

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAILE.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, The Markets, Local and General Intelligence, Politics, Advertising, &c.

38TH YEAR.

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From the Crisis.

A BALLYING SONG.

Come, join our throng, ye patriots true,
Come swell the Democratic crew;
Come, girl your country's armor on,
And fight until the victory's won.
Get out of the way! for Buck is lucky,
Get out of the way! for Buck is lucky,
Get out of the way! for Buck is lucky,
And so is Breck, of old Kentucky.
The good old party stands once more,
Just as it stood in days of yore;
It knows no dread, it feels no fear,
Its horizon is bright and clear.
Chorus—Get out of the way, &c.
Brave hearts are lashed for the cause,
Of equal rights and equal laws;
Free men are musing for the fray,
And Buck and Breck must win the day.
Chorus—Get out of the way, &c.
The mongrel throng of every shade,
Which spoils and plunder have arrayed,
Will vanish like the morning dew,
Before our storm-troop tried and true.
Chorus—Get out of the way, &c.
They rallied strong in forty-four,
We barked them then till they were sore;
We thrashed them to the fifty-two,
And now we'll thrash them black and blue.
Chorus—Get out of the way, &c.
The "woolly horns" can never run
Against the "Keystone's favorite son";
He humbugged Barnum, as you know,
But he can't cheat the people so.
Chorus—Get out of the way, &c.

Show Your Passports.

About ten days ago, the passengers on the fast line to Baltimore were aroused from their half sleeping condition by a practical joker, calling out suddenly in the cars, "Show your passports." The joke had a telling effect. The train had just passed by the Claymont Station, which is near the dividing line between Pennsylvania and Delaware—between the North and the South. Every one who knew this fact, commenced a commentary with his neighbor upon the free and unobscured intercourse and commerce enjoyed by the citizens of this country over the broad and populous States guarded by our common Constitution. Every one was eloquent upon the advantages of our system over that which prevails in Europe, where a military guard, and officers of the revenue, confront the traveler at the frontier of every petty kingdom and principality. But the solemn fact which prompted this legitimate expression, viz: that the first step towards a separation of the States of the Republic, has already been taken by an organized party in the North, gave serious interest and point to the discussion; and there was not one in that company who did not have a more realizing sense of the impending danger, when he contemplated that at no very distant day he might in reality be confronted at Naaman's Creek by the stern salute—"Show your passports."—*Pennsylvian*.

Think of it, citizens of Adams county!—and think of it, citizens of Frederick and Carroll counties! Were the Union dissolved, the free intercourse which now exists between you would be bridged. A system of "passports" would make you almost strangers. The best markets, Maryland and Virginia, for the products of the mechanical labor of this very town of Gettysburg, would be cut off by a line then impassable. Think of it!

Henry Clay and James Buchanan.—Some of the worst of the fusion journals represent that Mr. Clay had great cause of complaint against Mr. Buchanan, growing out of the "coalition" correspondence, more than thirty years ago. Yet this is utterly annihilated by the recorded opinions of Mr. Clay—by his known cordiality towards Mr. Buchanan for many years and up to the time of his death—and by the fact that he son, now living at Ashland, is a supporter of "Buck and Breck." So fall, one by one, the opposition calumnies before the force of a pure character and the resistless power of truth!

Know Nothingism and Black Republicanism.—The Albany Register, a leading Know Nothing paper, says that "everywhere, except in New York, these two titles [Know Nothingism and Black Republicanism] are indissolubly joined together in a holy wedlock." The Register further says:

"If Fremont is elected the country will owe the American party a debt of gratitude: for it is not doing injustice to other noble advocates of free soil to say that the American organization in the East and West is the backbone of the Republican party."

Judging from all that we can see and hear from Indiana, the whole State, from river to lake, must be in a perfect furor of political excitement.

The Fremonters have evidently waked up the wrong passengers in that gallant State, and they should try to allay the excitement as soon as possible, or the Democratic triumph there will surpass all previous victories. And so let it be.

It is said that the betting Democrats in Louisiana are exceedingly incensed at the Cincinnati Convention for nominating a ticket against which no one in that State dares to bet.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE COMPILER.

CAMBRIDGE, Massachusetts,
August 9th, 1856.

