POTTSVILLE.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 29, 1848.

PLATFORM ERECTED BY THE PEOPLE.

For President,
GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.
For Vice President,
MILLARD FILLMORE.

Gen. Taylor, in his letter to Capt. Allison, of Virginia, under date of "*Baton Rogue*, April 22nd, 1848," in answer to several queries—replies

First—I reiterate what I have often said—I am a Whig. If elected I would not be a mere President of a party. I would endeavor to act independent of party domination. I should feel bound to administer the Government untrammelled by party schemes.

Second—The veto power. The power given by the constitution to the Executive to interpose his veto, is a high conservative power; but in my opinion should never be exercised except in cases of clear violation of the constitution, or manifest haste and want of consideration by Congress. Indeed, I have thought that, for many years past, the known opinions and wishes of the Executive have exercised undue and injurious influence upon the legislative department of the Government; and for this cause I have thought our system was in danger of undergoing a great change from its true theory. The personal opinions of the individual who may happen to occupy the Executive chair, ought not to control the action of Congress upon questions of domestic policy; nor ought his objections to be interposed where questions of constitutional power have been settled by the various departments of Government and acquiesced in by the people.

Third—Upon the subject of the Tariff, the currency, the improvement of our great highways, rivers, lakes and harbors, the will of the people, as expressed through their representatives in Congress, ought to be respected and carried out by the Executive.

Millard Fillmore was in Congress in 1842, and was one of the able advocates of the Tariff passed in 1842—and also voted for the distribution of the Land Fund.

LOCOFOCO PLATFORM ERECTED BY THE "SPOILS PARTY."

For President,
GENERAL LEWIS CASS.
For Vice President,
GENERAL WM. O. BUTLER.

The Creed of the Party.

Resolution passed by the Baltimore Convention, which nominated the above candidates:

Resolved, That the fruits of the great political triumph of 1844, which elected James K. Polk and Geo. M. Dallas President and Vice President of the United States, have fulfilled the hopes of the Democracy of the Union; in defeating the declared purposes of their opponents to create a National Bank, in preventing the corrupt and unconstitutional distribution of the land proceeds, from the common treasury of the Union, for local purposes, in protecting the currency and the labor of the country from ruinous fluctuations, and guarding the money of the people for the use of the people, by the establishment of the constitutional Treasury; in the *noble impulse given to the cause of FREE TRADE*, by the repeal of the Tariff of 1842, and the creation of the more equal, honest and productive Tariff of 1846; and that, in our opinion, it would be a fatal error to weaken the bands of political organization by which these great reforms have been achieved, &c.

Gen. Cass in accepting the nomination of the Convention, declares that he has read the resolutions of the Convention—*approves of them—and will make them the guide of his Administration, if elected.* That is, he will veto any bill that passes Congress, that may not be in accordance with their principles.

The Locofoco County meeting, held at Orwigsburg on Monday, June 5th, 1848, (in which Judges Palmer and Frailey, and E. O. Jackson, the editors of the Locofoco papers of this county, took part, and endorsed the proceedings,) passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the resolutions of the National Convention, we recognize but a continuation of those principles which were the foundation of that imperishable structure, that has rendered immortal the name of Thomas Jefferson, and his Administration, and which, since his time has been upheld by all our Democratic Presidents.

Resolved, That we cheerfully endorse the resolutions of that Convention, and hereby declare our determination to make them the standard of our Democracy.

Fellow-citizens, which Platform is the most democratic—the exercise of the despotic one-man power—or the will of the people expressed through their representatives? The kings and queens of England enjoy the veto power, but they have not exercised it for the last two hundred years,—believing that its exercise in England would unquestionably create a revolution and bring the head of the sovereign to the block.

RECEPTION OF OUR VOLUNTEERS!

A GRAND GALA DAY.

HONOR TO THE BRAVE

Yesterday (Friday) was a glorious day for the people of this County! Agreeably to arrangements previously made, it had been appointed for the reception of the corps of Volunteers from this place, under the command of Captain Nagle, on their return from Mexico.

This Company reached Philadelphia on Tuesday morning last, together with several others of the First Pennsylvania Regiment, and in consequence of some delay in receiving their discharge, they did not reach this place as soon as was anticipated. Information, however, was received here on Thursday evening, that they would positively set out from Philadelphia on Friday, and the fact was accordingly published to the people of the surrounding neighborhood, who, it was known, desired to participate on the joyous occasion.

The weather, early on Friday morning, was extremely cloudy, and fears were very general that it would turn out unfavorable.

At 8 o'clock the weather was still suspicious. But the ice-cream men, and the men with oranges and lemonade, took "up their respective positions," and coolly arranged their stands.

At 9 o'clock, people had no hesitation in taking a "horn" in anticipation of good weather. In fact, the clouds began to retreat. Carriages began to come in—Flags were flying, and here we may observe that 'cords" have been in demand—at a rough estimate, we should judge that at least five miles of the article were brought into use. Fine times for rope-makers.

