



THE COMPILER.

LIBERTY, THE UNION, AND THE CONSTITUTION.

GETTYSBURG, PENNA.

Monday Morning, June 9, 1856.

For President, JAMES BUCHANAN, of Penna.

Democrat Electoral Ticket.

Electors at Large.

Charles R. Buckalew, of Columbia county.

Wilton McCandless, of Allegheny county.

District Electors.

1. Geo. W. Niburger, 13. Abraham Edinger,

2. Pierce Butler, 14. Reuben Willer,

3. Edward Warburton, 15. Geo. A. Crawford,

4. William H. Witte, 16. James Black,

5. John McNaire, 17. Henry J. Stahl,

6. John H. Brinton, 18. John D. Roddy,

7. David Lantry, 19. Jacob Turney,

8. Charles Kessler, 20. J. A. Buchanan,

9. Joseph Patterson, 21. William Wilkins,

10. Isaac Slenker, 22. Jas. G. Campbell,

11. E. W. Hughes, 23. Thos. Cunningham,

12. Thos. Osterhout, 24. John Kealty,

25. Vincent Phelps.

Canal Commissioner, GEORGE SCOTT, of Columbia county.

Auditor General, JACOB FRY, Jr., of Montgomery co.

Surveyor General, TIMOTHY IVES, of Potter county.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

"Gibson House," Cincinnati, June 2, '56.

Holding myself always at the service of the

numerous patrons and readers of the "Com-

piler," whether at home or abroad, I have

been taking a few notes of my trip Cincinnati-

ward, with the intention, if of sufficient inter-

est, "to print 'em." And—here goes:

I left home on Thursday morning last, under

the "rain" of Dr. Weaver, and in due season

reached Hanover—so also York, then

Harrisburg, and, there took the mail train for

the West. The ride along the Juniata is not

an uninteresting one, skirted on both banks

as that rather romantic sheet of water is, with

a high range of undulating hills, or moun-

tains, which are clothed with dense and now

lofty-green forests—affording a sufficient

variety of view, however, not to tire the eye with

a monotonous sameness. The grain fields did

not present so promising an appearance as

those of York and Adams, but I suppose,

from the location, and character of the soil,

that any better could not be expected.

Arrived at Altoona, about dusk, I concluded

to spend the night there, in order to allow me

an opportunity of enjoying the grand and pic-

turesque views afforded along the line of the

Central Railroad over the mountain—and

richly was I remunerated for the detention,

in more ways than one. The town, but four

years in existence, contains a population of

5,000, with extensive railroad workshops, em-

ploying 500 hands.

After a good night's rest, (and a capital

supper and breakfast, with such beefsteak-

mortal man never partook of superior,) at

half-past nine, I took the Express train, which

had just arrived from Philadelphia, with the

"Keystone Club" on board, and in a few mo-

ments we were ascending the steep grades up

the mountain. The scenery is most magnif-

icent—indeed, at some points, grand almost

beyond description. The train winding up,

up, and still upward, along the precipitous

sides of the mountain, formed a picture the

painter might well devote his pencil to. Nu-

merous spots of attractiveness strike the eye,

but Kittingau Gap, six or seven miles above

Altoona, is pre-eminently so. At this point,

the road passes over a deep ravine, connecting

two of the mountain peaks, and the course is

so short, that, seated as I was in the rear car,

I had a fine, full view of the three locomotives

drawing the train, they coming almost oppo-

site me. Although crossing a chasm hundreds of

feet deep, the beholder, even the most timid,

and was well entertained, (new cucumbers,

sliced, at supper!)

At 3 o'clock next morning, I left for this

point, and passed over a country most beau-

tiful to behold, although there are many points

I would not consider desirable to have one's

elbow in. We passed through Rochester,

Columbiana, Salem, Alliance, where we broke-

fast; Canton, a large and beautiful place;

Masillon, built twenty-five years ago in the

swamp, now quite large and well built; Wo-

oster, also of good size, and evidently a pleas-

ant place; Mansfield, larger, I should think, but

not quite so pretty; Crestline, two years ago

entirely in the woods, but is growing rapidly;

Gation, Caledonia, Marion, where we dined;

next Larew, where I was truly glad to take

by the hand my old Mummansburg friend,

Henry S. Miller, who settled here last fall;

Bellefontain, which has a cleanly, thrifty air

about it; Urbana, Springfield, a most beau-

tiful place; Dayton, ditto; Miamasburg, where

the grape is largely cultivated; and then on

through a large number of villages, to Cin-

cinnati, (368 miles from Pittsburg,) which

we reached at 7 P. M.

Within thirty miles of this city, the wheat

is in full head, and luxuriant. Clover nearly

ready for the scythe.

A heavy frost visited the region I passed

through on Saturday morning, which soon

turned to blackness all tender vegetation. It

will long be remembered as a late frost.

I found the city crowded to suffocation with

strangers from all quarters, and had consid-

erable difficulty in procuring quarters, which

I eventually did at the Gibson House, in Wal-

nut street, and am as comfortably fixed as

could be expected, considering the jam. The

vast body of visitors here have not come for

purposes of strife, but, impressed as they are

with the important bearings of the doings of

the great Democratic party upon the policy

and prosperity of our beloved country, their

almost universal course is for good will and a

kindly sentiment, so that the nominee of the

Convention may be heartily sustained, North,

East, South and West, and endorsed by a

majority so speakingly emphatic as to drive

back into merited obscurity the horde of evil-do-

ers who are now riding on the top waves of

Nothingism and Black Republicanism. Under

such circumstances, I anticipate the best

results.