To the Editor of the Compiler:

The Presidential contest is approaching, and as the readers of the *Compiler* are equally with the whole country interested in the issue, it may be interesting for them to know how the Democratic cause is prospering in the North. I propose with your permission to take an impartial survey of the field and offer a few considerations which I hope will not be entirely devoid of interest. Whilst the Democracy of Pennsylvania are organizing for the struggle with inspiring hope, animated by an honorable feeling of state pride in behalf of her favorite son, for the last half century their honor and their pride; their brethren of New England are not slumbering on their arms, neither in imagined security from the desperate enemy which surrounds them, nor in hopeless despondency of success. Although to you belongs the honor of giving to the Democracy of the Union its noble standard bearer, we intend to possess with you in common, the honor of placing him in the most exalted position in the gift of any people. We stand upon the broad platform on which you stand, battle for the same principles and love the same Union. Although fanaticism and disunion have run rampant, the spirit of Democracy yet lives, and we firmly believe, lives to conquer. Myse last year signally rebuked the mad spirit of fanaticism which had swept well nigh over the whole North, and now it is confidently believed that notwithstanding the desertion of the traitor Hamlin and a few of his miserable associates, the state will go for Buck and Breck by a handsome majority. The remnant of the once honorable national Whig party refuse to join the Black Republican Know Nothing faction, and openly declare for the party of the Union and the Constitution. A majority of the citizens are patriotic and conservative, and will vote accordingly. Set down Maine in the Democratic column. In New Hampshire, the home of our present patriotic Chief Magistrate, the struggle will be desperate. I have recently been through the Southern portion of the State and found the Democrats awake and in good spirits. But their opponents have possessed the State offices and this is the last chance for them to keep them. If they fail this fall they know full well that the State will return to her good old Democratic faith, and the spoils will be clean gone forever. In the Spring election there were three tickets in the field, the Democratic, Whig and Know Nothing. The latter had but sixty-eight pluralities, and there were only two tickets, the patriotic Whigs, who generally are opposed to the proscription of the principles of the Know Nothing, and the abhorrent negro equality of the Abolitionists, will almost unanimously support the Democratic ticket. Many have already avowed their intention so to do, amongst whom are A. P. Hughes, D. D. Dodge and W. A. Slemper, Esq. These gentlemen are amongst the most prominent Whig leaders and eloquent speakers of the State. They have already addressed Democratic meetings and will do good service in the cause. These are the gentlemen who secured over 2000 votes for the Whig candidate in the Spring and defeated the Administration candidate, Mr. Wells. The rank and file will follow their leaders, and the signs of the times indicate that the Granite State will vindicate her honor by casting her electoral vote for Buchanan and Breckinridge in November next.

The course of the Whigs of CONNEXION is similar to that of their brethren of N. H., and the Democrats here are certain of victory. Their candidate for Governor last Spring came very near having a majority of the votes cast in the State, and since that time the good cause has been constantly gaining strength. But for the old line Whigs, who exorcise the negro party and will never vote for the "romantic mountaineer," the State would have been triumphantly carried by the Democrats. In this State there will be a Fillmore ticket, and the New York *Tribune* admits that it is one of the most doubtful States in the North. Few here doubt that the State will declare for the Democratic nominees. Thus the probabilities are that we shall carry at least three of the New England States.—We will "hear the lion in his den," and teach these fanatics that there is still virtue and patriotism in the hearts of the people. In the remaining three States our prospects are not so bright. It is true the Democrats of Vermont are a noble little band, but this is one of Gen. Scott's States, and the opposition ever has been and I presume still is greatly in the ascendancy. In Rhode Island we made great gains at the last election, but it is doubtful whether our friends there will soon recover from the temporary defeat which affects them. And now we come to Massachusetts, the head quarters of fanaticism. It is here that the Fugitive Slave law was resisted, and those engaged in exercising the laws of the country cruelly murdered. This is the hot bed of Know Nothingism, so famous for its hiss-nery investigating committee, and this is the State with a treason law upon her statute book, which is called the Personal Liberty Act, and which puts Massachusetts out of the Union in the opinion of all constitutional men. This foul blot her legislature last winter endeavored to wipe from her escutcheon, but failed in their attempt, and it still stands a monument of the treason and fanaticism of the Fremont party of this State. Here they have their political harangues in the pulpit—their Kansas aid meetings, and the highest ambition of the Fremonters seems to be to effect the freedom of the negro, regardless of consequences and degrade our naturalized citizens whom they deprive from voting for twenty-one years, from ever holding any office of trust, and even of forming military companies for the defence of their adopted country. Here they clamor for freedom of speech, and hiss in Faneuil Hall, on the 4th of July, when the national toast of "The President of the United States," is offered and responded to; and loudly prate about "freedom," whilst they disfranchise a man because he is a Catholic—thus enslaving the mind of man by the most abject slavery, and place him upon an equality of the negro who occupies so large a place in their affections. They do all this, and yet have the impudence to in-sinuate the same individuals whom they a few months ago proscribed by asking them to vote for their candidates. This party closed the doors of Faneuil Hall against Daniel Webster because he loved