10 o'clock—Skies bright! "The cry is still they come!" Soldiers are dressed up in fine style, and are seen here and there among the crowds. All the streets, especially the great thoroughfare, Centre Street, are thronged with people. The fronts of the hotels and many private dwellings, are full of ladies.

11 o'clock—The Sun has taken the liberty to make a "hobserwation." He begins to look down, and kind'er smile. The boys are busy at the cake stands—bands of music marching up and down street—Marshalls riding about briskly—something coming.

12 o'clock—All at once Mount Carbon seems surprizingly attractive. Every one is bound for Mount Carbon. The tide of emigration is swelling high—thousands are for Mount Carbon.

12½ o'clock—The Mount Carbon Hotel is "surrounded." From the lower balcony, a large canvass was suspended across the street, richly fringed with evergreens, and bearing in bold letters, *Welcome Home*. The pillars of the balconies were decorated with wreaths, flowers, and flags—and upon each one was inscribed in bold letters the name of some battle in Mexico. The scene presented was magnificent, and of course no one but a stupid fellow would suppose that any others than the ladies of the house, and those of Mount Carbon, could devise schemes so grand and execute them so tastefully!

Every avenue of this splended Hotel was filled. The Ladies occupied principally the spacious balconies, and though the *other* decorations were complete, still this feature was irresistible.

A handsome wreath was also suspended from the house of Mr. Kleinert, to the opposite side of the street, and there were several other decorations, of "individual enterprize," which we are reluctantly compelled to forego;—the all-absorbing themes now being cheese, wine, and crackers, and "*are they coming?*"

1 o'clock—Ah! The locomotive whistles! They come—they come! No—z'ounds! it is only the little *Witch!* Another pause! Music heard—soldiers advancing and forming into positions.

Five minutes past one.—Locomotive whistles, and here they are! An awful silence. Yes, —the cars have arrived—no mistake. All eyes turned to the depot. An immense crowd of people throng the Railroad and the street, and presently the "Spartan band" was seen, with their muskets aloft, slowly issuing from the cars and making for the road. "There's Wynkoop."—"Where?" "Do'ye see him?" "That's him—that's him!"

"Boom!" roared the cannon, and then everybody began to get "excited." Messrs. Thomas, Dickson and Harry moved for the interesting district, and having got into the open space guarded by the military, they were "vamoozed" out, and became, *nolens volens*, outsiders. The hills were literally covered over with people. The "old red sandstone" never before sustained such a weight of flesh and blood—such anxious, excited people.

Well, every thing being arranged, the returning volunteers proceeded towards the Mount Carbon House, enthusiastically and wildly cheer'd by the multitude at every step. They were surrounded by the military, on the right, and civic bodies on the left—and, arrived in front of the hotel, they halted. Then went up cheers. Oh, well!—we'll say nothing about them. There never WERE such cheers before.

—We may observe, by the way, that Captain Nagle and Lieut. Kaercher are splendid *officers*. They are both as modest and unassuming, as they are truly brave; and is these particulars they emulate old Rough and Ready.

Hercupon, Robert M. Palmer, Esq. appeared, and addressed the war-worn veterans as follows:

COLONEL WYNKOOP—To be selected on the part of your fellow-citizens of the Military of this county, to bid a welcome to yourself and your brave comrades in arms, on this, your happy return to your families and homes, is an honor of which any man might be justly proud. To me the task appears peculiarly honorable and delightful. If I were personally a stranger to each and all of you, I should still feel that the glory you have acquired in your recent campaign, is the property of the whole people of Pottsville, of Pennsylvania, of the Union—and that, therefore, I am an humble sharer in it. But I am not a stranger; on the contrary, among you are some of my nearest and dearest friends—the earliest companions of my boyhood—the sharers of my confidence in manhood. Nor am I alone in this respect. Here are your fathers, brothers, wives and sweethearts who, with these swarming thousands of your warm friends, eagerly wait an opportunity to grasp you by the hand and bid you welcome home! It is this fact that adds increased interest to this joyous occasion. It is these feelings which, mingling with the patriotic emotions of every American breast, causes each heart to beat high with emotion, and renders this the most delightful occasion which the people of this region have ever celebrated. The policy of our country is essentially peaceful. No immense standing army exists to endanger liberty, harass our people and eat out their substance; nor do we seek war with any Nation;—but when the alternative is presented of war upon the one hand or National dishonor upon the other, it is then that in the many thousands of volunteers in defence of the flag and honor of the country, is shown the energy of our people, and their love for a government founded by their own will, and looking solely to the people for support.

It was such an alternative as I have alluded to, that was presented at the breaking out of the recent war with Mexico. This territory of a sister state invaded, and the blood of our citizens shed upon American soil, called aloud for retaliation. Your country called upon her sons to rally in defence of her honor, and moved by the sincerest and most patriotic impulses, you answered to the call. We cannot stop to regard the question of the justice or injustice of this war, in its origin and commencement, a longer an open one. Justice to yourselves and your own character requires that truth of history shall be vindicated, and the necessity and propriety of the war sustained. It was a righteous and necessary conflict, brought about solely by the aggressions of a faithless and perfidious foe.