As to Cincinnati, I need say hardly a word.

It is known world-wide, as one of the most at-

tractive and prosperous western cities, many

of which are looming up so rapidly as to

threaten soon to distance their most ancient

eastern sisters. Business is not quite so brisk

as earlier in the season, because of the low

stage of water in the river, but still the fact

that wealth and enterprise go hand in hand

is evidenced on all sides.

The city is decorated at many points with

flags, and all sorts of amusements are adver-

tised for the "benefit of strangers."

The hotel charges are double, and in many

cases treble, the usual rates, and there is

considerable dissatisfaction expressed thereat.

But such things are common on such occasions,

and I suppose the most reasonable way to

take the matter is "to grin and bear it."

Many of the most distinguished and reli-

able members of the Democratic party of the

country are here, and it has afforded me no

little pleasure to take by the hand not a few

whose upright political course I have long ad-

mired and heartily endorsed.

The Convention met in Smith & Nixon's

Hall, (which is handsomely decorated with

flags and overgreens,) to-day at 12 o'clock,

M., but as this latter has already grown to

sufficient length, I will defer a sketch of the

proceedings for my next, which will probably

be written to-morrow. I have obtained a

reporter's seat in the Hall, but it is no easy task

to write amid this bustle. U. J. S.

N. Hutchison for Secretary. The committee

further recommended the adoption of the

rules of the last Democratic National Con-

vention for the government of this. The report

was adopted, and Mr. Ward conducted to the

chair, when he delivered the following thril-

lingly eloquent address, which was received

with deafening applause:

Gentlemen of the Convention, The summons

to preside over your deliberations is an un-

expected as it is grateful to me. The distin-

guished gentleman who yesterday presided,

the connecting link between the past and the

present, carried us back to that period in our

history when the Democratic party assembled

to give into the hands of its favorite son, its

standard to go forth to battle against a noble

and a gallant party. That party, with the

issues which then divided us, have passed

away. Many of its leaders, one by one, have

fallen away to their silent resting place, filled

with years and with honors, mourned by po-

litical friends and political foes.

With all their virtues and their blood,

When Springs, with dewy fingers cold,

Returns to deck their hollowed mould,

There shall find a sweeter soul

Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,

To deck the mould that wraps their clay;

And Freedom for a while repays

To dwell a weeping hermit there."

Many of that noble party who still survive

are with us to-day. They are with us in our

deliberations, and they are prepared to go

forth with us to do battle in behalf of the

Constitution and the Union. Why, then, gen-

tlemen of the Convention, with this party

passed away, and these issues settled, why

are we environed with difficulties and sur-

rounded with dangers before unknown? Our

land is convulsed with factions. The one, re-

creant to the Constitution, would build a wall

around our country, and give a home to the

exile who seeks these shores, only on condi-

tion that he renounce all the privileges which

are dear to freemen; a party which, in the

pride of power, assumes to dictate to the

consciences of men, and which would extend

the right of suffrage only to those who bow

before the same altar with themselves; a party

which will allow no man to be fit to serve the

country, unless he offer his prayers to the

throne of grace in the same form they may

prescribe.

The other faction—more dangerous only be-

cause it is more numerous—has liberty em-

blazoned on its banners and deadly treason

festered in its heart. It is engaged in an

unholy crusade against the Constitution, which

has so long maintained its hold on the affec-

tions of the people, in the fond hope that they

may involve in one common ruin all the glo-

rious recollections of the past, and all our

anticipations of the future. Insignificant and

contemptible in itself, it is formidable only for

its tendency to unite with all other factions in

their opposition to a party which makes no

concessions, courts no alliances, asks no affilia-

tions.

From the shores of the Pacific, from the

mountains of the North, from the plains of

the South, from the valleys of the West, dele-

gates have come up to-day to present a plat-

form and to select a standard bearer in the

great contest against these factions. Let us

then go forth as a band of brothers, hand in

hand, to the altar of our common country,

and lay upon that altar a willing sacrifice of

personal aspirations, our sectional prejudices,

and above and beyond all, our private friend-

ships. Let our thoughts be chastened by a

higher and a purer sentiment, the love of our

country. Let a desire to advance our personal

wishes be lost in a greater duty of protect-

ing the Constitution of our country from the

assaults of its enemies.

With an abiding confidence that the kind-

ness which has summoned me to this place,

will bear with me in the performance of its

duties; that that kindness will pardon the

errors I must commit, and forgive what may

appear to them to be erroneous, and may

really be so; I enter on the discharge of that

trust to which you have summoned me.

The committee on Credentials then made

report, recommending unanimously the ad-

mission of the regularly chosen delegates

from Missouri, (who, I think are anti-Denton),

and asked further time, to investigate the New

York difficulty. The report was adopted by

the Convention, with but few dissenting

voices.

An hour or more was then consumed in ef-

forts to increase the list of admissions to the

galleries, which were generally occupied by

the members of the press from various parts

of the Union, but without effect—and at 12

M., the Convention took a recess until 4 P.

M.

The Convention re-assembled at the ap-

pointed time, when the committee on Creden-

tials stated, through the chairman, that they

were not yet ready to report upon the New

York case, and would not be before morning,