the Union, and now ask his friends and followers to aid them in their crusade against the people of one half of the Union. Parker, Phillips and Garrison are amongst their leaders, and openly advocate disunion whilst Sumner and Wilson and the gallant Partridge go for an "anti-slavery constitution, an anti-slavery bible, and an anti-slavery God." These are the principles of the supporters of Fremont in the "old bay State," and I am sorry to say they are numerous. There are still a considerable portion of the Fillmore Americans who will not be sold to these "Union sliders," and will vote for their favorite candidate. The respectable portion of the Whigs, which are yet quite numerous, will support Buchanan. We yet have some honorable Whigs in Massachusetts. Winthrop, Everett and Choate, stand aloof and will never join with the enemies of the Constitution! So do the respectable papers, the *Courier and Advertiser*. They scorn the detestable principles of this sectional party. Many of the Whig leaders of the State have joined the Democratic party; more than a dozen in the classic city of Cambridge. We will have three tickets in the field, and of course a triangular fight. If the Whigs are true to their profession, which there is no reason to doubt, Buck and Breck may get a plurality here in degenerate Massachusetts. It is true, the Democracy cannot hope for much in such a State, but our opponents are greatly divided. We shall labor to restore the State to her ancient honor, and leave the rest to the Ruler of the destinies of nations. These facts will give you some idea of parties and their chances of success in the extreme North, where it requires a great soul and a brave heart to be a Democrat. I cannot doubt that we shall emerge from the contest with victory in the first three States I have mentioned, and the people of the Union will have cause to rejoice that our sturdy yeomanry still love the whole country, whether North or South. I speak of these States going for our nominees, not because I believe them necessary to elect them, but only to cheer you on to renewed vigor in the good old Keystone State, the great hatterground; and to give you some idea of how overwhelming will be the defeat of our political enemies. I consider Pennsylvania, New York with her united Democracy, New Jersey, Indiana, Illinois and California, just as sure for us as any of the Southern States, every one of which our opponents here concede to us without a doubt. Who can for a moment doubt the final result? Everywhere patriots of all parties are rallying under our banner, on which is inscribed in letters of living light, the Union and the Constitution; and joining the party which knows no North, no South, no East, no West, but the whole country. The party which has for its principles those of the framers of the Constitution, and which lies at the very foundation of our government, the right of the people to govern themselves, and regulate their own domestic institutions; the party which boldly denounces the proscription of men on account of birth place and religious belief; and thus stands forth the great advocate of civil and religious freedom. How different are the principles of the Black Republican Know Nothing coalition? They know only one half of our Republic. The convention which nominated the "romantic traveller" was almost without a representative from the South, and he received the nomination for his hostility to the rights of our southern brethren. Fremont accepts two nominations, one from the proscription Know Nothing Convention of New York, the other from the Abolitionists of Philadelphia, and now stands before the country as their common candidate and the representative of their principles. They form a happy brotherhood. The former seeks to degrade the white man, the latter labors to elevate the negro in his stead. Contrary to the counsels of the Father of his Country they have formed a party on a purely sectional basis and expect to elect Fremont. If at all, by a purely sectional vote, and thus ignore the whole southern portion of the confederacy. Who can fail to chafe between the principles of the two parties? On the one hand is Union, peace and continued prosperity, on the other anarchy, disunion and civil war. A still greater contrast is presented when we compare the candidates of the two prominent parties. Buchanan has served his country in a public capacity for more than forty years. Fremont's public services did not last so many days. The former has graced our national councils at home, and added honor to her name at two foreign courts; the latter was Senator for a few weeks, and when his short term expired his California friends in her legislature gave him *seven* votes for a reelection as a mark of their high appreciation of his public career; and this is the only office of any importance he has ever filled. Thus Buchanan has had ample experience as a statesman in our national councils, in her cabinet, and as her representative at different foreign courts. Fremont is devoid of any experience as a statesman and politician, and is known only as a romantic explorer, and with greater qualification, for exploring the head waters of "Salt River," than piloting the ship of state, which demands experienced hands and a patriotic heart capable of respecting the rights of all sections of the Union. Buchanan was the bosom friend of the immortal Jackson and the lamented Polk, the great compeer of Webster, Clay and Calhoun; has the wisdom and dignity of age; will command the respect of the people, and will allay domestic strife. Fremont is the compeer of Kit Carson, the hardy, energetic explorer, for which we respect him, but consider this no qualification for the Presidential chair. He is young, ambitious and reckless, as his whole life proves, and if elected, he must in carrying out the principles of his party, open anew the dangerous agitation of the slavery question more violent than ever, which would assuredly prove disastrous to the country. The condition of affairs demands a great and good man to fill the Presidential chair and destiny points on Buchanan as the man. Associated with him on the ticket is the eloquent and gallant Breckinridge of Kentucky. He honored his country in her halls of legislation and gallantly marched to her defence on the plains of Mexico. A young man honored as the great Democrat of his native State, he is a worthy successor to the lamented Clay, whose district he represented. To the wisdom, experience and conservatism of Buchanan, he adds the vigor, ardor and progressiveness of youth. Such is the cause and such are the men whom we have selected to carry out our great principles, and so sure as the election takes place on the 4th of November, so sure will they fill

