

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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CHOICE POETRY.

PRIDE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

'Tis a curious fact as ever known
In human nature, but often shown
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on "feed"
As poor as a pauper's pottage.

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce Democracy!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a drop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten Peers—
A thing for laughter, fears, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

Depend upon it my snobbish friend,
Your family though you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend,
You may find it waxed at the farther end,
By some plebeian vocation!

Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of sterner twine
That plagues some worthy relation!

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!

Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn for the sake of your soul's repose,
That wealth's bubble that comes, and goes!
And that all Proud Flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

America as Reviewed by an Englishman.

Great Britain has yet a long score to settle up in relation to this country. Only a few years have gone by, since the abuse of the United States formed the staple of many of the leading London Journals, as well as of not a few of the popular novelists. It is now admitted that the Americans are a people, that their progress has been more extraordinary than that of any other modern nation, and that if they be true to themselves and their future will be still more remarkable. Witness the following from the last number of the Westminster Review:

American emigrants subdue the wilderness, establish their own municipal institutions, coalesce into a "Territory," receive judges from the central executive, and finally, when their numbers reach the requisite point, can demand to be accepted to the Union as a constituent "State," on submitting to a few broad and necessary principles, notorious and universal. This point deserves the more attention, because English Whigs throw dust into our eyes, by ascribing the superior well-being (which they cannot deny) of the American millions, to the abundance of unoccupied land. Why! in Canada and in Australia there is as little lack of land as in the United States; but our aristocratic cabinets at first jibbed it away in vast grants to favorites or to the church—so as to keep it wild and obstructive—and now either let it in wide tracts or refuse to sell, or sell it so arbitrarily that it is no resource to our poor. In this whole matter, it is by fairness, by publicity, by bad unfeeling and unjudicious principles, that the United States has produced so great results; and Canada has begun to thrive, just in proportion as she has become emancipated from English control. The cardinal point is, that the American system promotes freehold cultivators, while our Colonial Office struggles to keep rich landlords, and indigent peasants or shepherds; working for wages—that is the secret of the whole; our rulers do not wish the lower classes to be independent.

But thirdly, the Moral Movements of the United States are carried on with an energy to which there is no parallel in England. The very fanaticism which mixes itself up with the Abolitionists, testifies to the earnestness of their struggle. The war against intoxicating drinks (whatever may be our opinions as to its final success) is an evidence of the thorough going determination to strike at the moral mischief, and lop off the relentlessly damning vices. The efforts of the Free States for National Education (about which we talk much and do little) are unparalleled in all the world, and hold out a cheering hope of American futurity, in spite of the dark shadow which slavery casts. The courage with which all ridicule is despised, in the effort to open employments for females, and qualify females for employments, deserves all honor; it will sustain the morality of the sex, and (except so far as foreign immigration interferes) prevent the formation of that curse of "Christian" Europe—Parian casts in the great cities.

Even now, the jails of the Free States have hardly any native born Americans as their inmates. Orphanhood of course must exist; but orphans are adopted in families with a freedom rivalled, we believe, only in Turkey. These are specimens of moral energy in a community, which augur for it a splendid future.

New York City, is getting to be an old village, as it was incorporated one hundred and ninety years ago, on the 14th June, 1665.

A Chapter on Angling.

BY C. F. SEYMOUR.

"A contented mind," says the proverb, "is a continual feast," and a contented mind, as a continual feast, is the peculiar prerogative of the brotherhood of the angle. I have been living on contentment for the past week—with a few trifling exceptions—and as the good nature and liberality of anglers are world-famous, I propose in this letter to diffuse a little of the articles among my readers.