It is now nearly two years since the people of Pottsville were congregated upon this spot, to witness your departure upon your errand of patriotism. Their tears, sighs and lamentations at parting, mingled with the high throbbings of every heart for the success of your efforts and your return in safety. Every step of your progress was attended by the earnest watchings of our people, and when we learned that at Pittsburg, you, Col. Wynkoop, had been elevated by the free suffrages of your companions, to the command of the first Pennsylvania Regiment, every Pottsville heart thrilled with pride and joy, for we felt assured that the honor of your native state would not suffer in your hands. We understood your character, your dauntless spirit, your truly American heart—and we felt satisfied that the result of your promotion would redound to your own honor and the glory of the Nation. Nor was our confidence misplaced. We followed you to Mexico—to the glorious siege of Vera Cruz, and the reduction of the world renowned castle San Juan de Ulloa—to the storming of the terrible heights at Cerro Gordo—to La Hoya to Huamantla—we observed you elevated by the confidence of your government to high and responsible positions, and yielding the exercise of every faculty of mind and heart, and in every situation, and under all circumstances—on the battle field and at the council board—you displayed a courage, zeal, skill and aptitude, which has secured to you the highest praise. I might refer to other individuals of our gallant company, to Capt. Nagle, always the gallant soldier, present at every point where danger called—to Major McMicken, fighting nobly as a volunteer at the very gates of the City of Mexico itself, and entering as one of its chivalrous conquerors—but to my particularize where every man was a hero. The history of the campaign in the valley of Mexico, recorded in our country's archives, will speak to our posterity in tones louder, and in terms more expressive than any that I can use.

As it was considered the brightest glory of Napoleon's veterans to be said of one "he was of the army of Italy," so it will be the proudest boast of yourselves and your descendants, "he was of the conquering army of Mexico."

The joyous festivities of this occasion are marred by the absence of many faces that we had hoped to have seen among you on this your return. They have fallen—but they fell as every American might hope to fall—in their country's cause. They need no proofs of epitaph: the tears of our rejoicings at the return of the illustrious living, mingle the just tribute of tears and mourning for the patriotic dead.

Your work is done. A splendid succession of victories—five hundred thousand square miles of territory, added to the free area of our glorious Union—and a liberal, honorable, and we may justly hope, a permanent peace secured—are the brilliant results of your toils and labors. But full indemnity for the past, and security for the future," which you had a right to claim. You have proved in your own persons that the blood of the men of the Revolution and the heroes of the last war, is not extinct in the veins of their descendents. You have indeed shown yourselves worthy sons of noble sires!

But, sir, I cannot consent to detain you longer from the embraces of your eager and expectant friends. In their behalf, I again bid you a heartfelt "Welcome Home."

To this address, Col. Wynkoop responded as follows:

Fellow Citizens:

How can I, after this demonstration of welcome, this heart-gushing welcome of friends and kindred, find words to express my feelings. Here, on my own native mountains, the warm pressure of friendly hands still glowing in my own—the public voice filling the one common shout of joy and welcome for me and the gallant, noble men, of the Washington Artillery. Language cannot do justice to my joy—our gratitude, at this demonstration of your citizens. Fellow citizens: here are your children—the mountain boys of Schuylkill county: I have brought them back to you, each full of the assurance of having done his duty. I cannot do them justice. They return to their mountain homes; that home owes them a debt of gratitude for having nobly fought their country's battles—for having established and maintained the honor of Schuylkill county. On the battle field—in the thick fight, in the midnight bivouac, through every vicissitude and danger, they have thought of this day, and the anticipation has sweetened their toil and lightened their duties. Here they are—let them tell their own story. Again I repeat, I cannot do them justice. In their behalf, then, and for my humble self, I sincerely thank you for this heartfelt welcome. May God bless you all.

The speeches having been concluded, and the pressure of the crowd of people, to obtain access to the brave soldiers, so great and uncontrollable, they were dismissed for ten minutes, that they might partake of some refreshments, and interchange greetings with their friends. The scene, as the brave fellows stood before the hotel, was one that we ever can forget. They all looked extremely wearied, careworn, and emaciated, while upon many the stamp of disease is plainly exhibited. The hand was extended not as it is usually given—the shakes were none of your common shakes—the tears none of your common kind!—Every man, woman, and child, as he or she looked upon the little band, was peculiarly affected—and we had a hard time of it to keep our "inner man quieted," so as not to make us *boo ho!* right out, like a big booby.

The line of procession was now formed, at the head of which was placed the military of Schuylkill County—who were preceded by

General John M. Bickel,
And Aids, as follows: Maj. S. J. Nicholls, (U.S.A.)
Col. Daniel Krebs,
Col. C. Feger Jackson.

