

THE DEMOCRAT.

The Largest Circulation in Northern Pennsylvania—892 Copies Weekly.

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, Editors.

MONTROSE, PA.

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1853.

For President,

James Buchanan.

Subject to the decision of the National Convention.

Canal Commissioner,

William Seagriff,

of Fayette.

E. W. Carr is our authorized agent for receiving subscription and advertising at his Newspaper Agency Office, Philadelphia—Also V. B. Palmer, New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

On our first page will be found an ably written and instructive address. We are under obligations for the favor of publishing it.

Convocation of the S. of T.

There will be a Convocation of the Sons of Temperance, held at Harford, on Wednesday, the 15th day of April next; the exercises to commence at 12 o'clock M.

The Rev. Thomas P. Hunt will be present and give an Address on the occasion. Other able Speakers will be in attendance. A general invitation is extended to the "Order" and the friends of Temperance generally.

Honor to whom it is due.

We purchased our new material of John T. White, corner of Cliff and Beckman Streets, New York. We have before made purchases of Mr. White, and have had a fair opportunity to test his type with others. We have invariably found the metal of a very superior quality, that the type last longer, and wear better than any other we can get. Besides, customers will find Mr. White the most obliging and gentlemanly of dealers. We feel a pleasure in recommending his establishment to the attention of the "Fraternity."

"Progressive Democracy"

Our readers will see that the inside of our paper this week appears in fine new type. This is brought about by an additional large purchase of material. Hereafter the Democrat will be printed with this type throughout, save the advertisements. From previous changes we have made since the paper has been in our charge, we have added much to the amount of reading matter in it, and this addition will enable us to add much more, besides giving it a better appearance. We give now, in a convenient and pretty form, full double the amount of reading matter, each week, than the Register does for the same price. Our aim is to satisfy and please our numerous patrons, and while we cannot justly complain of them in the Past, we may be permitted to remind them that type cost money, and that money is scarce; and further, that April Court, a convenient time to settle up for the year, is close at hand.

Supreme Bench.

We had occasion a few days since to visit the Supreme Court in session at Philadelphia. We but express the universal sentiment of the learned Council who are constantly engaged in that Court, and who of course are the best judges as to the merits of the Bench, when we say that Pennsylvania never was more highly favored with a competent and faithful Bench than now. We saw but one place that we would have filled differently, and we can but express our regrets that our choice could not have prevailed. Hon. JAMES CAMPBELL should have been placed there, and then all would have been right. Our judgment is, that the "sober, second thought" would now place him there, and that those who struck the blow hereafter will never acknowledge it. Chief Justice Black is the youngest man on the Bench, a man of great learning and most powerful intellect. Judge Lewis is a man of very laborious habits, constantly devoted to the duties of his office, and a most accomplished Judge. He is radical in his notions of progress and reform, and his influence can but be of the most salutary character upon the Judiciary of the Commonwealth. Judge Lowrie is well appreciated by the profession, as an able Jurist, an accomplished scholar, and a gentleman of fine talents. Judges Ginos and Cozler are of the old Bench, and well known throughout the State. Taken altogether, the previous high standing of the Supreme Bench will be more than sustained, and the prediction of the foes to the change passes unfulfilled.

The elective system has decidedly purified the Judicial atmosphere of the Commonwealth, by placing Judges, like other public servants, dependent upon the source of all power in a republican government. Instead of the Judiciary being coated as with mail in assumed dignity, self-will and antiquated notions, as formerly, we see now a spirit pervading it somewhat in consonance with that of the age, and a disposition manifested to merit the richest reward a public officer can receive,—at the close of his labors, the approving voice of popular opinion from the hearts of those to whom he returns the power, with which he has been clothed. All honors to our present Supreme Bench!

The Pennsylvanian.

We notice that WILLIAM H. HORN, Esq., late one of the Editors of the Baltimore Era, has become the Editor of the Philadelphia Pennsylvanian. Messrs. W. V. McKean and Wein Forney, having retired. It is announced that the Pennsylvanian will hereafter be issued as a Daily Penny Journal.

Dr. NOAH MARTIN, the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Hampshire, is elected by a majority of over 1000, over Whigs and Free Soilers combined. The democrats will have a majority in both branches of the Legislature. A. U. S. Senator is to be elected in place of Mr. HALE.

