Daily Morning Post.

LECKY HARPER ..... THOMAS PHILLIPS

Harper & Phillips, Editors & Proprietors.

PITTSBURGH:

FRIDAY MORNING.....OCTOBER 11

☞ Pa Northwise South, be East, we West, under the Constitution; but a sound Democrat in the Union. Rock, rock the rock of ages to the Compass Southwestward.—Franklin Pierce.

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,

FRANKLIN PIERCE,

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

WILLIAM R. KING,

OF ALABAMA.

FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT,

GEORGE W. WOODWARD,

OF LUZERNE COUNTY.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,

WILLIAM HOPKINS,

OF WASHINGTON COUNTY.

The Presidential Election will take place on the Second day of November.

DEMOCRATIC TICKETS

Can be procured at the counting room of the office of the *Post*.

WANTED!

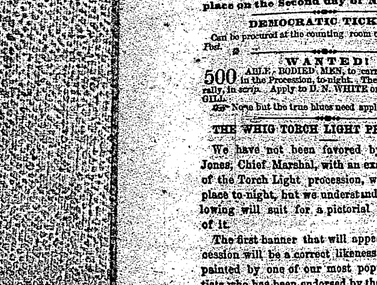
500 ABLE BODIED MEN, to carry Whig Banners in the Procession, to-night. They will be paid like rally, in scrip. Apply to D. N. WHITE or WILLIAM MAGILL.

☞ None but the true blues need apply. oct11 1t

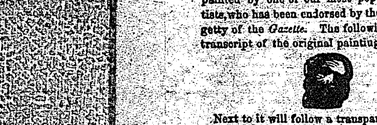
THE WHIG TORCH LIGHT PROCESSION.

We have not been favored by Mr. Ephraim Jones, Chief Marshal, with an exact programme of the Torch Light procession, which is to take place to-night, but we understand that the following will suit for a pictorial announcement of it:

The first banner that will appear in the procession will be a correct likeness of Gen. Scott, painted by one of our most popular *native* artists, who has been endorsed by the Duggald Dalgetty of the *Gazette*. The following is a correct transcript of the original painting.



Next to it will follow a transparency, illustrated by a brace of



Showing how Gen. Scott "dodged" the bullets in a duel and how he got clear of the fire in the front from "Old Hickory." Next to that will follow the

and the Scott Glee Club will sing the following for the amusement of our Irish fellow citizens:

"I LOVE THAT RICH BROGUE."

"I love that rich brogue," New Gloreal you're joking; "Its cruel at Patrick such fun to be poking, "That Scott's popularity has sprung near every wild, "And not loved it before, as—I'm a bit.

"I love that rich brogue." You love it now well, "Let your long spoken sentiments honestly tell—"You would welcome us here from Erin's green lands, "Join in making our laws, if we'd give us no hand.

"I love that rich brogue." Did you love it when So indignantly "fired," you snatched up your pen, "In the Astor House parlor, and earnestly wrote, "That Irishmen were not fastening a yoke?

"I love that rich brogue." Ah! you loved it indeed "When you spoke with such influence crowd, "When you claimed of that party, the leader to be, "Who would take from the Irish, their right to be free.

"Did you love "that rich brogue," when you told us your "Proposal all naturalization included? "No matter how dacient or honest men vs. "That Paddy should never a citizen be!

"I love that rich brogue." I know you belong "To the party which always love Irishmen strong "As the day when their votes are wanted drawn near, "Although we are but cattle the rest of the year.

"I love that rich brogue." When did you begin? "When Greeley told you you could not win? "Did you never would sit in the President's Chair, "If you could not get Patrick to help put you there.

"You love it as well perhaps, you'll be owin', "Faith after her election day in the morain', "When for President Pierce, falls on your ears, "That same "rich brogue" in three filigant cheers.

"I love that rich brogue." No doubt, Mither Scott, "Our votes you'd love better still, would you not? "Now Gloreal be easy, quit coaxing and taxing, "Your Pat's after being he himself now be plazing.

"I love that rich brogue." The blarney, old fellow, "You can't sugar that pill so Paddy will swallow, "Couldn't he see what you are, he'd inclade be a fool; "That same Native stuff covered up with Whig rule.

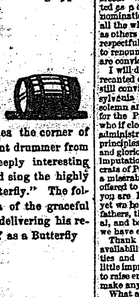
"Native American. SHILDELAH.

The Glee Club will be immediately followed by Gen. Larimer, bearing a banner, on which the following figures will appear,

[We intended to insert a dozen little Ethiopians here, but Gen. Larimer would not let us have the use of them]

with the motto, "If you want to see an abolitionist, look at me." If the abolition party is half as good looking as the General, it must be a nice little party.