Field Officers.

Lieut. Colonel J. T. Werner, of the 4th Regt.
Colonel John Silver, " "
Adjutant J. Seiders, " "
Surgeon Dr. Chichester, " "
Major D. P. Boyer, Second Regiment,
Major Jacob Minnig, Third Regiment,
Lieut. Colonel Heffner, " "

Then come the following volunteer corps, preceded by the Washington Brass Band, of Orwigsburg.

1st Regiment Schuylkill County Volunteers—
Lieut. Col. Daniel Larer, Maj. Jas. H. Graeff.
1st. Troop of Cavalry—Capt. George C. Wynkoop.
Minersville Artillery—Lieut. J. Wernert, commanding.
Port Carbon Artillery—Capt. P. Aurand.
National Lt. Infantry—Capt. E. E. Bland.
Washington Yeagers—Capt. M. Doerflinger.

[Among the military, we may mention the brave Captain Binder, of Philadelphia, who accompanied our volunteers to this place.]

After these come the Returning volunteers, preceded by Col. F. M. Wynkoop, and then followed the

Committee of Arrangements.
The corporate authorities of Pottsville, Minersville, Schuylkill Haven, Orwigsburg, Pinegrove and Tamaqua.
Members of the Bar of Schuylkill County.
Invited Guests.
Band.

The following Societies in Regalia:
United American Mechanics.
Fire Department.
Band.
Citizens on foot.
Citizens on horseback, &c,

The procession now moved forward over the route previously designated, the civil bodies leaving it at Market Street, and proceeding directly to the grand arch, while the military escorted their brave guests through the town.

The roofs of houses were, in many places, filled with people, as the procession moved along. The side of the hill between Mount Carbon and Pottsville, contained thousands of persons, and the windows of houses, doors, balconies, and pavements were literally jammed up with human beings. The scene might be compared to those referred to by the "gentle Casca:" "Knew ye not Pompey?" said he to the Romans when they were celebrating the triumphs of Cæsar. "Many a time and oft, your infants in your arms, have you climbed to walls and battlements, and there have sat the live-long day, in patient expectation of seeing great Pompey pass the streets of Rome. And when you but saw his chariot appear, did you not raise an universal shout, that made old Tiber tremble underneath his banks, to hear the replication of your voices, made on his concave shores? And do you now call out a holliday, and strew flowers" (here we must slightly alter Shakspeare) "in their path who come in glorious triumph over the proud Aztec race? We do!

In Morris' Addition, several beautiful arches were thrown across the street,—the first of these was at the residence of James H. Downey, the next at the corner of Centre and Mauch Chunk streets, and another a short distance above, near the residence of Samuel B. Fisher. The second contained a beautiful *bouquet* in the centre, with the inscription below, "*Honor to the Brave.*"—The other was a double arch, uniting in the centre, covered with several splendid *bouquets*, and containing a transparency, with the words "*Welcome Home*" painted in alternate colors. This was illuminated in the evening. Besides these arches, there were several other devices, one of which was a painted streamer, suspended over the street, and bearing the words: "*Our Country's Defenders—a hearty welcome home.*"

The next arch was at the American House, and it was finished in the best style. It was covered with evergreens, and on both sides of the street was a tall pole, covered in like manner. A large *bouquet* hung from the arch, inscribed with the words of Col. Wynkoop, at Vera Cruz, when ordered by Pillow to perform a command—"I will take the heights, sir; Pennsylvania never flinches!"

From the residence of Mr. Neville and that of Dr. Chichester, a banner (the first of a series) was suspended, bearing the words *Vera Cruz*, and surmounted with the National escutcheon.

From the residence of Mr. Bannan and the Pennsylvania Hall swung a large American Flag. From the residence of Mr. Hughes to the opposite side of the street, another banner was suspended, bearing the words *Cerro Gordo* and American flags, as aforesaid. The next arch was between the Pottsville Hotel and the White Horse Hotel. This arch was an elegant structure. It was framed together and painted. On the outside were the words, in blocks of tin, *The Citizen's Tribute to the Soldier.* Over the top of the arch were the words, *Welcome Home*, which letters were curiously wrought in frames, to which were attached any number of small lamps. In the evening these lamps were lit up, and the words then appeared like a flame of fire, and attracted universal attention, from the real splendor and novelty of the sight. On the other side of this arch, also in blocks of tin, were the words, *Our Country Forever.* Both sides of the arch teemed with stars, &c., and the whole device and finish were neat, tasteful, and attractive. This arch was erected by Mr. T. Boyle and Mr. Marx.

From the Pottsville Hotel and the buildings of Lippincott & Taylor, on Mahantongo Street, a banner, similar to the two previously noted, was suspended, having the word *Puebla*, surmounted with two American flags.

A banner, similar to the former, was suspended between the last described arch and the arch extending from the store of James M. Beatty, Esq., to the house opposite. This was made of frame-work tastefully covered with white and red muslin, and at both sides of which were suspended a large number of lamps, which were lit up in the evening.