It is well to premise that I am a mere dabber in the 'gentle art.' My experience in the way of fish hooks is of a limited character. I have not yet overcome the difficulty of catching myself, before essaying the fish. I am invariably the first hooked, and the last. Until my line is fairly in the water, I experience no personal security, and when I get a bite, I must confess it is not unattended with personal apprehension. There is an impossible amount of science required in pulling out a big fish, which rather distresses me. It is perhaps an open question whether I catch the fish, or the fish catches me, inasmuch as the former, as a general thing, retains his liberty quicker than I regain mine. The theory of angling reduces itself to this formula: 1st. Extracting the hooks from the tail of your coat, where, by a perversion of their crooked nature they invariably fix themselves; 2d. Untying impossible knots in running tackle; 3d. Rescuing the said running tackle from the loving embraces of six-foot weeds; 4th. Trying to catch a fish; 5th. Trying hard to catch a fish; 6th. Managing a bite; 7th. Catching a fish; 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th. Landing him.

This lake has some reputation for its fishing. If the natives are to be believed, everything that ever swims can be caught in it. You ask if there are any trout; the answer is, "Not hereabouts, but plenty a few miles down." The same with salmon; you have only to get into deep water (wherever that may be) and you can pull 'em up at every two or three seconds. I intend to inquire if any whales have been seen taken here lately, and fully expect the answer will be, "Not here, but plenty a few miles down the lake." There is one great advantage in this invariable answer. If you should happen to have a bad day's sport, it is easily accounted for—you haven't been far enough down the lake.

There is, I fancy, plenty of fish to be caught in one can only take them while they are in the humor—a difficult thing to do. Bass of a large size are continually being talked about. I myself have bragged about a bass weighing four pounds to every one who was not in the secret. An ambitious and unscrupulous native has recently raised his weight a pound, so that for the honor of New York, my next quotation must be six pounds.

The most perfectly distracting occupations I have ever attempted is catching the bait. Grasshoppers are used here nearly exclusively. They are found among the high grass everywhere, but around most plentifully in the churchyard. Thither I went with a tin box, a pair of spectacles, and a superabundant faith in my own agility. The process of catching a grasshopper may seem to the superficial and flippant a trivial matter. But I, Sir, who have undergone it, am prepared to pronounce it one of the most absorbing and intense occupations in the world. Any one can dig a worm. You have but to turn up the soil and grasp the object of your researches; it may squirm more or less, but it cannot get away. But with a grasshopper it is entirely different. You have to contend with a power—the power of locomotion—and in addition to that, an intellectual force which will not be coerced, and loves freedom.

The way I secured a few grasshoppers was this: Having wiped my spectacles so as to secure a good vision, I crept stealthily into the high grass. Immediately twenty or thirty grasshoppers darted upwards in many directions. By the time I had considered which one to pursue, they had all disappeared. Another step or two produced a similar result, but instead of reflecting this time, I surrendered myself to instinct, and followed him who first caught my eye. Now it is not easy to follow a grasshopper, for he dives into deep places where you cannot find him, unless you have been accustomed to extract a needle from the historical bottle of hay; and he possesses also the happy faculty of changing his location at the moment he thinks it insecure. With the best of intentions, however, you creep up to the spot where you saw him alight; sure enough he is there, running along a blade of grass; in the face of such an encouraging fact that you bend your fingers into a good grasping position, and make a grab; you perceive at the same instant that a grasshopper has made a bolt, but faith being strong in the human breast, you do not apprehend it is yours. So rising slowly into an upright and rather proud position, you begin to draw out threads of grass one by one, firmly persuaded that the residuum will be a grasshopper. Presently the idea occurs to that if such were the case, your captive, being gifted with very strong hind legs, would surely use them. A cloud of suspicion crosses your brow, and you determine at any sacrifice to investigate the truth. With heroic intention you slowly unbend your fingers, and at the last critical stage, when thought is suspended by very breathlessness of expectation, you discover that you have seized a stinging nettle.

For an hour or two I prowled about the churchyard, making desperate grabs at everything that bore the remotest resemblance to what I wanted. If your fancy can picture

Guy Fawkes in spectacles, with a tin canister in his hand instead of a lantern, you will realize your correspondent in his arduous occupation. After a while industry was rewarded—for, during the day, I succeeded in capturing at least half a dozen grasshoppers. This comparative wealth was not unattended with trials and tribulations, for every addition I made to it exposed me to the risk of ruin. You must know, Sir, that the aperture to the tin canister was of a fatal size, imperfectly barricaded with a knot of paper. Like the gates of a citadel, it was much easier for the inhabitants to march out than for a stranger to march in; and so when I had an addition to the general population, consisting of one, I generally experienced a desertion, consisting of two—so, that, in the long run, it was not my interest to hunt grasshoppers for more than an hour at a time. If I continued the occupation for a long period, I worked steadily backward to the point whence I started.

