!
But to return. Provided with the funds to
replace his defalcations, and accompanied by
Archer, the penitent man sought his master,
confessed his guilt, prayed for pardon, and
though he professed himself certain that he
had repented and could amend, refused to re-
tain his situation.
He wished to leave the scene and the com-
panions of his frolics, his sufferings, his mis-
erious suicide. He wished, in a new country
and under a new name, to commence a new
career under new auspices.
His wish was granted. Within a week he
sailed for Canton well recommended to a
good house in that city, and he has made good
those recommendations.

Three years have elapsed since his depart-
ure. Archer hears from him frequently. He
is now a partner of the house and a wealthy
man. But, what is better far, he has seen
the error of his way, and has sought for
strength where only it is to be found—from
on High.
Truly there is more joy in Heaven over
one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-
and-nine just persons who need no repen-
tance.—*News of the World.*
There is a Youth's Temperance So-
ciety in New York, the ages of whose mem-
bers vary from 10 to 18 years, composed
mostly of reformed drunkards!
The number of Methodist church members
in Florida is 7,000.

ADDRESS AND RESOLUTIONS OF the 4th of March Convention.

The representatives of the Democrats of
Pennsylvania, in Convention assembled, felici-
tate their political friends upon the prosper-
ous condition of the country and the brilliant
triumph of her arms. Since the delegates of
the Democracy of the State last met within
this Hall, to make known their choice for
President of the United States, vast and im-
portant events have illuminated the pages of
our history, and effected the destinies of our
political union. We look abroad and meet
the evidences of the "ruin" prophesied
by Federalism with its thousand tongues.—
We see our commerce expanding to the most
distant parts and whitening the most distant
seas. Manufacturers have flourished beyond
all precedent and example. Mechanics, and
corporate and individual industry, are pro-
ducing to honest enterprise a sufficient com-
petency. Our credit at home and abroad is un-
suspected and firm; exchanges are equal in
the midst of a foreign war—and the great
measure which separated the government from
the Banks, intended only for a time of peace,
has preserved our moneyed circles and great
cities from the disasters consequent upon all
such expansions which occur during periods
of National speculation.

Since 1844, a new and flourishing State
has been added to our confederacy; and a war,
long deferred by ourselves, and long provoked
by Mexico, although it has been prosecuted,
(after having been commenced by the latter),
into the heart of the enemy's country, and
has made those who intended only to prevent
aggression, the avengers of accumulated
wrongs—has served to elevate our character
before the nations of the earth; to display new
elements of national strength, and to present
new reasons for the perpetuity of our polit-
ical institutions. The present general admin-
istration, which came into power on the 4th
of March, 1845, has lived to see its policy
and its principles fully vindicated by the test
of time; and the firm and fearless Executive,
who did not hesitate to avow his great re-
forms, and to pursue them unflinchingly to
completion, is greeted by the tributes of the
reliant witnesses, who daily confess to the
wisdom and foresight of his measures. Penn-
sylvania, which was the first to be prostrated
under the iron hand of free trade—according
to the horoscope cast for her by our political
seers—still stands before her sisters, with her
fair fields unlighted, her iron hills alive with
the hum of industry, and her teeming valleys
jound with the voice of well rewarded toil.

It is under auspicious circumstances like
those that the delegates of the Democratic
party of Pennsylvania, assemble once more
to express their unalterable attachment to
Democratic principles, and to re-assert their
satisfaction at the experience of the past,
and their confidence in the prospects for the
future.

The grave duty of expressing a preference
between the several distinguished names pre-
sented to the country, in connection with the
high office of President of the United States,
has been committed to this convention by the
Democrats of Pennsylvania. We fulfil that
duty with a deep sense of its importance and
its responsibility. We do not conceal, that
indeed it would be in vain to conceal, that the
country will require of the Executive, who
shall take his seat on the 4th of March, 1849,
peculiar abilities. Never before has it been
more essential, that a vigilant guardianship
of our blessed political Union, should be ex-
ercised. Never before has that unequalled
political compact, been so insidiously threat-
ened. Never before have the theories of the
enemies of our country, assumed a more fas-
cinating or a more dangerous aspect. He
that shall govern the helm of the ship of State,
for the next four years, must be a man equal
to this pressing and formidable emergency.—
He must bring to the performance of his du-
ties, not only great experience, wise discre-
tion, and a well-poised intellect, but he must
show to the country that his fealty to her in-
stitutions is not bounded by the horizon of
local doctrines, but is broad and general as
the spirit of freedom itself. He must respect the
sacred and inviolable compromises of the Con-
stitution. He must keep before him always
the sacrifices which all portions of the Union
made, when that Constitution was launched in
to being under circumstances full of peril.—
He must remember that as our territory ex-
pands and our civilization progresses—as the
genius of Republicanism forces its way down
to the very shores of the Pacific, and crushes
beneath the wheels of irresistible progress
the feeble and bloody despotism of another
age—the experiment of free government it-
self may depend upon the fact, that our Chief
Magistrate should be mindful of the experi-
ence of the past. However the timid may
hesitate and doubt, the mission of this Re-
public is one which, under providence, cannot
be hemmed in by geographical divisions.
However the cautious statesman may shrink
from and deny the probability of our example
civilizing and controlling this entire continent,
even while he dreams of calamity, the sub-
lime experiment is vindicating itself, and mak-
ing still stronger the fabric of religious and
political liberty in this hemisphere. To the
Democratic party the question is full of inter-
est, for to that party the grave duties arising
under it, will be hereafter committed. Surely
we have seen nothing in the triumph of
Democratic principles, since the organization
of our government, to make us fearful for our
country in time to come. These principles
and the measures which have been originated
under and by them, have ever been assailed
and doubted by the Federalists, with equal
ability and malignity. From the moment
when the illustrious Jefferson proclaimed
the great creed upon which our organization
has since been founded, to the time when his
example was imitated by JACKSON, VAN BU-
RGEN and POLK, a busy and relentless antago-

