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Original Poetry.

GREETING TO PENNSYLVANIA.
I hail thee, Keystone of an arch, supreme in grace and might.
A tower of strength for every land, a risen star, whose light
Hath westward lured full many an eye, from Europe's empire.

Buchanan and Breckinridge.

Great Union Meeting!

OLD LINE WHIGS & DEMOCRATS

KENTUCKY ALL RIGHT!

Great Speech of James B. Clay.

Son of the Immortal Statesman rebuking the Stangers of Mr. Buchanan.

On the 26th ult., a large and enthusiastic meeting was held at Maysville, Ky., in support of BUCHANAN and BRECKINRIDGE. We will not call it a Democratic meeting—for there were as many Old Line Whigs present as Democrats—and four Old Line Whigs were among the orators of the day.

In reporting the proceedings of this meeting, the Cincinnati Enquirer says: Colonel Stanton came forward and begged to introduce to the meeting the son of one who, in his day, had been idolized by his friends and neighbors—by every Kentuckian—as the great Champion of our Union; he presented

JAMES B. CLAY, THE SON OF THE IMMORTAL "HARRY OF THE WEST."

At this announcement there arose a wild shout of enthusiasm and joyful welcome from the vast multitude. The ladies arose from their seats and waved their handkerchiefs, the men shouted to the very top of their lungs, young and old united in one of the most earnest and tumultuous exhibitions of real feeling we have ever witnessed.

We were never, in our lives, more surprised than by the speech of the gentleman. We had not had time to believe that he was a person of rather cold nature and ordinary natural powers. Doubtless the great faculty of his father has stood in the way of the just appreciation of his talents. The very name he bears—his relationship to the great man of that State—has prevented him from assuming a prominent position in public affairs, and created against him something like jealousy in the breasts of his father's old friends and admirers, who could not bear to see any one of the name and lineage of Clay attempt to follow, at how great a sacrifice, in the footsteps of their illustrious chief.

Mr. Clay said that he was a quiet farmer, who had taken but little part in public affairs. He was a comparative stranger in his own State. There was not a half dozen familiar faces in the great crowd before him. But he had been calumniated by the press—he had been denied the right, unless at the hazard of the most bitter and malignant personal attacks, of taking that course in political affairs which his judgment and conscience approved. He had been painted as a monster of political tergiversation and infidelity—his own and the heart-strings of his family

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, HUNTINGDON, PA., AUGUST 13, 1856. VOL. XII. NO. 8. Editor and Proprietor.

had been torn by the vile abuse to which he had been subjected. He now appeared before them to show what manner of man he was, to justify to his fellow-countrymen the consistency and honor of his conduct.

Mr. Clay proceeded to say that he had no blood in his veins which did not flow in an honorable channel and from an honored source. It was not in the nature of his race to be faithless and treacherous. There was none of that race but had borne a true and patriotic heart in his bosom.

In the performance of this object, Mr. Clay, said he came there to strike one blow for the Union. He then proceeded to show that the banner of the Whig party had been furled and laid upon his father's grave.

He felt himself in the embarrassment in which the Sage of Marshfield once found himself. He had entertained opinions in favor of Native Americanism, and had published the first articles that had ever appeared in Kentucky on that subject.

On this point, he read Mr. Fillmore's Albany speech, the spirit of which he greatly applauded. He should act in the spirit of that address, and give his vote to the party which presented the best prospects of success against this pestilent and dangerous sectional movement.

Mr. Clay then proceeded to show what he considered the utter hopelessness of an undertaking to elect Mr. Fillmore, and that the only chance of success was in the support of the party which presented the best prospects of success against this pestilent and dangerous sectional movement.

But he confessed, if he deemed it wise and patriotic to vote for Mr. Fillmore, it would certainly be a hard task to take him with the candidate for the Vice Presidency, Andrew Jackson Donelson, who, besides being a renegade from his own party, had quite recently been the reviler and defamer of Mr. Fillmore, and of that administration which gave Mr. Fillmore the high consideration and claims that are now accorded to him.

Mr. Breckinridge accordingly came, and he (the speaker) was present at the interview. Mr. Breckinridge stated to Mr. Clay that he had called to pay his respects to him; that, though of the opposite political party,

he had been chosen to represent the district which he (Mr. Clay) had himself represented with so much renown and fidelity, and he should consider himself—young and inexperienced as he was—quite incompetent to do justice to the high duty he had assumed, without the counsel and aid of Mr. Clay, and he desired permission to consult with him freely, when he should enter upon his duties, and to receive the aid of his great experience and knowledge of political affairs.

Mr. Clay then proceeded to urge upon his old Whig friends, the companions and constituents of his father, to rally around that banner which he had spent his life in upholding—the banner of the Union. He was ready to follow the Whig standard as the Douglas followed the heart of Bruce—as long as it waved. But that flag was no longer to be seen on the battle-field. It might yet be unfurled. After death there was the resurrection.

Mr. Clay referred to the attempt to implicate Mr. Buchanan in the charge of bargain and corruption. On that subject he proposed to take the testimony of his own father, and he read from Mr. Clay's letter to show that Mr. Buchanan had conducted himself in that affair as a man of truth and honor; he should believe what his father said before others. Besides the evidence he had read, there was other testimony bearing on the same point.

Mr. Clay concluded with an eloquent appeal to his fellow-citizens, especially old line Whigs, to give their cordial support to the Union ticket—and the most business-like course to that order, he felt justified in stating what had there occurred.

American politics present some strange contradictions. We are just gradually emerging from a bitter contest in which the rights and privileges of men of the same lineage and physical characteristics as the native citizens of America, were rudely assailed, because they had not been born here; and the next move, on the part of the same men, is to raise up to a level of political equality the negroes, who are of vastly inferior grade, of different color and characteristics, and whose intermixtures with the whites upon equal terms, is clearly contrary to the laws of nature, and revolting to all the better instincts of the Caucasian race.