On Norwegian Street, fronting Centre Street, another banner was hung, bearing the word SACRAMENTO,—being of the class before noticed.

The square between Market and Norwegian streets was full of banners and wreaths. The front of the large three story buildings at Coal street, were rendered very attractive by innumerable flags and wreaths, and from the hall of the Sons of Temperance at the corner of Market street, three or four banners and insignias of the Order, were suspended over Centre street. Mr. Epting had an elegant banner hung over the street, complimental to Captain Nagle and his men, the particular words of which we have overlooked. It was elegantly fringed with wreaths and flowers.

Mr. Frederick Epting had several beautiful transparencies fixed in the windows of his house.

An the Exchange Hotel, another beautiful arch was thrown over the street. This was first lined with muslin, and then tastefully covered with rope-wreaths. In the centre there was a beautiful transparency, bearing the word "*Welcome,*"—each letter being embraced in a wreath. Below this was a basket woven with wreaths, and handsomely decorated with flowers.

At the Town Hall, another of the aforementioned banners was suspended over the street, bearing the word "Perote," &c.

At the hotel of Mr. Betz, an arch was thrown across the street, covered with evergreens, and having the words "Welcome Home."

At the hotel of Mr. Kucer, immediately above, was another arch, in the middle of which was placed a gilt spread eagle. Over the top a large number of small lamps were arranged, which were lit up in the evening.

On the corner of Minersville street and Mine Alley, an arch was thrown over by Mr. David Davies and others, covered with wreaths and evergreens, over which was a streamer with the words, "Welcome home to their native land,—Gen's. Taylor and Scott, Capt. Nagle and Washington Artillerists."

At the corner of Market and Centre streets, another banner appeared, bearing the words LA HOYA, and a short distance above, on Market st., was another, bearing the words HUAMANTLA.

From the residence of Horace Smith, Esq., a green streamer was extended over the street, with the words, in gilt letters, *Pennsylvania never flinches*—being in allusion to the words of Col. Wynkoop on the occasion previously referred to.

Above this appeared another banner, with the word ATLIXCO thereon, &c.

At the head of Market-place was erected the grand arch. This was a large and splendid structure, and much labor was bestowed upon it. It was erected, we believe, principally under the direction of the Chief Marshall, Col. Crosland, and reflects no discredit upon his taste and judgment, which, on all similar occasions, is duly appreciated. The upper part of the front was covered with an imposing painting, upon which was inscribed all the battles fought in Mexico, with the *chef d'œvre* in the centre. Below this was the National Coat of Arms, &c. The structure was covered with canvass. While the procession was moving through town, the people began to flock around this place in large numbers.—The interior of the arch was occupied by a hundred or more children, from five to twelve years of age, the front part by the committee of arrangements, with a position for the orator of the day. The military soon approached, amidst the swell of the music, the waving of banners, and the enthusiasm of the immense multitude.—They drew up to the stand, with the civil bodies on the opposite side,—and between these the honored guests of the day, with the brave leader of their late Regiment at the head, moved forward.

The indefatigable architect, Major Burlee, had erected a platform by the side of the arch, upon which hundreds were accommodated with seats, at the rate of twenty-five cents per head.

After considerable difficulty in getting the respective bodies in positions, order was finally restored, and the orator of the day, James H. Campbell, Esq. of this Borough, proceeded with the duty assigned him. The following is a sketch of his remarks,—but however complete, it may be, it cannot portray the eloquence of manner and spirit which characterised their delivery:

Citizen Soldiers:

Your country has poured out her population to welcome you home from the battle fields of Mexico. With eager steps, and warm hearts, all vie with each other in doing you honor. The military and civic bodies, the professions and authorities of the County, citizens and strangers gather together, proud to welcome and to congratulate their brave volunteers. Here the sacred emblems of the Odd Fellow, and of the Mechanic's Association, mingle in holy mirthe hood; while youth, beauty and innocence, with sparkling eyes, and joyful hearts, clasp the wreaths destined to grace the brows of the victor, and to encircle the memory of the lamented dead. You see around you no idle ceremony, no vain pageantry. We have not assembled to commemorate the birth day of a king, nor to celebrate the triumphs of a conqueror. Imperial pomp falls coldly on the eye of a Republican. The return of a Cæsar with triumphal chariots, and long trains of chained captives, and the spoils of war, appalls the heart of the Patriot; but the coming of our *citizen warriors* arouses the souls, and fires the minds of those around me, while the enthusiasm of free men, the stern joy which the Republican feels as he contemplates the real greatness of his beloved country, swells and surges through this mighty multitude like the heaving billows of the Ocean! Here the gushing joy of a people proud to welcome their countrymen from far off and unsanguined plains—men who, by their brave deeds and gallant conduct, sustained the honor of their country in the hour of danger, and bore the stars and stripes untarnished through the dark and perilous tide of battle. In the festivity of this glad hour, in the rejoicings of a moment so auspicious as this, it well becomes us for a brief period to turn to the scene of your departure. Then the tocsin of war rang its startling appeal to arms, and the voice of our country was heard crying aloud to her sons—the pointed to her insulted Flag, and bleeding children!—A small, but immortal army was struggling with overpowering numbers on the banks of the Rio Grande,—with a fierce and vindictive enemy, and one inured to war: impelled by a high sense of duty, and devotion to the land of your birth or adoption, you marched to meet the foe. In the gloomy month of December, A. D. 1846, leaving your native mountains amid the tears and blessings of your fellow men, you went forth to battle.—Looking around upon the gay and animated scene before me, the moment of your departure looms upon the memory in gloomy contrast. Children come to their parents with wail and weeping. Wives, sisters, and mothers embraced their loved ones in silent agony, when they were about verging to the perils of the deadly conflict.