the honorable positions for which they are named. Under these circumstances what will be the course of the Democrats and honorable Whigs of little Adams? They performed their duty like men last year and their efforts were crowned with victory. Let them again array themselves in solid column and speak out for the Union and the Constitution—for civil and religious liberty—and march on to triumph.—There is no man who voted the Democratic ticket last fall who is not now bound by every interest and principle of honor to repeat his act of honorable duty. I know the proscription leaders of the Know Nothing faction profess an abandonment of their midnight Councils and their bigoted and disgraceful principles, but they do this only in their desperation. They may have laid them aside for the time being for political effect, but as soon as the election is over they will be as possible more proscription than ever. Trust them not, honest voters; they want the County offices.—They are now "Republicans," and soliciting who scorn their Know Nothingism to join them. Shun this new name party; it is even more corrupt than the latter. It now becomes all good men who have been led astray from their former political associations to leave the faction which has basely deceived them with professions of purity, honesty and reform. They snugly now see that the vulgar snout of "Sam," the fear of "Popery and foreign influence" have lost their charm, and that these same deceptive leaders are determined to ride into office on the back of the poor negro. Honest men of Adams, stand firm. Give a good account of yourselves in October and November and help to swell the majority of Pennsylvania's great Statesman. B.

HON. W. B. REED'S LETTER

To the Chambersburg Committee.

Hon. Wm. B. REED, one of the old Whig leaders, but now an active Democrat, of Philadelphia, being unable to attend the Chambersburg Mass Meeting, has written a strong letter in reply to the Committee of Invitation, in which he uses this striking language. It should go home to the heart of every citizen of Adams county:

I remember, years ago, on a bright summer's afternoon, toiling up the turnpike road on the Cove Mountain, in your county, and when I reached the summit, turning to gaze on as beautiful a scene as ever gladdened my eye—the valley of peaceful beauty which stretches off to Maryland and towards the Potomac. It is a familiar scene to most of you. To me it was new, and its impression has never faded from my mind. As far as the eye could reach there was fertility—the signs of tranquil industry; all was beautiful—all was peaceful—it looked, as it was, like the abode of a happy and united people. The political line, separating Pennsylvania from Maryland, traced by those old fashioned surveyors, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, which marked it had long been felled or disappeared. Many a farm was separated by it, but except in the eye of the law, no one knew it or cared about it.