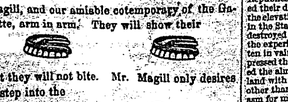
The General and his colored population will be followed by the President and Secretary of the Scott Club, and the nominees on the whig ticket, bearing a banner with the following appropriate emblems.



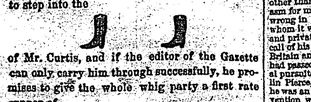
Next to him will come our dear friend Mr. Magill, and our amiable cotemporary of the Gazette, arm in arm. They will show their

but they will not bite. Mr. Magill only desires to step into the

of Mr. Curtis, and if the editor of the Gazette can only carry him through successfully, he promises to give the whole whig party a first rate supper of



The Chief Marshal will be mounted on a bob-tailed horse, or a switched-tailed mule, we are not certain which, and will carry a banner, bearing an emblem something like the following:

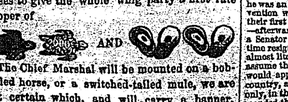


and at all the stopping places will sing a verse from an original whig song, commencing as follows:

"There was a brisk young ferryman
Lived by the river side—
To be elected Sheriff for several times he tried,
But then there was another man who is full of flesh and bones—
He got the nomination and thus tripped up poor Jones.
Folds, folds, rido."

We have not a full report of the programme further than we have stated above, but we will be able to give a whole history of it to-morrow.

When the procession reaches the corner of Fifth and Wood streets the infant drummer from Birmingham will recite the deeply interesting legend of "Puss in Boots," and sing the highly pathetic ballad "I'd be a Butterfly." The following cut will give some idea of the graceful position he will assume while delivering his recitation, and spreading himself as a Butterfly



MR. BUCHANAN'S SPEECH.

We yield our columns this morning most cheerfully to lay before our readers a full and correct report of the very able, eloquent and powerful speech delivered by the Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN, at the great Democratic Mass Convention, at Greensburg, on Thursday last.—We have barely room to say that we hope every Democrat into whose hands this paper may fall, will give the speech a careful perusal, and then hand it to his neighbor, that he may peruse it also. Mr. BUCHANAN'S review of the letters and opinions of Gen. SCOTT is a masterly effort, and cannot fail to show in their true light, the shallow pretensions of the whig candidate for President. We again repeat, *read this great speech.*

GREAT SPEECH

OF THE

HON. JAMES BUCHANAN,

Delivered at Greensburg, on Thursday, October 7th, 1852.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—I thank you most sincerely for the cordial and enthusiastic cheers with which you have just saluted me. I am proud, on this occasion, to acknowledge my deep obligations to the Democratic party of Westmoreland county. The generous and powerful support which I have received from your great and glorious Democracy throughout my public career shall ever remain deeply engraven on my heart. I am grateful for the past, not for what is to be in future. I ask no more from my country than what I have already enjoyed. "May peace and prosperity be your lot throughout life, and "may the Star in the West", continue to shine with increasing splendor, and ever benign influence on the favored western portion of our Commonwealth, for ages yet to come!"

I congratulate you, fellow citizens, upon the nomination of Franklin Pierce and William R. King, for the two highest offices in your gift. The nomination has proved to be a most fortunate event for the Democratic party of the country. It has produced unanimity every where in our great and glorious party; and when firmly united we can stand against the world in arms. It has terminated, I trust forever, the divisions which existed in our ranks; and which, but a few short months ago, portended dire defeat in the present Presidential contest. The North, the South, the East and the West, are now our common friends, and the only struggle amongst them is which shall do the most to secure the triumph of the Democratic cause. Democracy, all the world over, has Pierce and William R. King our chosen standard bearers.

Now, why should we not all be united in support of Franklin Pierce? It is his peculiar distinction, above all other public men within my knowledge, that he has never had occasion to look backwards. What speech, vote or sentiment of his whole political career, has been inconsistent with the purest and strictest principles of Jeffersonian Democracy? I challenge the world to point out their whereabouts. Not one! Not one! Not one! Such a record he has, and he can never be asked to disclose a single one. His public character is as innocent as that of an infant. In supporting him, therefore, we shall do no more than sustain in his person, our own dear and cherished principles.

Our candidate, throughout his life, has proved himself to be peculiarly unselfish. The offices and honors which other men seek with so much earnestness, have sought him only to be refused. He has either positively declined to accept, or has resigned the highest stations which the Federal Government or his native State could confer upon him.

Indeed, the public character of General Pierce is so invaluable that it has scarcely been assailed. Not so with his opponent. Driven, therefore, to perfect desperation, he has driven to defame his private character. At first, they denounced his Mexican services. These were, in their opinion, little short of treason. He was no true friend to the Constitution of New Hampshire, and a coward. In what have these infamous accusations proved? They have adorned the brow of your nominee with laurels. The poisoned chalice has been returned to their own lips. No decent man of the whig party will now publicly repeat these scandalous slanders.