How dark and uncertain was then your future! You were about to follow the banner of the Great Republic over to yon vertical and dangerous seas —thousands of miles from the land of your nativity, far away from the borders of your own wide spread country, to the scenes of the triumphs of Cortez—to the land of the almost fabulous Montezuma. Under the burning sun of the tropics, to encounter a people sprung from civilized and savage nations. The proud Castillian—the trembling descendant of the Aztec, and the savage Camanches,—a people speaking strange tongues, and fighting in a manner unknown to civilized men. There rode the Rancherо Chief, armed with the deadly Lasso,—and there the fell Guerilla, assassin like to strike, and pirate-like giving no quarter. Nor was this all that was calculated to strike terror into the stoutest heart. The angel of Death rode abroad on the blast, "shaking pestilence from her horrid hair." In the face of those dangers you boldly enlisted for the war, and swore upon the altar of your country to devote your lives to her cause, so long as she required your aid. Bidding adieu then to all you held dear, you went forth to meet the enemy. Your country's honor for your guiding star, wherever it led, you followed, with a freemen's hope and a patriot's devotion.

And, as the best evidence of that devotion, let the records of the war, filed in the archives of the country, bear you witness. On the emblazoned page of history, fame, with the wand of truth, shall point proudly to the names of Vera Cruz, Cerro Go.do, La Hoya, Huamantla and Atlixco, and a series of brilliant engagements before the walls of Mexico, when this generation shall have passed away, and the surrounding hills shall have crumbled to the level of the plains before me. Nor can the world's history show a prouder page than that on which shall be inscribed the campaigns of the valley of Mexico and that of the Rio Grande. The lonely sentinel in the camp of the Texian ranger, dreaming over the smouldering watch-fire, might have had a reverie of the "lone star revelling in the Halls of the Montezumas;" but that Sam. Houston in his waking hour should have conceived such an idea, is much more than improbable. And yet idle boast became reality, and the eagle of America plumed his pinions on the palace of the ancient Aztec kings.

I would that time, and your convenience would allow me to pause over these several engagements, and point out some of their many brilliant results. The official account informs us that at Vera Cruz "the 1st Pennsylvania and 2d Penna. regiments drove the cavalry and infantry of the enemy thro' a dense chapparel, over a rugged country—that you advanced and bivouacked on the heights under a severe fire from the Mexican guns. At Cerro Gordo you gained the position assigned you under a most galling fire. At Huamantla you met the renowned Santa Anna with four thousand men and six pieces of artillery. With far inferior numbers you drove the Mexicans from the Plaza, captured his guns, and completely routed him. Here fell the whole-souled, chivalric Capt. Walker. In the language of Brig. Gen. Lane,—"your victory was saddened by the loss of one of the most noble hearted men that ever graced the profession of arms." You,

His few surviving comrades, saw
His *smile*, when rang your proud huzza!
And the red field was near.

At Atlixco you pursued the enemy for six miles in a running fight, until they took refuge within the walls of the town. Every gun (says the same report) was served with the utmost rapidity, and the crash of the walls and falling houses of Atlixco was mingled with the roar of your artillery." The moon looked down upon your glittering arms and flashing guns. At La Hova, your gallant Col., hearing that a large force had been posted along the route, in order to cut off Gen. Cadwallader's train, left the castle of Perote with the 1st Penn. regiment and Capt. Walker's mounted riflemen, at 3 o'clock in the evening, of June 21st, 1847. You met, and engaged the cloud of guerillas in the middle of the night, and the conflict lasted until the next morning, when the train passed in safety. You drove the enemy five miles, burned every rancherо on the way, and completely routed them, rendering most efficient service. But why pause upon these brilliant events, or why particularize, where all were devoted, and all were brave. From Palo Alto to Buena Vista, and from Vera Cruz to the gates of Mexico, the flag of our country waved triumphant in every encounter. It was sustained nobly in the field, honorably in the camp, and ere you left that foreign shore, it was planted on the highest point of land on this continent—amid the eternal snows of Popocatapell, where giant-like, she handed it up to heaven, and waving in that upper sky, it seemed indeed but a "streaking of the morning light."