Gov. BULLOCK has sent a message to the Legislature on the subject of the Finances of the State. We shall publish it next week.

"Old Fogies"—The Presidency.

He is an "old Fogie," says the young, half-fledged politician, with an air of self-importance—indicative of his own exalted opinion of himself and his political sagacity. He is an "old Fogie," and therefore cannot receive my support, says the coffee-house politician, as though the declaration was an everlasting "settle" to the prospects of the candidate thus unfortunately implicated. Out with the "old Fogies," slips from the pen of an aspiring editor, who, seemingly, supposes that one dash of his mighty quill is sufficient to revolutionize politics and lay a host of Presidential aspirants on the shelf. Down on the "old Fogies," shouts the vehement stumper,—an echo of some hot-brained Congressman, whose importance is not lessened by a complacent survey of himself in the Congressional glass for the first time. Death to the "old Fogies," join a score of voices in chorus.—"Young America, Progress, Progress!"

Now we are not disposed to make a burlesque of what should, perhaps, be treated with gravity; but, seriously, we have been, and are, disgusted with much of what appears to us as demagogic cant and clap-trap phrase. It is natural and right that the public mind should be agitated with the question of the next Presidency; many and frank discussion of the merits and qualifications of the respective candidates is what we like to see, and what we would provoke. While any man has a right to aspire to that exalted position, the people have a right, which should always be exercised, dispassionately to discuss him and his pretensions. In such a discussion let every man freely mingle—freely and without reserve express his opinions and illustrate the reasons for his faith. But when the liberty of such a discussion is abused,—when, instead of candid investigation, a resort is had to unmanly discussion, we condemn the challenge offered, and repudiate the object aimed at, as unworthy and mercenary.

We are a disciple of progressive Democracy. We believe that all nature, and its attributes, are progressive,—that the spirit of the age is emphatically so; and nowhere is that spirit better and more fully illustrated than in America, and by the genius of American Republicanism. With this blind reverence for,—this humble and "tenuous" devotion to the teachings, the principles and practices of ages gone by, especially in affairs pertaining to government and nations, we have no sympathy in common, nor do we believe it becomes the American to have. The whole history of this country,—the Revolution and formation of this government,—the wonderful career of the government in greatness and strength down to the present time; is the brightest page of Progression on which the world ever gazed.—The willing victims to the antiquated notions of a darker age, who have been dragged along behind the Car of Progress, in this country, are fast letting fall the scales from their eyes, and looking with astonishment and trembling at the rapid movement forward of the world around them. To such perhaps may well, and significantly, apply the appellation of "old Fogies,"—a term savoring much of contempt and reproach.

Perhaps there are "old Fogies,"—men like those we have above alluded to, among the numerous candidates for the Presidency. But this we ask in all candor, is not that epithet to be weakly applied by some of the hot-bloods of "Young America's" embodiment?—Are all those candidates of the Democracy, who have been the pride and glory of American Statesmen for the last thirty years,—whose history is the history of the nation itself,—who have stood as the acknowledged leaders and defenders of all those great measures of national policy, that have carried forward the country in her unparalleled march of Progress,—are all those great and wise men, now the proper subjects of such odious denunciation and vulgar epithets? Is there not found in their history,—in their identification with the history of the country, its progress and the ever-restless progress of the age, nothing like Progression, nothing like movement, nothing like the march of Intellect and the perfection of true American Statesmanship? To say that there is not, is to contradict what the increasing greatness of the nation most emphatically affirms; saying, in effect, that the presiding genius of this Republic, while they have devised and established its progressive policy and guided its destinies in that path, have, nevertheless, all their lives been acting upon and administering a policy in direct antagonism to their own notions and natures. How can this conclusion be escaped? Who so silly as to affirm the proposition from which such a conclusion must legitimately be drawn?