I have often—for painful thoughts are thrusting themselves upon me—recalled that scene of actual beauty and united interest, and realized what it would be—what your condition would be—what must be the condition of every county of this Commonwealth lying on the Maryland line; Chester, Lancaster, York, Adams, Franklin, Fulton, Bedford, Somerset, Fayette and Green; if disunion be forced on us, and the rupture be as it would be, between what are popularly but falsely called the Free and the Slave States, *between us and Maryland*. I wish every man could be made to understand what a frontier is, even that of civilized life. Its daily, hourly vexations and dangers—its line of custom-houses to keep the smuggler in and out—the crowds of fugitives from justice and labor, infesting every avenue from concealed in every thicket—the murderer striking down his victim to-day and flying with the fresh blood on his hand to a foreign territory to-morrow—the hissing of the strife, the hot blood of exterminious dispute—all this, would be the daily doom of every Southern county of this State; and across the beautiful valley I have spoken of would be distressingly visible, the actual, broad, perhaps bloody line which disunion must trace. This is true, though hard to conceive. Pennsylvania, and you, citizens of Franklin county, have so long reposed in the very centre of the Union, that you cannot understand how you can become a frontier and how you will suffer when you do.

Mr. Reed further says:
The danger is before us and around us. As a citizen of the North, I have sought to conceal it from myself, but it will not down at my bidding. I do not draw this inference from the language of extreme men; but when I hear a Senator from Kentucky—a Whig Senator—a moderate and conservative man, within this month, in his place in the Senate, say—"I have never paid much attention to the talk about the dissolution of the Union; but I have often thought on the subject, and my conviction is that the election of Fremont or any man of that party, is the knell of the Union"—(speech of Thomson, *National Intelligencer*, July 17.) When such words as these are uttered, not by the heated South, but by the temperate and loyal West, we have a right to say there is danger and very great danger too. The South on this subject of the Presidency, is not violent or loud, but its silence is very ominous and most impressive. Mr. Buchanan stands before them—and this is the ground upon which conservative men should come to his support—as the representative of the principles which alone can avert their evils, that of repression and extirpation of all agitation on this subject of slavery, let it come from what quarter it may. He has said in simple and earnest language that this will be his aim. It must, for the good of the nation, come to an end. It can only be put an end to, by the strong moral power which a national man can exercise, and at a time when the relations of the Union are not disturbed but harmonized and reconciled by the expression of the popular will, rebuking the divisively fanaticism of any one party, and thus rebuke the Northern and Middle States are bound to give. Without this cooperation, Mr. Buchanan may strive and strive unsuccessfully to stay this noisy current

of political agitation. With it, his success is easy and the peace of the country is secured. It is the conviction of this—aside altogether from personal regard—that has brought me and thousands like me to his support. For a Pennsylvania man—for one whose earliest lesson was reverence for the great principle which William Penn enunciated, and whose habits of thought and education make him adverse to secret or intolerant political organization, there was no other path open. That into which some inconsiderate people are now seduced, of what is known as the "American" organization, can have no attraction for me or any conservative man. Believing, as I do, that Mr. Fillmore took more than one initiatory oath in a Know Nothing Lodge, by which he bound himself to proscribe politically his fellow citizens who professed one form of Christian faith, and those who happened to have been born abroad, and to conform his opinions and regulate his political action by the decision of a secret, unbound political club, I cannot vote for him. My antipathy to this secret and unconstitutional organization is no new feeling; I spoke it out long ago; I shall never change it. As one of the leaders of this party of intolerance, as one who gave to it the authority of his name and past position, I hold Mr. Fillmore responsible for a deep wound to the cause of political morality. If there is one thing about which the people of this country are and ought to be sensitive, it is their right to worship God as they please. They claim to worship God under such forms of ecclesiastical discipline as they choose to enforce upon themselves,—with such ceremonial, simple or elaborate, as they please, on such days and in such places as they choose for themselves, and this great privilege of religious duty the Constitution guards and protects. It is equally the privilege of all. There is not a Protestant who is not as much interested in guarding this constitutional right as the Catholic Christians whom Mr. Fillmore, and his secret confederates, have sworn to proscribe. It was, I repeat, the worst wound ever inflicted on political morality in this country when these secret oath-bound associations of religious intolerance were created. It was a sad spectacle when a statesman like Mr. Fillmore joined them. Regretting once more that I am unable to be with you, and to say what I have thus written, I am very respectfully, your friend,
WILLIAM B. REED.