I believe I am a very earnest sportsman, but I confess the tranquility of catching nothing surpasses, in my estimation, the excitement of catching one, beyond which number it is not easy to progress. Why should I be expected to pull out a fish every time one bites? Why convert a delightful contemplative pastime into a laborious occupation?—It better suits my idiosyncrasy to sit with the line in my hand, and know there is a fish at the end—to pull it up occasionally—not cruelly, with intention of breaking its jaw by extracting the hook, but fondly, as something that belongs to myself, than to lug him to the shore. And if the beggar should happen to get away—as I confess the little beggar very often does—I philosophize on the instability of piscatorial riches, and fling another grasshopper to the Fates, with a contented mind and a virtuous resignation. But to pull up my line every time an erratic perch or greedy bass chooses to seize the bait, would be work, Sir; and I came down to play—not to work.

Next to the passion for angling, the strongest in my nature is gunning. I have had some sport here lately in the wild duck way.

CHANGES OF CLIMATE.

The following, from the Scientific American, contains some interesting facts, and treats of a very feeling subject, worthy of a careful investigation:

History informs us that many of the countries of Europe which now possess very mild waters, at one time experienced severe cold during this season of the year. The Tiber, at Rome, was often frozen over, and snow at one time lay for forty days in that city. The Euxine Sea was frozen over every winter during the time of Ovid, and the rivers Rhine at Rhone used to be frozen so deep that the ice sustained loaded wagons. The waters of the Tiber, Rhine and Rhone, now flow freely every winter; ice is unknown in Rome, and the waves of the Euxine dash their wintry foam uncrystallized upon the rocks. Some have ascribed these climate changes to agriculture; the cutting down of dense forests, the exposure of the upturned soil to the summer's sun, and the draining of great marshes. We do not believe that such great changes could have been produced on the climate of any country by agriculture, and we are certain that no such theory can account for the contrary change of climate—from warm to cold winters—which history tells us has taken place in other countries than those named. Greenland received its valleys and mountains; and its east coast, which is now in accessible, on account of perpetual ice heaped upon its shores, was in the eleventh century, the seat of flourishing Scandinavian colonies, all trace of which is now lost. Cold Labrador was named Vinland by the Northerners, who visited it A. D. 1000, and were charmed with its then mild climate.

The cause of these changes is an important inquiry. A pamphlet by John Murray, civil engineer, has recently been published in London, in which he endeavors to attribute these changes of climate to the changeable position of the magnetic poles. The magnetic variation or declination of the needle is well known. At the present time it amounts in London to 23 degrees west north, while in 1658 the line of variation passed through England, and then moved gradually west until 1816. In that year a great removal of ice took place on the coast of Greenland, hence it is inferred, that the cold meridian, which now passes through Canada and Siberia, may at one time have passed through Italy, and that of the magnetic meridian returns, as it is now doing, to its old line in Europe. Rome may once more see her Tiber frozen over, and the merry Rhinelanders drive their team on the ice of the classic river. Whether the changes of the climate mentioned have been caused by the change of the magnetic meridian or not, we have too few facts before us at present to decide conclusively; but the idea, once spread abroad, will soon lead to such investigations as will no doubt remove every obscurity, and settle the question.

Mr. Joseph Hiss, who was expelled from the Massachusetts Legislature, is sustained by the Know-Nothing council to which he belongs, in Boston, and is now the delegate to the State council that will meet this week.

The salary of the Governor-General of Canada is ten thousand dollars a year more than that of the President of the United States.

Is There any Forgetting?