The truth is, we have great and wise men, schooled in the administration of the government, the history of whose lives is an apt illustration of the true idea of Progress. They have carried themselves forward from obscurity in boyhood to the highest pinnacle of fame in riper years. Especially has Pennsylvania such a candidate for the Presidency,—one whose whole life-time, in the councils of the nation and out of them, is an open page upon which is inscribed most boldly,—the American government in its Progress, like the march of the Sun through the heavens, is the centre of light to the world! And forthwith, because age and long service have matured the Intellect, ripened the judgment, and expanded the experience of such a man, he is to be driven from the list as unworthy to occupy the position which his acknowledged ability prominently fits him to adorn. Not only would such a man be thanklessly cast aside,—not only is a premium thus offered for youth and inexperience in Statesmanship,—but all past services—a life devoted to the interests and honor of the country, is repaid by a return of odious ingratitude. Such precedents established, such a disposition tolerated, such a practice obtained, and the honorable,—most honorable position of President of these States will cease to engage the ambition of such men as should fill it, becoming a mere goal to be reached by the demagogue and the grovelling politician; beneath the dignity of great and pure minds, and not possessing sufficient attractions to enlist the energies of great men who otherwise would have schooled themselves for the position.

This nation, in its progress, is encircling every interest, encompassing every climate, and outstripping all competitors in greatness. A country so limitless in extent of territory, so vast in its resources of production and wealth, so attractive as literally to become the source of depopulation to the old world,—such a country must rely alone upon the wisdom, the experience, the most transcendent statesmanship of its executive officers for the administration of its governmental affairs, or finally be borne down by its own weight. Its complicated interests, if directed by the hand of inexperienced, and inevitably read asunder the whole mass. Patriotism, and every consideration that can move the heart of an American for his country's weal, dictate that experience, honesty and ability should overshadow all else in the selection of a man to whose hands the legacy of Washington and his compatriots shall be committed. Let the people guard most of all, the Executive Chair from the polluting touch of the demagogue and unskilled Statesman. A departure from this settled duty, establishes a precedent dangerous in its tendencies and dreadful in its practical results.

In our judgment, all movement is not Progress. To the contrary of this do those act who recklessly apply the motive power to innovation, and sanctify all change with the name of Progress. They lose sight of well balanced conservatism on the one hand, and forget that the most noisy progressionist may be a visionary on the other. The clamor of progress blinds the judgment; and, following after the idea, the most dangerous innovations are attempted, the movements of which, guided by an unsteady and unskillful hand, will surely result in mischief incalculable. Here lies a dangerous rock—a treacherous shoal, and hence, watchfully should the American people guard themselves in selecting a man to guide the helm of State.

We think that our countrymen are sufficiently progressive. If we understand their characteristics at all, if the history of the past century proves anything, such a people they are. Restless, bold, adventurous, Progress is their life-element. The history of the Democratic party, too, is one of continued progression, in perfect consonance with the characteristics of the people, for of such it is emphatically made. Why then strike at the brightest stars in that party,—men who have led,—who from their position could but lead,—this true progressive party in its past glorious achievements? Why invoke the passion of Progress to lay such men in their political graves? To us it savors strongly of ingratitude, strongly of imprudence, strongly of demagoguism, strongly of dangerous doctrines and political heresies.

Gen. Scott and his Letters.

We believe Mr. FULLER will be nominated for the Presidency by the universal Whig Party, and therefore should not spend time with other candidates, were it not that Gen. Scott seems to be the sum of all perfection,—the full embodiment of Pennsylvania Whiggery. Judging the party by the position of the man whom they put forward as their standard bearer, we may arrive at something near a correct estimate of the nature of the opposition to be met and overthrown in the next Presidential contest.

Eleven years ago, while the country was reaping the bitter fruits of the Hard Core campaign, General Scott began in earnest to plume himself for the Executive Chair. Let us see what position he then occupied, as a distinguished public man; see how republican, how democratic were his notions; how liberal, how conservative his political opinions. We will trace his political career down to the present time, all the while finding him in close alliance with the Whig party,—its acknowledged Star,—and now put forward as the great champion of their principles,—the defender of their faith, in whose person the Galpin succession is to be perpetuated and the party victorious. For letter-writing the General has ever shown a wonderful proclivity, and as a man is supposed to deliberate and set forth only his real opinions when he writes, we will let his letters speak for themselves.