Vote for Fremont or be Discharged.

We clip the following item from an exchange:
"We quote from the Staten Islander how Governor Clark's health officer goes in for 'freedom.' Whoever is employed to work on vessels at quarantine must solemnly promise to vote for Fremont. Last week two poor Germans were discharged for the 'enormous crime of attending a Democratic meeting!'"

An Good as a Nigger.

"Are you for Fremont?" asked a dark party luck.
As he tapped a K. N., with a smile, on the back,
With a smile that soon spread to a snigger!
"No, sir," he replied, "for Fillmore I go;
A little reflection has taught me to know
That a white man 's as good as a nigger!"

It is a favorite trick of the Disunionists to take votes in the cars packed with men going home from Fremont meetings, to make a show of strength. Not long since such a vote took place, and the Fremonters had a decided majority. An honest old farmer of German descent thereupon remarked: "Vell it vas thus so in Jackson's time. I dravelled in de stages and de votes vas all against him. And ven I dravelled in 1852 in de steamboats and de cars de votes vas all for Scott,—but ven ve got to de polls ve had 'em."

A good story is told of an officer in the American army, during the war of 1812-'14, who was and is still, more accustomed to the use of the sword than the pen. While stationed on the Lake frontier, two of his soldiers, by the name of Kennedy, and usually called Kennedy, deserted. The officer of whom we are speaking, wrote an order, and issued it to a subaltern, to take a file of men, and proceed to a place named, and take the two *Canadas*. The order was peremptory, and not to be trifled with. The officer looked at his instructions, and prepared to obey them, but he remarked that he did not believe he could take more than one of the provinces *without a reinforcement!*

A grand international fair is in contemplation in Buffalo, N. Y., to be held early in September. "It is proposed," says the *Republic*, "to offer prizes to the amount of between \$15,000 and \$20,000, for which all the citizens of the United States and Canada will be allowed to compete, in all the varied and extensive departments of agricultural and mechanical industry."

Mormon Tribulations.—One of the Mormon women who was in the company of the late crowd which passed through our town for Salt Lake we learn had no less than four husbands. She is said to have been an intelligent looking individual. She contended that women have as good a right to have a number of husbands, as a man has to have as many wives as he wished, provided the men were all members of the Mormon Church. There is nothing like making circumstances suit occasions, and these Mormons appear to have a peculiar faculty for such transactions.—*Rock Islander*.

The editor of a paper in Schenectady, in describing the effects of a squall upon a canal boat, says that "when the gale was at its highest, the unfortunate craft heeled to leeward, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overboard."

Impertinent.—Lady (in fashionable dress).—"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?"
Boy.—"Perhaps. A load of hay went thro' this morning."

Waggon.—A wag in New York, seeing a man driving a tack into a card, through the letter *Z* of the word "Boston" printed on it, seized the latter and exclaimed: "Why, what are you about? Don't you know that laying *tar on him* in Boston once raised a thundering mass there?"

HON. JOSIAH RANDALL'S

Speech before the Democratic State Convention,
Held at Chambersburg, Aug. 6, 1856.

In obedience to the request of the Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania, I claim the attention of my fellow-citizens for a short time. I am aware that I have received this courtesy because I have heretofore been a member of the Old Line Whig party. In 1824-5, the Democratic and Whig parties were separated by no question of principle, but were divided upon the question, whether Gen. Jackson was entitled to be elected President of the United States. In the progress of time, during the thirty years of the existence of the Whig party, several important principles were presented, and the two parties became distinct and independent of each other upon questions of public policy. Those were:

1. The renewal of the charter of the Bank of the United States.
2. The Sub-Treasury.
3. The Distribution of the Proceeds of the Public Lands.
4. The Tariff.