Dr. Rush tells us that when he was called upon to attend, on their death-beds, aged Swedes, who for forty, fifty, and sixty years, had lost the use of their native tongue, the long suspended faculty would be recalled in approaching death; and they would talk, pray, and sing in Swedish. Dr. Johnson, also, when it came his turn to die, spoke not in the march of his own majestic rhetoric—passed by even the cadences of those Latin hymns in which he once had so much loved to dwell—but was heard with his sinking voice muttering a child's prayer which he had learned on his mother's knee. Strange, indeed, is the providence, and yet so wisely illustrative of the absence of time as an element in the divine economy, which thus brings together the two extreme points of human history, birth and death! This same remarkable quality is thus touched upon by Coleridge:

"In a Roman Catholic town in Germany, a young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read or write, was seized with a nervous fever, during which she continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in very pompous tones, and with most distinct enunciation. The case had attracted the particular attention of a young physician, and by his statement many eminent physiologists visited the town, and examined the case on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her mouth, and were found to consist of sentences coherent and intelligible each for itself, but with little or no connection with each other. All trick or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had the young woman ever been a harmless, simple creature, but she was evidently laboring with nervous fever. In a town in which she had been a resident for many years as a servant, in different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however, determined to trace her past life step by step; for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer. He at length succeeded in discovering the place where her parents had lived; traveled thither; found them dead, but an uncle surviving, and from him learned that the patient had been charitably taken in by an old Protestant pastor, at nine years of age, and had remained with him some years, even till the old man's death. With great difficulty he discovered a niece of the pastor, of whom anxious inquiries were made concerning his habits, and the solution of the phenomenon was soon obtained. For it appeared it had been the old man's custom for years to walk up and down a passage of his house into which the kitchen door opened, and read to himself with a loud voice out of his favorite books. A considerable number of these were still in the niece's possession, and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young woman's bedside, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind, concerning the true origin of the impressions made on her nervous system.

This authenticated case furnishes both proof and instance, that relics of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed; and as we cannot rationally suppose the feverish state of the brain to act in any other way than as a stimulus, this fact (and it would not be difficult to adduce several of the same kind) contributes to make it even probable that thoughts are in themselves imperishable, and that if the intelligible faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apportioned organization, the body celestial, instead of the body terrestrial, to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. And this—this perchance, is the dread book of judgment, in whose mysterious hieroglyphic every idle word is recorded! Yes, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act, a single thought, should be loosened or lost.—*Presbyterian.*

From the Middle States Medical Reformer.

"There are many scenes in the life of the physician, which are calculated to awaken the strongest sympathies of his nature. He is to witness disease, suffering and distress, in their various forms. His duties are alike in all circumstances and conditions of society. The rich and the poor are alike the recipients of his skill and attention. In marbled halls, with perfumed couches, adorned with costly drapery, his services are required; in the cheerless hovel, with its unfurnished apartment, and pallet of straw, his attention is also demanded. Doctors are public servants. Wealth makes no distinction. The governor and his subject, the man of affluence, and the beggar at his door, the philanthropist and the miser, equally demand the attention and skill of the physician."

Rashness borrows the name of courage, but it is of another race, and nothing allied to that virtue; the one descends in a direct line from prudence; the other from folly and presumption.

Our very manner is a thing of importance. A kind no is often more agreeable than a rough yes.

Travellers can now go from Allentown, to New York, via Railroad, for \$3.00.—Cheap.

Time is a grateful friend; use it well, and it never fails to make suitable requital.

The Democratic Convention

AT HARRISBURG.
Ballots for Canal Commissioner.
ARNOLD PLUMER NOMINATED.
PROCEEDINGS, RESOLUTIONS, &c. &c.

We give below a full report of the proceedings had at the Democratic State Convention, which assembled at Harrisburg on the Fourth of July. They will be read with much interest.

The Convention assembled in the Hall of the House of Representatives on the morning of the Fourth. At precisely 10 o'clock the Hon. Hendrick B. Wright called it to order by nominating John B. Guthrie of Pittsburg for President. The nomination was unanimously confirmed.

On taking the Chair, Mr. Guthrie said: Gentlemen of the Convention, I am sincerely thankful to you for this mark of your confidence and respect. In the discharge of my temporary duties I shall of course be very greatly dependent upon your liberality and kindness, and I hope you will lend me all the aid in your power, that I may discharge them faithfully and impartially. (Applause.) The convention is now ready to proceed with business.