But, soldiers, in looking along your ranks today, my joy is dampened as I mark many vacant places of those who grasped our hands in parting, and smiled adieu with high and hoping hearts—all have not returned. Where are they who should be here to receive a soldier's welcome and a patriot's meed? Victors, where are your comrades? You, the little band of survivors come to your homes with countenances on which the burning sun of the south has imprinted its swarth-glow, and we look into these manly faces and read there of battle, and of wreck, of disease and death, of the forlorn hope, and the bursting mind, the death-dealing artillery and starless bivouack—of all you have thought and suffered; and we read too by the shadows on those faces the fate of your comrades, and know that they have fallen! The gorgeous wild flowers of you Southern clime wave their cups of incense above their silent graves, and the cypress twines its dark funeral wreaths, and sweeps its night dews over the slumbering brave. The step of the foeman and stranger shall alone wake the echo there! What matter? what matter?—Laying their heads upon their country's altar, they died the death which renders man immortal!

"For they are Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."

It is a grand moral feature in our institutions that they are based solely upon the opinions, intelligence, and sense of justice of the people.—No armed force is necessary to support our laws—no military array overaws the public. Instead of swelling the ranks of a standing army, you return to the quiet avocations and peaceful walks of private life. For a few moments your faithful arms will be thrown aside, and your perils by land and sea will pass from real life to history, and song, and story; or, remembered at the fireside, will be repeated to your children. The close tie which binds you together may be sundered by time and absence, but the glorious sympathy and the warm friendship which originated from perils shared in common, will remain as long as a heart beats in your bosoms.

It has been a source of pride and gratification to us, your fellow-citizens, to know that you have been received with great kindness and hospitality on your journey; and I would be doing great injustice to the feelings and sentiments of those around me, did I not on their behalf express our gratitude for the boundless hospitality extended to you by the citizens of Harrisburg, Lancaster and Philadelphia, as well as other places on the line of your route. They have shown themselves to be noble-hearted men, and worthy the name of American citizens. But a higher feeling, a warmer friendship, is ours—*Here*, a more cordial welcome awaits you than the world can give.—You are the children of the hills! The mountains have found tongues through the deep-mouthed cannon, and reverberate their joy.—Their old familiar echoes wake in welcome, and the "rocking pines of the forest" extend their arms to receive you.

Here, on this sacred spot, a spot we are proud to call our own, gushes the pure tide of woman's love and woman's sympathy, through the golden channels of her bright eyes, and around you are many hearts too full for utterance. This is your *Home!* And the welcome is the welcome of brothers by the fire-side of the common parent.

As the representative of the people, your friends and fellow citizens of every age and sex, I tender you their heartfelt and cordial welcome—not from one but from all—not from the lips, but from the heart. Welcome to the roofs and hearths most dear to you, to the fire-sides and altars of your native land, to the endearing family circle, to your wives and children—to your *Mountain Home*, a home around which you have thrown the glory of bright deeds, and the halo of patriotism!

And may your country throw her protecting arms around you, and shield you, as you have protected her home. And may the God of Battles, the Almighty God, who "rides upon the lightning and directs the storm," have you in his keeping: and "may your latter days be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable."

Col. Wynkoop briefly, but feelingly responded to this eloquent address, as follows (and here, again, we can but offer a hastily drawn sketch):

Fellow Citizens:

There is a point in the history of the human heart, when its tone is stilled by the overflowing of its emotions; the tongue is dumb and will not express the language which is choking for utterance. What at all I say!—how tell you of our gratitude and joy, our love? I have brought you back your jewels, and you have welcomed them with open arms, with gushing hearts, and with woman's endearing smiles. They deserve all you can in future bestow. Reports of their gallant deeds have reached you, and your hearts, I know, have swelled with joy at the recoutal of their bravery—Yes, my friends, proud am I to testify that they have ever borne themselves, from their first entrance into the country of the enemy, until they left for their homes, with a gallantry of bearing and a noblenesss of purpose, becoming the sons of these mountains. They have returned from the campaign the same brave-hearted, honest, honor-loving men; and in returning them to you, and in taking my leave of them as their former commander, I feel a deep and poignant regret, such as a father would feel in parting with his children. All that could gladden a soldier's life the soldiers now feel on their return to their mountain homes. Look into their swart and sun-burnt faces; see how in yon flashing eyes and bedewed eye-lids an ocean of gratitude reflecting the joy of your enthusiastic welcome. Take them back to your bosoms and friends, they are an honor to you and to our Republic. Some of those who left here with the same high mission to accomplish as those who now return crowned with the laurel wreath of glory, have gone, alas, to their final resting place. Death has thinned our ranks and dimmed many a bright eye forever. Yes, many a good heart and noble soul has gone "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns;" but there is consolation in the thought they died as soldiers should die, and were buried in a soldier's grave. I can say no more. May you all feel as we feel, and may the remainder of your lives be spent in the enjoyment of prosperity and happiness.