nism had constantly been on the alert, deny-
ing the practicality, misrepresenting the
benefits, or anticipating the evil consequences
of the Democratic policy. How often have
we seen whole communities swayed and mis-
led by the ominous predictions of Federalism,
while deploring and deprecating the tenden-
cies of Democratic principles? How often
have we seen these predictions alienate those
who should have been first to denounce, and
deny them! The eloquent and impressive
commentary upon this long and consistent
hostility to the Democratic creed, is to be
found in the fact, that at this day hardly a re-
licious remains of the Federal policy, while thou-
sands who have been among its leaders now
bear unwilling testimony to the complete and
unswerving success of Democratic principles.
We have lived to see WEBSTER bearing witness
against a Bank of the UNITED STATES,
as an "obscure idea"—GALLATIN, admitting
the wise provisions of the INDEPENDENT TARIFF
ACT—JONSSON, confessing to the virtue and
justice of a LIBERAL TARIFF—POINDEXTER,
indicating the cause of his country, and
CLAY himself, longing for the opportunity of
drawing his sword, "in some nook or corner,"
that he too might "SLAY A MEXICAN." The
favorite measures of Federalism are buried
deeper than "plummet ever sounded," and
when the entombed cities of other days, now
covered with the waters of the earth and the
accumulated deposits of centuries, shall be
again restored to life and light—then, and not
till then, will trump of political resurrection
recall to being the condemned theories of the
Federal opposition. They will be recollect-
ed in the fact, that they were hung upon the
wheels of Democratic progress, only to be
crushed by its irresistible revolutions! If,
then, it is so of the past, why may not our
future destinies be confided to the hands of
that party, which has so well deserved its
title to the confidence of the country?

The Democracy of Pennsylvania, with these
truths before them, proudly submit the name
of JAMES BUCHANAN to the National
Convention, as their favorite candidate for
the Presidency. For a long series of years
this distinguished statesman has been connect-
ed with the councils of his country; and we
are free to refer to his public career, with
the assurance that he is singularly well qual-
ified to discharge the duties of that exalted
position for the next four years. He comes from
a State, to use his own beautiful language,
the Democracy of which "holds the balance
with steady judgment and enlightened patri-
otism, between the opposite extremes of
consolidation and disunion." Ever since he
has been in our legislative halls, this has
been the motto which has regulated his con-
duct. He has been, indeed, on all occasions,
the vigilant and consistent representative of
the Keystone State.

In regard to Pennsylvania, to use the lan-
guage of the address, adopted by the great
Democratic State Convention which assem-
bled in this place in 1843, herself one of the
very first to abolish slavery, and occupying a
position, as it were, between this institution
and its misguided enemies, she has ever
thrown her weight of character, and counsel,
and position, with signal success on the side
of the country. This position has been ad-
mirably represented in the national councils
by Mr. BUCHANAN. His profound discip-
les on the doctrines of State rights, and his
consistent opposition to the maddened excite-
ment of fanatical zeal, while pursuing an
imaginary evil, regardless of the very exist-
ence of our country and our constitution,
have become memorable in our political his-
tory, and have given his name a warm place
(not only among his countrymen in that re-
gion which he has befriended, but everywhere
else.) in the affections of all friends of the
country. Pennsylvania thus stands as a barrier
between the North and the South, and her
gigantic interposition has always been felt
with effect, to the disgrace and confusion of
those who plotted our common downfall in
the name of philanthropy!

Pennsylvania presents this distinguished
citizen to the Union, at the very moment
when such qualities and such experience as
his, are most to be desired for the Presidency.
By withdrawing his name from the list of
Presidential candidates in 1841, Mr. BUCHANAN
increased his title to the respect and con-
sideration of the country, and showed how
far above all motives of self he esteemed the
Union and ascendancy of the democratic party.
If subsequent circumstances changed
the aspect of things, the patriotic spirit in
which that act was resolved upon, did not
fail any the less to commend it to the approval
of the Democracy of the Union. That it
was appreciated by the distinguished State-
man who came into the Executive chair three
years ago; it is shown by the fact, that one
of the first acts of his administration was to
offer to Mr. BUCHANAN the first place in his
cabinet—a position formerly filled by JEFFERSON,
ADAMS, CLAY, VAN BUREN, WEBSTER,
CALHOUN, and other of the master intellects
of the age. It is unnecessary to allude to
the manner in which he has met the expecta-
tions of the President and the country, in
this responsible and arduous position, filled
during one of the most eventful administra-
tions in our history, and bearing intimately
upon our relations with foreign governments.
The admiration which greeted his masterly
argument on the Oregon question, and which
has since applauded the ability with which
he has asserted our country's cause, in his
correspondence with the Mexican Ministers,
is a proof that JAMES K. POLK knew where
to find a wise, a profound, and an experienced
statesman, when he appointed JAMES BU-
CHANAN Secretary of State.

We deem it unnecessary to allude, at any
length, to the political history of JAMES BU-
CHANAN. Every true Pennsylvanian knows
it by heart. The ardent young American,
who volunteered to defend