The Convention proceeded to the nomination and election of the secretaries. Messrs. Wm. B. McGrath of Philadelphia, Riely of Schuylkill County, Joel B. Danner, of Adams County, and Thomas B. McGuire of Cambria County, were placed in nomination. On motion of Mr. John Sherry it was resolved: "That the two first gentlemen put in nomination, act as secretaries."

Messrs. Riely and Danner declined serving. Messrs. Wm. B. McGrath and T. B. McGuire were declared the secretaries of the Convention. The districts were then called over and the delegates reported.

From Dauphin county there were two sets of delegates, and it appeared that those who were chosen by the regular Democratic county Convention of last fall were suspected of being Know-Nothings, and also the majority of the Standing Committee. One of these delegates, Mr. Seiler, confessed that he had been a Know-Nothing, but said that he had now left the lodge. A convention of the people and also the Standing Committee had supplied his place after declaring his seat vacant. The State convention was of the opinion that he must first go back into the ranks and there prove his fidelity by works before he could pretend to be a leader in the Democratic party as the representative of honest men.—He was voted out almost unanimously.

Messrs. Reel and Freese, the other delegates chosen by the regular county convention last fall were not proved to be Know-Nothings by any other evidence than the fact that they last winter favored the election of Simon Cameron, the Know-Nothing candidate for United States Senator. They were voted out by a vote of 91 to 28, and their places supplied by Dr. Lewis Heck and George Bowman, who had been chosen at an irregular county convention on the 2d of July.

The Senatorial delegates were appointed a Committee to select officers for the permanent organization of the convention.

A discussion here arose on the propriety of requiring a pledge from the Delegates present, in regard to Know-Nothingism. Mr. Longacre offered a pledge for the members to sign.

Mr. Orr wished them to swear to it. Mr. J. Richter Jones said that many of the delegates present, (and he among the rest) were conscientiously opposed to taking extra judicial oaths.

Col. Black, of Allegheny—I offer the following resolution as a substitute for the pledge submitted by Mr. Longacre:

Resolved, That in the estimation of this Convention, any man who belongs to the Secret Order, commonly called Know-Nothings, or in any way sympathizes with them, is not and cannot be a Democrat—he is not fit to hold a seat here or in any Democratic assembly. If any such man ventured, or will venture to claim a seat in this body, we denounce him as a base, black-hearted deceiver, and essential liar, who deserves the scorn and contempt of every decent man and woman in the country.

(Tremendous applause.)
If any man will vote aye on that, and yet be a Know-Nothing, God forgive him. (Renewed applause.)

Mr. Alricks—I move to strike out all those hard names after 'man.'

Mr. Black—I would remark that there is not an unkind word used in that resolution in regard to any man who is a Know-Nothing. He may do just as he pleases, so long as he does not interfere in our private affairs. This resolution only applies to that portion of the Know-Nothings who came here to practice frauds on us. I think they can be called essential liars, and everything else hard, and yet not get half what they deserve. We do not go among them as they come fraudulently among us. Let them stand on their side, and we will stand on ours. We want to fight them a fair, open fight, and God be with the right, (applause.)

Mr. Alricks—Expressions of the kind made use of, will detract from the dignity of the proceedings.

The yeas and nays were called for and ordered.

Mr. Ludlow—As the question reads, I must vote no. I will not consent to prostrate the dignity of this State Convention by the use of such terms, and I will not vote any other way than no.

A motion was here made (at five minutes past one o'clock, P. M.) to take a recess until three o'clock.

The motion was agreed to, and the Convention adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention re-assembled at 3 o'clock, Mr. Guthrie in the chair.

Mr. Ludlow, from the committee appointed to report officers for a permanent organization, made the following report, which was unanimously adopted.

PRESIDENT.