In reply to a letter addressed him by the Native Americans of Philadelphia, as to his opinions regarding the naturalization of Foreigners, under date of Nov. 10, 1841, he holds the following language to Geo. Washington Reed.

"I now hesitate between extending the period of naturalization, and a total repeal of all acts of Congress on that subject. My mind inclines to the latter."

What a dreadful letter, deliberately penned by a candidate for the Presidency! How liberal his sentiments towards the panting exile from the land of corroding chains! He would either "extend the period of naturalization, or repeal entirely all acts of Congress on that subject," the latter of which he was inclined to do, thus wholly disfranchising the Foreigner for all time to come. In that event what a large proportion of those who seek a home from oppression here, would live and die, outlawed exiles at the best. What an awful letter! And is it not refreshing now to see the Whig party swallow its author, and thus endorse its doctrines?

The next we hear from the General, by letter, on this subject, we find in one recently published, written to Wm. E. Robinson of New York, in 1848, seven years subsequent to the first named. Here it is.

WASHINGTON, May 29, 1848.

DEAR SIR: In reply to your kind letter of the 8th inst., I take pleasure in saying that, grateful for the too partial estimate you place on my public services, you do me no more and liberal views towards naturalized citizens. Certainly it would be impossible for me to recommend or support any measure intended to exclude them from a just and full participation in all civil and political rights now secured to them by our Republican laws and institutions.

It is true, that in a season of unusual excitement, years ago, when both parties complained of fraudulent practices in the naturalization of foreigners, and when there seemed to be danger that native and adopted citizens would be permanently arrayed against each other in hostile factions, I was inclined to concur in the opinion, then avowed by leading statesmen, that some modification of the naturalization laws might be necessary, in order to prevent abuses, allay strife, and restore harmony between the different classes of our people. But

later experience and reflection have entirely removed this impression, and dissipated my apprehensions.

In my recent campaign in Mexico, a very large proportion of the men under my command were your countrymen—Irish, Germans, &c. I witnessed, and I have administered their zeal, and ability in maintaining our flag in the face of every danger, vying with each other and our native-born soldiers in the same ranks, in patriotism, constancy, and heroic daring. I was happy to call them brothers in the field, as I shall always be to salute them as countrymen at home.

I remain, dear sir, with great esteem, Yours truly,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

Wm. Robinson, Esq.

We are here informed that he entertains a kind and liberal views towards naturalized citizens. He has so far changed that, in his own language, "I find it would be impossible for me to recommend, or support, any measure intended to exclude them from a full participation, in all civil and political rights, now secured to them."

What a wonderful change came over the spirit of his dream in seven years! But, a little further, he admits that "years ago" he "did concur with some of our leading statesmen that some change in our naturalization laws was necessary." Leading Statesmen! Let us have named a single leading statesman, except some old Federalist, who still adheres to the abominable doctrines of the elder Adams and defends the Alien and Sedition Laws, who ever proclaimed one sentiment in consonance with those contained in that letter to Mr. Reed. "Leading Statesmen" is a nice phrase, dragged in for the purpose of giving character to his past tergiversations. The inference intended to be drawn from it is a falsehood, no such "leading statesmen" ever having existed.

Fortunately we have another letter from General Scott, of still later date, in reply to eight Pennsylvania Senators last spring. Here it is, very pointedly.

WASHINGTON, March 26, 1851.

SIR—I have received your letter (marked "confidential") in which after committing the error of supposing me to be "fully before the country as the Whig candidate for the Presidency," you proceed to interrogate me in many points of grave public interest.

Permit me to say that, considering we shall probably only have a Whig candidate for the Presidency through a National Convention, and that I cannot be its nominee except by the force of the unsolicited partiality of large masses of my countrymen.

Considering, also, that if my character or principles be not already known, it would be idle to attempt to supply the deficient impression by mere paper professions of wisdom and virtue, made for the occasion.

And considering that if I answer your queries, I must go on and answer others already before me, as well as the long series that would inevitably follow, to the disgust of the public.

I will beg permission to close this acknowledgment of your letter by subscribing myself with great respect, your obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

Esq., Harrisburg, Pa.