The White Man and the Negro. American politics present some strange contradictions. We are just gradually emerging from a bitter contest in which the rights and privileges of men of the same lineage and physical characteristics as the native citizens of America, were rudely assailed, because they had not been born here; and the next move, on the part of the same men, is to raise up to a level of political equality the negroes, who are of vastly inferior grade, of different color and characteristics, and whose intermixtures with the whites upon equal terms, is clearly contrary to the laws of nature, and revolting to all the better instincts of the Caucasian race.

Negro-mania has now reached its height. The operations of the negro-worshippers are conducted with unprecedented vigor, and their purposes avowed with unblushing boldness. The Black Republican organization stands forth as the political embodiment of their sentiments, and its organs have the audacity to assert that the American people are so lost to all feelings of self-respect, to the dictates of common sense, of self-preservation, of wisdom and justice, as to afford them a reasonable prospect of securing a triumph at the approaching Presidential election.

We are aware that there are some persons connected with the Black Republican party who profess that their only object is to prevent the extension of slavery into territories now free, and that they do this from no love to the negroes, but merely from regard for the welfare of the whites. But let men look before they leap into this new party, and its real character and designs of those who are its leaders. Nearly every prominent man of them is more or less identified with movements designed to elevate the negroes of the North to political equality with the whites, and wherever they have become fully possessed of power one of their first steps has been towards the achievement of this end, and in several States they have already accomplished it.

The Ten Cent Fabrication. The New York Tribune admits with an unusual frankness, that Mr. Buchanan never made use of any such expression as has been falsely imputed to him. The Tribune says: "The charge that Mr. Buchanan has advocated a reduction of laboring men's wages to ten cents per day, has been a very partial support in fact. He certainly never made any such proposition directly, nor anything which he understood to have that effect."

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There are three Presidential Candidates before the people, one of whom, in all probability, will be Chief Magistrate of the Union. JAMES BUCHANAN, the Democratic candidate; MILLARD FILLMORE, the Know Nothing candidate, JOHN C. FREMONT, the Black Republican and Disunion candidate.

What shall we say of MILLARD FILLMORE? That he is competent we admit; that he possesses many traits of character which we admire, we will not deny; that he speaks as a true national man, we acknowledge; but he fell in an evil hour, from his "high estate," when he bound himself by oath to proscriber men for conscience and for country's sake; and this black cloud obscures his glory.

Of JOHN C. FREMONT it is only necessary to say that he possesses no capacity for government. There is not a county in the State of Pennsylvania from which his superior could not be selected. He entered the army of the United States as a second lieutenant and rose to the rank of Major General.

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The Danger Democrat remarks: "There are a good many clergymen who deliver sermons purporting to be of their own composition, which were substantially composed by the writers for the New York Tribune, and previously published by the firm of Greeley, McElrath & Co. They get their texts from the Bible, their expositions from the Tribune."

What if the Catholic priests were to turn out and take the stump for a political party? What! Why universal Protestantism would turn upon these negro-loving politicians and their party, and the poor fellows to the nearest lamp-post. We should have them strung along the streets, like branches of ripe bananas. But the Rev. Zankie Cobb, and Kirk, and the rest, can talk treason and filth where they please—for, Lord bless you, they are not Catholics! No, sir! they are not bigoted Romanists. They are not plotters against the American people. They are not children of abomination, and workers of iniquity.

The Prospects in Ohio. The "Statesman" gives the following decided and candid opinion of the prospect in Ohio: "How is Ohio?" is a question asked us "very continually." We are compelled to say, in all candor, that if things continue to brighten up and prosper for the future as they have for the last twenty days, Ohio will cast her whole electoral vote for Buchanan and Breckinridge by a majority that will startle some people. But the elements are not settled yet, and our organizations are not completed; but at present all looks bright and cheering, and our friends everywhere, so far as we learn, are in the finest spirits.

Indiana.—EZRA WILSON, Esq., offers through the Washington Union, to bet \$2,500 that James Buchanan will carry Indiana, and \$2,500 that he will receive a majority of the electoral votes of the Union.

A Black Republican on Fremont and Washington. CHARLES REMOND, a negro, and a prominent Black Republican, (says the Detroit Free Press,) thus wrote to one of the delegates to the Philadelphia Convention previous to nominations being made by that body: "Col. Fremont should be placed at the head of the ticket. We, at the West, desire his nomination. He will be acceptable to all your constituents."

There is no doubt that this fellow REMOND reflects the general sentiment of the Black Republican party. They consider WASHINGTON a "scoundrel" because he was a slaveholder. Under the same rule, they consider JEFFERSON, and MADISON, and MONROE, and JACKSON, as "scoundrels," for they were all slaveholders. Every vote cast for FREMONT is an endorsement of this atrocious calumny.

Let these Reverends go on. The title is allowed the clergy, by way of respect for their sacred calling, as ministers of the gospel of our Saviour. When, therefore, individuals decorate the pulpit with their political burlesques, the insensitive sense of the people detects the wrong, withdraws its respect, and denigrate by their political friends, as well as by the other and better class, not to be the honored title of Reverend, but as Ward Beecher, Thode Parker, Tom Merrill, Fred Douglas, and so down into the nomenclature of all the lesser ruffians of the profession who thus abuse their calling.

There are hundreds of thousands of people who profess to poll their votes always for "the best man." Can any doubt that BUCHANAN is a thousand times better man than FREMONT, so far as regards qualification and ability? The truth is BUCHANAN possesses every desirable requisite for the office—honesty, capacity, and experience—while FREMONT has no Presidential qualifications whatever.

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