Hon. J. GLANCY JONES, of Berks Co.
Joel B. Danner, Adams
Cameron Lockhart, Carbon
Jesse Lenzeer, Greene
John M'Carry, Phila. Co.
Nathan Worley, Lancaster
Thomas Adams, Perry
J. R. Jones, Sullivan
Thomas Grove, York
John Piatt, Lycoming
David R. Miller, Allegheny
Jesse Johnson, Bucks
Wilson Laird, Erie
Riter Boyer, Chester
Charles Carter, Beaver
Timothy Ives, Potter
Joseph Lippincott, Philadelphia
Azor Lathrop, Susquehanna
R. W. Weaver, Columbia.

SECRETARY.

Nathan Worley, Lancaster
John A. Innis, Northampton
Thomas A. McGuire, Cambria
William B. McGrath, Philadelphia
John Orr, Franklin.

Mr. Ludlow then conducted the Hon. J. Glancy Jones, President elect, to the Chair. On taking the chair, Mr. Jones said:

Gentlemen of the Convention, I sincerely thank you for the honor you have done me in selecting me to preside over the deliberations of this Democratic Convention of Pennsylvania. I know of no higher honor. The Democratic party, gentlemen, at this particular crisis, occupies a peculiar position before the country. Surrounded by enemies, well organized in their common hostility to Democracy, although convulsed to the very centre with the elements of disorganization and demoralization, on all the great questions of national and constitutional law. They now present the noble spectacle, not only to the country but to the world, of an organization resting upon the firm basis of unbroken political national faith, bound together by the ligaments of a constitution which, in all political matters, recognizes no higher law, and exacts implicit observance to a strict construction of its decrees.

Efforts, it is true, have been recently made by other organizations in our country, to establish a National platform, which would enable them to go before the whole country, and all the ingenuity and power of interested men have been brought to bear to effect this object. That it has signally failed, every man in this Convention and in this country knows. While discussions on the question of platforms, occupy the papers of the day for other organizations, the Democratic party is spared the trouble; because in all the essentials of nationalities it is and has been nearly always unanimous. This is a proud position to occupy before the country—it is a proud position to triumph upon, and the proudest of positions to fall with. Who is there in whose veins the true blood of Democracy runs that would not be proud even to fall in such a cause? Not only would he fall upon principals pregnant with truth, securing his own self respect and the respect of all honorable men, but he would have the approval of his conscience in the justice of his cause, and the certainty of future success, because it is just to nerve him for renewed efforts for his country, his whole country, and nothing but his country. It is not for me to pretend to dictate to you what should be your action, nor do I intend to occupy the time of this Convention in attempting it. We do not assemble to make a platform, but to declare one. Our platform is already made and understood. We are in power. Our sentiments have gone before the country and triumphed, and many years of practice in administering the government have changed what was once theory in our political creed, into fixed and sober historical facts by these facts we are willing to be judged, which of our enemies can say the name: is this a free happy, prosperous country? if so, then what party, not by loud professions of political faith, but by actual government upon fixed principles, has made and kept it so? let our enemies be our judges; history shows that all the little experimental success they ever had, has been in the ratio of the incorporation into their creed of our principles, never it is true voluntarily adopted, much less believed in; but used for the occasion under the stress of a popular necessity. Recently, our party has met with some reverses; the courage of some began to fail, and those not heartily with us, took French leave, so as not to be behind in the new organization, as they were in the old one; but truth is mighty and will prevail. This freshet has carried off the drift wood of the party; what some feared was going to be a permanent disease, has only proved to be a slight epidemic, and our party now rises prouder, nobler, and higher than ever. (Applause.)