P. S.—I must add, that I write and say nothing on public subjects which I am unwilling to see published.

W. S.

here is a Whig administration in time of peace, spending \$49,000,000 of revenue, and calling for \$3,000,000 more to make up a deficiency, amounting in all to \$52,000,000. Surely, a Democratic Administration is demanded by the country.

The Land Bill, giving to each actual settler 160 acres of land, will come up for discussion next, it is expected.

Variety of News.

The Jury in the case of the Polish brothers, for the murder of young Lehman in Philadelphia, a short time since, have returned a verdict of guilty. Sentence not yet given.

A baggage car on the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh line caught fire last Saturday, from the Locomotive, and was totally destroyed.

Fifty thousand four hundred dollars were subscribed in Philadelphia in one day, to the Sanbury & Erie Railroad.

The New Jersey Legislature had a flare up with the Governor last week because he vetoed a certain bill. They quarrelled all night Friday, and Saturday, then adjourned to go to Church, and got rested for a second heat Monday.

Mr. Brewer, a Clerk in the Suffolk Bank, Massachusetts, was found a defaulter some \$23,000, which it is alleged he has pocketed. He is under arrest for examination.

Another fall of houses occurred in New York Saturday last. Two men have been taken from the ruins dead, and it is supposed others are yet to be found. Several escaped horribly mangled, not expected to live.

A terrible catastrophe occurred at Hurlgate, New York harbor, Saturday afternoon. A project has been on foot some time, to blast the dangerous ledge of rocks known by that name. These rocks have ever been a source of annoyance to the shipping in the harbor, and a plan for blasting them by sinking large canisters of powder, and applying a match by an electric wire, was tried. Two charges had been fired, and a third lowered, which rose again to the surface. By mistake the electricity was communicated to the wire attached to the floating canister, containing about 100 lbs. of powder, which exploded in the midst of the boats containing the operators, blowing the boats to atoms, killing several and severely wounding others.

A fire broke out in Philadelphia the 28th ult., destroying property to the amount of half a million of dollars.

The Mississippi Legislature has adjourned without distributing the State for Congress or electing a U. S. Senator. Gov. Foote will probably call an extra session.

The Whig State Convention met at Harrisburg on Friday last. Mr. Hoffman of Berks county, was nominated for Canal Commissioner. The Delegates to the National Convention were instructed for Gen. Scott for the Presidency. Resolutions saying a great deal and meaning nothing, according to circumstances, were passed unanimously.

"The Susquehanna Shop."

A recent visit to this point on the N. Y. and Erie Railroad, gives us increased impressions of the magnitude and complexity of this great and growing Corporation.

By the politeness of J. B. Gregg, Esq., the Master Mechanist and Superintendent of the establishment, successor to John Brandt, Jr., we were afforded an opportunity to examine the various departments. The laborious and responsible duties of his station, he discharges in an able and successful manner, blending the accomplishments of the officer with the courtesy of the gentleman.

There at present 13 stalls in the shop, in which every part of the locomotive, wood-work and metal, can be built up and repaired.

There were 107 men then employed in the shop and about 500 in all, under the control of the Superintendent. Sixty-two Engines belong to the shop and are under its management.—About \$15,000 are expended monthly there for labor.

In a few years Susquehanna has grown up from nothing, to be a town of 500 inhabitants, and many handsome private residences are starting up on its elevations.

Mr. Gregg is about creating extensive additions to the shop to accommodate the rapidly increasing business. Under these new enterprises, Susquehanna will rapidly advance in population, wealth and character. An industrious, intelligent and saving body of men are giving an impulse to the place which cannot be resisted by any adverse circumstances. Montross and Great Bend must look well to their laurels.

From Washington.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DEMOCRAT.

WASHINGTON, March 27, 1853.

Friend Chase—To your request on leaving this city, I seized the first leisure moment, and hasten to comply therewith; although there is a terrible meagreness and scarcity of material of which to make a letter rich or interesting.

There has nothing transpired in the Senate during the week just passed, of importance in a national point of view. "Mastery Electricity" prevails to an alarming extent. Some times a little wrangling, to kill time, about mere party politics. No effort, so far, has been made to execute the public business, and nothing will be done, so long as the people and the press remain silent, and quietly submit to the insolence and folly of these mountebank Congress has now been in session almost four months, and what have they done? I understand that there have been but six or eight bills passed since they assembled. If it is true, it is indeed a melancholy state of affairs; and it behooves the "collective wisdom" of the nation to have a care, lest the people be down upon them like a thief in the night. But enough of this.