Upon the conclusion of Col. W's. remarks, the children before alluded to, sang the following, which was written by Col. Crosland, expressly for the occasion:

When the war-cloud was rising, sweet Peace fled away,
Like the sun's golden beams, at the closing of day:
And the heart's sunny smile was exchanged for a tear,
As the honestead of hope saw the phanton appear;
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home.
How desolate then was that once happy home!

Where the Star-Spangled Banner floats proudly and
Over plain, on the mountain, or deep heaving sea;
Where Glory hath called the brave Soldier to roam,
How sweet are his slumbers while dreaming of home!
Home, Home, sweet, sweet home,
How soft seems his pillow! How happy his home!

When the war-strains are hushed, and the patriot band,
Are speeding their way to their own native land;
As the good ship is cleaving her way through the foam,
How poineth each soul for its kindred and home!
Home, Home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home! There's no place like home.

Ye have come! and the glow of affection doth burn
With mutual ardor the Soldier's Return!
No more shall the war-bugle cause you to roam,
From the breathings of Love, in your own mountain home.
Home, Home, sweet, sweet home,
We again bid you welcome to kindred and Home.

They were all dressed in white; with wreaths around their heads, and roses upon their breasts. The ceremonies were terminated with the crowning of the soldiers with laurel wreaths, by the children;—a simple and beautiful feature in the arrangements.

The vast concourse hereupon dispersed—and between ourself and the stump of candle, we're de'illish glad they did—we lay down the pen in a state of outer "flustification" at the dreamy hour of two o'clock, Saturday morning. Now for an old-fashioned sleep and *snore!*

Another word. The evening was noisy but brilliant. What with illuminations, transparencies, pyrotechnic and similar displays, our citizens seemed to be "after" inspiring "heaven and earth" with their enthusiasm.

We have a good deal more to say, and should have said the foregoing somewhat differently, if our time had permitted. But, *au revoir*. We'll see you again, as 'tis said, &c.

MR. CLAYTON'S SPEECH.

To the exclusion of much other matter, we are enabled to present this morning, the speech of John M. Clayton, of Delaware, in defence of Gen. Zachary Taylor.

This speech must rank with the ablest efforts of our Statesmen in the National councils. It is a plain, constitutional exposition—comprehensive, logical, and perfectly *unanswerable*. No one ever doubted the *honesty* of the position assumed by Gen. Taylor,—and after reading this speech, no one will doubt the wisdom and patriotism which induced him to assume it.

We hope every one will read it, and give it undivided attention. It will be seen that Mr. Clayton was unexpectedly called upon by the opposition, to define his position, and that the President of the Senate attempted to put him down, by a decision of *order*. But this movement was promptly overruled by the members of the Senate, a majority of whom voted to allow Mr. Clayton the floor.

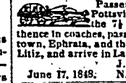
☞ *Minersville.*—We learn that all the business stands were closed in this place yesterday—the citizens, *en masse*, having visited Pottsville. Minersville is full of decorations in honor of our returning volunteers, and we have heard it asserted that they excel in splendor and all that, our own borough. If this be true, the people of Minersville may take the *hat*.

☞ *Killed.*—Patrick Holligan was instantaneously killed, yesterday, on the railroad at Schuylkill Haven. He was employed in the despatcher's office in that place, and has left a wife and children.

☞ *Three Mexican Boys* have been brought home by our Volunteers, and Col. Jackson brought one along with him when he visited the Mexican Capitol to bring back the remains of Lieut. Wunder. He is learning the business of a tin-smith. Those brought here by our soldiers are about eleven years old, each, and were found nearly naked, playing a short distance from the City of Mexico. They readily assented to accompany the soldiers, and appear to be satisfied with their new homes.

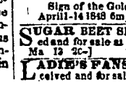
☞ *We have before us* a list of fifty-one newspapers, published in the State of New York, which advocate the election of Mr. Van Buren to the Presidency. This number is quite as large as that which advocate the claims of Gen. Cass. There is but one Whig journal in that State, which has dissented from the Whig nominations. That State is therefore certain for old Rough and Ready.

NEW ARRANGEMENT,
BETWEEN POTTSVILLE & LANCASTER,
Through in one day.



Passengers by this arrangement leave Pottsville daily (Sundays excepted), by the 7½ A. M. train to Reading, from thence in coaches, passing through Adamstown, Reamstown, Ephrata, and the beautiful Moravian village of Litiz, and arrive in Lancaster the same afternoon.
J. M. MITTIMORE, } Proprietors.
June 17, 1848. N. C. SCOFIELD, }

Philadelphia Golden Saddle.
No. 38, Market Street.



SADDLES, Bridles, Martingales, Horse Collars, Blind Bridles, Back Bands, Harness, Trunks, Whips, &c. manufactured in large quantities and sold at the lowest prices.
E. P. MOYER,
Sign of the Golden Sa