Frank Pierce a coward! That man a coward, who, when his country required it, left his home and family which are cherished and honorable profession and all the sweets and comforts of domestic life, in his own happy family, to become a private volunteer and soldier in the ranks! Are preposterous! And why a coward?

According to the testimony of General Scott himself, he was in a state of absolute physical prostration. He was "just able to keep his saddle!" Yet his own gallant spirit impelled him to lead his brigade into the bloody battle of Contreras! Was this a coward? Physical prostration was not strong enough to sustain the brave soul which animated it, and he sank insensible on the field in front of the battle! Was this evidence of cowardice? These circumstances, so far from being an impeachment of his courage, prove conclusively that he is possessed of that moral, as distinguished from physical, courage. Almost any other man, nay, almost any other brave man, in his weak and disabled condition, would have remained in his tent. But the principles of his country and patriotic spirit impelled him to rush into the midst of the battle. To what length will not party rancor and malignity proceed when such high-minded patriotism, and valor too, can be construed into proofs of cowardice! How different was Gen. Scott's opinion from that of Gen. Franklin Pierce's, when he pressed this great truth in emphatic terms, when he implored the almighty Governor of the world, "to visit our favored land with war, with pestilence, with famine, with any scourge other than military rule, or a blind and heedless enthusiasm for military renown." He was right in the principle, wrong in its application. The hero—the man of men to whom it was applied was then at the height of his glory—a plain and private farmer of Tennessee. He had retreated to the call of his country, when war was declared against Great Britain and had led our armies to victory; but when danger had passed away, he returned with delight to the agricultural pursuits of his beloved Hermitage. Although like Franklin Pierce, he had never sought civil offices and honors, yet he was an influential and conspicuous member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of Tennessee, was twice his state Representative and their first Senator in Congress, afterwards a Judge of their Supreme Court,—then again a Senator in Congress which elevated station he a second time resigned, from a love of retirement. He was brought almost literally from the plough, when Cincinnatus had been, to assume the chief civil command. The same observations would apply to the illustrious and peerless father of his country, yet in a less degree, Gen. Harrison. They were soldiers, only, in the days and hours of danger, when the country demanded their services, and both were elevated from private life, from the shades of Mount Vernon and the North Bend, to the Supreme civil magistracy of the country. Neither of them were a soldier by profession and both had illustrious civil appointments. Gen. Taylor, it is true, had been a soldier, and always a soldier, but had never risen to the chief command. It remained for the present Whig party to select as their candidate for the Presidency the commanding General of the army, who had been a man of war and nothing but a man of war from his youth upwards. This party is now straining every nerve to transfer him from the least quarters of the army, to the chair of State which has been adorned by Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Jackson, without even a momentary resignation of his present military office,—without the least political training,—without the slightest acquaintance with the duties of the Civil Office, and without any political creed. Yet, strange to say, this man, who has spent his entire life in the service of the United States, is not only possessed of the confidence of the Democracy of Pennsylvania, but he is universally known. His friends are now trying to persuade the people that he is a Democrat, they can never render it popular. Napoleon was endeavored to be made popular by the assertion of the little Corporal: "I am a soldier of the Revolution and a Democrat." Yet, of all the whig measures to which I have referred, not one was popular in Pennsylvania. Not enough of this.

I shall now proceed to discuss more minutely the civil qualifications of General Scott for the Presidency. He is one of those who immediately and deeply concern the American people and and not his military glory. Far be it from me, however, to depreciate his military fame. As an American citizen, I am proud of them. They will ever constitute a brilliant page in the historical glory of our country. The triumphant march of the army under his command, from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, will be ever memorable in our annals. And yet he can never be esteemed the principal hero of the Mexican war. This distinction justly belongs to General Taylor. It was his army which at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey, first broke the spirit of the Mexican troops; and the crowning victory of Buena Vista completely disorganized the Mexican army and enabled Santa Anna, with great loss, to escape to his capital. The bravest army which Mexico has ever sent into the field, was routed by less than five thousand of our troops. In the events of this war, I am a volunteer in the ranks, and this glorious victory, was achieved by them, assisted by only four hundred and fifty three regulars. The Mexican army was so disorganized,—the spirit of the Mexican people was so subdued, by the unparalled victory of Buena Vista, that they were not prepared for the subsequent battles which followed too. Yet God forbid that I should, in the slightest degree, detract from the glory so justly due to Scott's military fame. I only desire to place the whole physical force of the country in its proper rank and order. Without a single regular, the victors of Buena Vista were all volunteers, and the