A "National Bank" was abandoned by the Democratic party, under the veto of Gen. Jackson, in 1832, and by the Whig party in 1844. "The Sub-Treasury," the cardinal measure of Mr. Van Buren, was opposed by the Whig party, but has sought itself into public favor, and no one now wishes to disturb it. "The Distribution of the proceeds of the Public Lands" has been superseded by the debt created by the Mexican war. "The Tariff" no longer remains either a political or geographical question; the last Congress exhibited the spectacle of the "State Rights" men of the South and the Republican Abolitionists of the North, united against Pennsylvania, without distinction of party, to reduce the tariff below its present standard.

If there remain any practical disputable principle, which constituted an issue between the Democratic and the old Whig parties, I do not know it. The Whig party has performed its duty, and has had its day. It has been prostrated by the organization of the American party, or the Know Nothing Order. They and the Old Line Whigs have been the *Executioners*. They have renounced their old cognomen, laid aside their old principles, and substituted in their place a new name and a new creed, never heretofore recognized by CLAY, WEBSTER, SEAGER or their noble compeers.

I know there are many intelligent and patriotic men who cherish the hope that the Whig party can again be resuscitated, but the hope is delusive, and it is pernicious, because it deprives the country of a large portion of intellect and worth, which ought to be brought into the public service. In the history of our Republic, no party broken down has ever yet been re-organized. The fate of the Federal and Anti-Masonic parties establishes this fact. There is not at this time a Whig member of the popular branch of Congress elected by a Whig vote. There is not a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania elected by a Whig vote. There is not a member of the Councils of the City of Philadelphia elected by a Whig vote. For the last two years, with but two exceptions, wherever the scattered members of the Whig party met in council, they have felt their position, and have, therefore, wisely abstained from forming a Ticket to be voted for at the polls. In New Hampshire and Massachusetts they rallied at the polls, and the result was paucity of numbers and total defeat. But, I ask, what good would be derived from the re-organization and triumph of the Old Whig Party?—They do not want a National Bank. They do not desire the repeal of the Sub-Treasury. The most ardent friends of the Tariff do not ask for the re-establishment of the High Tariff of 1828, or even of 1842; but all they ask is, that the Tariff shall stand where it was placed in 1846 by the casting vote of the Vice President, Mr. DALLAS. All the old issues have been settled, and as a natural consequence, new parties have sprung up, and new issues have been formed. The Order of Know Nothings have violated the letter and spirit of the VI Article of the Constitution of the United States, which declares that "No religious test shall ever be required as a Qualification to any office or Public Trust under the United States;" they have established secret societies, secret oaths and obligations. With these principles the Whig party in its days of power and numerical strength, had no sympathy nor affiliation, and there is no part of the Union where the Whigs were more inflexible in opposing these political heresies than in the State of Pennsylvania.

In 1845, when the Whig party met in the City of Philadelphia, after the defeat of Mr. CLAY, the duty of opening the meeting and setting forth their principles was committed to me. I held in my hand at that meeting, the charter of Rhode Island, granted to Roger Williams, which contains the broadest and most comprehensive declaration of religious LIBERTY and EQUALITY ever yet penned. I read its eloquent and energetic platform and said, "THIS IS THE DOCTRINE OF THE WHIG PARTY," and pointing to the ruins of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Augustine, burnt during the disgraceful riots of 1844, and which lay within a few yards of the place of meeting, I added, "HERE IS ITS DESecRATION." There is not a nook nor corner in the vast region of our country which does not contain Old Line Whigs who are willing to stand by the Constitution and the Union. But their numerical strength is far exceeded by their patriotism, talents, and public spirit. This is the body to which I have been attached, and I feel the deepest interest in the course they shall pursue.

The Republican party is sectarian, and its success must, in my judgment, lead to the servance of the Union. I do not believe that the great mass of that party anticipates this result; but if it should be consummated, their regret will be no equivalent for the damning injury thereby inflicted upon this great Republic. I appeal to every Old Line Whig in the Union to avert this calamity. The South cannot and will not remain in the Union, unless their rights are guaranteed to them. If we were in the same situation, we would demand our rights in tones as imperative and mandatory as those which are now used by our Southern brethren.

How is this great evil to be avoided? I answer, by the election of Mr. Buchanan. Every vote given to him is a check to the progress