Senator Soule, from Louisiana, delivered on Monday, an eloquent and beautiful speech in non-intervention, in support of Gen. Cass's resolution on the subject of intervention. It was throughout, more like an oration than anything else, and did great credit to the talented, eloquent senator. It is not yet known who will reply on the other side of the question. The Senate finally adjourned on Thursday night till Monday—when, it is expected, the subject will again be brought up.

The Deficiency Bill drags its lengthened chain slowly along in the House, and it is difficult to tell when and how it will end. Much if not all its provisions, are of essential importance, and if they do not pass in some shape, the wheels of government will be rested at some point. Many of its items have been cut down, and some struck out. Key members have declared a determination to oppose the whole Bill, and its passage in the present shape is doubtful. It is a sort of vermin, and I think, after getting up to the top in the rats, it will finally be shouldered through, with perhaps the loss of some useful parts. Should it fall in the House, its most essential features will have to be attached to some general appropriation bill, for the money is wanted and must be had. They, however, along the five minute rule, which compelled them to come, in a measure, to the legitimate discussion of the question. The propriety of this, in some quarters, and mostly among the Whigs, of getting up discussions on every imaginable subject, rather, it would seem, to the view of displaying the resources of their inverted ingenuity, than of promoting the substantial interests of the country. These requests require prompt action; instead of which, however, we have had a prolonged series of maneuvers, and an almost endless amount of talk, with no other apparent object than of showing the extent of man's capacity for mischief. The House adjourned today without coming to any definite conclusion. Therefore, I will leave them till Monday.

The Presidential question is looming upon us. In the war of the "fogies" it is doubtful to which the plume of victory will be. It would seem that age, talents, and experience are to be made to give place to youth, force, and rashness. For myself, I adhere to young Democracy, and honor talents and patriotism wherever found; but if all able statesmen are to be laid on the shelf, as the "old fogies" then I do not belong here. The country would be apt to be misgoverned for a long time to come, were those sagacious and far-seeing statesmen, Buchanan, Cass and a host of others, to be laid on the shelf. My American and his ardent supporters see it thus.

"Old politics done on wisdom" and "fall on its blades to the dust." All, however, will be needed in extraordinary manner after the Baltimore meeting are made.

Lulze's picture of "Washington Creek" the Delaware, was unveiled, a few days since, in the Capitol. The picture is too large to be accommodated in any of the niches of the rotunda. It is a splendid picture, and a worthy holder with pleasure and patriotism.

The celebrated Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, gave a concert last evening to a very large and fashionable audience; and among which were the President, several of the Chief officers, a number of Senators and Representatives, foreign ministers, and a brilliant circle of female beauty. It was the most talented, intelligent, and intellectual assembly that ever convened in a room of its size.

The city was visited this morning by a remarkable hail storm, between eight and ten o'clock. It was preceded by unusual darkness so much so that no one could see to distinguish objects across the avenue, and many were compelled to use lighted candles. The sable clouds, the loud peals of thunder, the vivid flashes of lightning, the tremendous hail stones, (much larger than common hail stones) produced an awful sensation. The storm was not of long duration; but it succeeded by another; and at a o'clock it was still another, and the observation was greater than before.

ANOTHER CASE OF MURDER.—Yesterday morning, information was received at the Police Ward Station-house, that a body had long been found lying dead at a back-siding on the corner of Thirty-second and Chestnut streets. The informant deemed it his duty, for the authorities to look into the matter, and circumstances connected with the discovery being discovered led him to believe that the body had been foul play. Captain Wigham, however, possessed of officers to the house, and discovered a landlady, named Patrick Smith, and daughter, named Catherine Smith, who had been found in the room of the deceased. She had confessed that she was the murderer. It appears that the deceased had threatened to tell her mother that Catherine had stolen something out of the closet, whereupon the latter struck her a violent blow, and seized a child of her parents and escaped, but soon after returned, and concocted the story elicited before the coroner's inquest about an old man entering the house and committing the horrid deed.