It is some years since I had the honor of a seat in a Democratic Convention of the State of Pennsylvania. On this occasion, when called upon by my colleagues to serve, I availed myself of the opportunity of contributing my aid to my party if she needed my humble services. I believed this Convention was not one merely for the purpose of nominating a Canal Commissioner, but

one to iterate principles and whose acts done this day we may not hear the last of for the next twenty years. We may differ among ourselves about minor matters, but in essentials we agree. In non-essentials we agree to disagree—in essentials the party has nearly always been a unit. The opposition press with peculiar pleasure publish that we are divided into "Hards" and "Softs," Nebraska and anti-Nebraska, Free Soil and pro-Slavery, Temperance and anti-Temperance factions. They forget that in the Democratic party every man may have his own private opinions on all subjects not organic, while on the essentials of the National Democratic faith we are and always will be a unit. I regard this Convention, therefore in that light: The nominee put forth to the people is a secondary consideration. To me the best recommendation is a character for integrity and honesty, and I have not a doubt but that you will nominate just such a man. You are now one year in advance of the Presidential election, and you are declaring a platform out of which you dare not take one plank in this nor the next election. You are now planting the seed and this fall and next fall you will reap the harvest. Whether that harvest will be good or evil your acts this day will show. [Applause.] I have unlimited faith in you—[I have the fullest confidence in you] in your representatives.

Gentlemen—I shall endeavor to discharge the duties you have imposed upon me with impartiality, and to the extent of my ability. I hope, therefore, that I may have not only an indulgence but your cordial support. [Great applause.]

The first business before the Convention is the appointment of a committee on resolutions.

A motion was made by a delegate to make the number of the committee one from each Senatorial District.

Mr. Chase moved to amend by adding that the delegates from the respective districts choose one their number to represent them in the Committee.

Mr. Wright objected to making the number of the Committee so large.

The question was then put on the amendment, and it appeared that the ayes had it: A division was called for and taken—47 voted in the affirmative, and 45 in the negative.

The question then recurred on the motion as amended, which was that a committee of one from each Senatorial District, selected by their respective representatives, be appointed to draft resolutions.

On this question a division was had—52 voted in the affirmative and 45 in the negative.

The resolution was amended and was therefore adopted.

The committee were then appointed, by the respective delegations.

Mr. Black—I offered a resolution this morning intended as a substitute for the resolution, accompanied by a pledge. It seems that some of the expressions used in my resolution are not agreeable to the general sentiment of the Convention, and I therefore ask leave to withdraw it, provided that the gentleman who offered the other resolution will withdraw his and allow the whole matter to go to committee.

Mr. Longacre withdrew his resolution and pledge, and, on motion, both his and Mr. Black's resolutions were referred to the Committee on Resolutions.

Mr. Wright—I now move to proceed to the nomination of a candidate for Canal Commissioner.

The motion was agreed to.

The following gentlemen were put in nomination:—Messrs. Geo. Scott, of Columbia county; Wm. S. Campbell, of Allegheny county; John Row, of Franklin county; John P. Hoover, of Centre county; Bernard Reilly, of Schuylkill county; Robert Irwin, of Chester county; H. P. Hacker, of Lycoming county; James Worrell, of Dauphin county; Arnold Plumer, of Venango county; Murray Whelan, of Erie county; General John Wier, of Lebanon county; and Alexander Small, of York county.

A motion was made that the successful nominee of the Convention should give to the State Central Committee a pledge which they should prescribe, in relation to the subject of Know-Nothingism, and that if he declined to take such pledge, that then the State Central Committee be authorized to make a nomination in his stead.

An amendment was offered to the motion that the State Central Committee be authorized to call the Convention together, to nominate another candidate.

The President—The chair is of opinion that the amendment is not in order.

The question was put on the amendment, and it was not agreed to.

The question was then put on the original motion, and it was agreed to.

Mr. Guthrie asked that the pledge of Wm. S. Campbell be read.

The Clerk read the pledge, and also a letter from Arnold Plumer.

The Convention then proceeded to ballot for a candidate for Canal Commissioner, with the following result:

1st. Ballot—Arnold Plumer, 50; Wm. S. Campbell, 37; John Orr, 9; Geo. Scott, 7; Robert Irwin, 4; Alex. Small, 4; John P. Hoover, 4; Murray Whelan, 3; H. P. Hacker, 2; Bernard Reilly, 1. 124 votes, necessary to a choice 80 votes.

The friends of Messrs. Robert Irwin, Jas. Warrell, Murray Whelan, H. P. Hacker, John P. Hoover and Bernard Reilly, have withdrawn their names.

2d. Ballot—Arnold Plumer, 66; W. S.