

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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CHOICE POETRY.

From the Boston Investigator.

PRIDE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Though Pride may show some nobleness,
When Honor's ally,
Yet there is such a thing on earth
As holding heads too high!
The sweetest bird builds near the ground,
The lowliest flower springs low,
And we must stoop for happiness,
If we its worth would know.

Like water that encrusts the rose,
Still hardening to its core,
So Pride encases human hearts
Until they feel no more.
Shut up within themselves they live,
And selfily they end
A life that never kindness did
To kindred, or to friend!

Whist! Virtue, like the dew of Heaven,
Upon the heart descends,
And draws its hidden sweetness out
The more—as more it bends!
For there is a strength in lowliness
Which serves us to endure—
A heroism in distress
Which renders victory sure.

The humblest being born is great,
If true to his degree,
His virtue illustrates his fate,
Whatever that may be!
Then let us daily learn to love
Simplicity and worth;
For not the eagle, but the dove,
Brought peace unto the earth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communicated for the "Star of the North."

INCIDENTS IN WESTERN LIFE.

[The following is an extract from a letter written by a young lady of Northumberland county, now spending some time in the Rock River County, to a brother at Millville, in this County. Thinking it would prove interesting to the numerous readers of the "Star" it is forwarded for publication. P. J.]

BARCLAY, Ill., 4th mo. 20th, 1856.

My Dear Brother—

Perhaps thou art already aware that this great Mississippi Valley is no longer looked upon as the *Far West*. Enterprise and improvement have rolled their quick propelling wheels along to the very banks of the Mississippi, and over it, and frightened away not only the elk and anelope, but even the children of the forest that roamed fearlessly for centuries over this favored land! Their relics remain behind—as an isolated grave is sometimes found, and sometimes a deserted, forgotten burial ground!

Many of the present inhabitants of this State well remember when the Red Men (like the wandering tribes of Iowa) pitched their tents upon these rolling prairies and offered skins and furs in trade, on the banks of Rock river. As late as 1823 a lone trading house was erected by a Frenchman on the margin of this river some 48 miles from its confluence with the Mississippi; here business and bargaining with the Indians were carried on for a number of years, the children of the forest appearing at the trading post with the peculiarities of their people, and the skins, venison, &c., that they brought were taken in willing exchange for flour, firearms, and trinkets. Some of their noble hunters or braves were generally distinguished by the numbers of rattlesnake skins tried around their ankles.

It was about this time that a man whose head was sprinkled with the silvery touch of age, appeared in the county with his family in a white covered emigrant wagon from one of the Eastern or Middle States. He, in turn, soon became a distinguished trader and was honored with the name of "Nachusa" (the white-haired) by his brethren of the forest. For years in that lone spot busy bargains were struck and the voice of friendly trade kept up; a few houses grew into existence around the first, and from one visitor to this little village in its infancy I glean the following synopsis: Several men driving teams from Galena to the more southern part of the State were in the habit of stopping in the village for accommodation through the night. On one occasion while they were detained there for a day or two a number of Indians came in to trade; they were a pleasant, social set of fellows, and one of the men feeling the oppression of "having nothing to do," resolved now to witness some of the wild exploits of the Natives of early America. He gained their favor by kindness and attention, and then requested an exhibition of their skill in one of their favorite amusements—ball-playing, promising each some tobacco at the close of the performance. They agreed—those sides, and proceeded. Their ball consisted in a solid pine-knot or something similar—rounded and polished; the paddles were long with a kind of semicircular hoop at the end large enough to hold or catch the ball up from the ground; they were not permitted (in play) to touch the ball with their hands, and yet kept it flying back and forth a long time without once letting it fall to the ground; when accidentally it did fall, all the paddles were rapidly directed towards it, and each

man striving most desperately to be the possessor, thus keeping the ball beaten about upon the ground a considerable time ere one person was fortunate enough to catch it up; while thus engaged their paddles would thwack and thwack against each other's ankles causing shouts and skips, but no sign of anger; thus they kept on with spirit until the game was ended when each man received his portion of tobacco.

After a sufficient time for recreation they were again requested to amuse the spectators in another feat—this time in a *war scene*, but instead of a cheerful acquiescence a frown gathered upon their countenances, and they refused; the request was again made, and again refused, but a higher and higher reward of tobacco brought them to terms, and they began the preparations—every Indian disappeared for the space of an hour or so, keeping the spectators impatiently waiting for their appearance, when of a sudden a large Indian, dressed in the Savage Costume of War, issued boldly from the forest, and without lifting his eyes to notice who was gazing, planned a low stake in the ground bearing something upon its summit that remarkably resembled a human scalp, and almost as unexpectedly as he came, the rest of the Indians all appeared from separate quarters upon the ground, painted hideously wild, and dressed in the Savage robes of their tribe, and a war-whop rang through the air as they came; they danced around the scalp, and at certain intervals fixed their eyes savagely and contemptuously upon it and sometimes pierced it with their weapons. The gay fun-seeking spectators grew solemn in the excitement as if they feared that the mock scene might rouse the savage slumbering spark and wax into one of fearful reality. After they were through, the performers were again rewarded in tobacco.

There are many curious facts related of this remarkable people which I cannot hesitate in believing. It is said that if one of the tribe is stricken down by disease they do not call upon the Great Spirit for protection, but in their incantations invoke the "Evil One" to withdraw his scourge! Nearly all that die among this race of people die of Pulmonary Diseases. This seems to differ widely from what I have heretofore heard of Indian life; yet the early intelligent pioneers of the land assert this to be a fact; they say that it is a rare sight to see an old Indian—that is old in years—yet they look old at an early age, they are soon broken down, so that at 25 or 30 the women would pass for 50, and at 45 the men are bowed down by exposure. It is very true that in a measure they become inured to hardships, starvation and filth; but can the human system, or even brute animals be healthy in all kinds of exposure to dampness and want? Four-fifths of the Indian children die young—and may this not be why, as a people, they are fading from existence? Their voices have ceased to sound at the trading house on Rock river, and on that very spot hundreds of civilized American people hurry to and fro, up and down the beautiful streets of a rising city which bears the name of Nachusa—Dixon.

The vast tide of immigration is still rolling hither; families are seeking homes in the west; and almost every arrival of the cars conducts hundreds of souls to a new country, many of whom are scattering over the inviting plains of this State, but a greater number is lured to a fair country farther on, and "Kansas, ho, for Kansas!" is the echoing shout that sweeps along the plains, and acis as a sweet charming music even to many settled here; the confident speculator and anxious farmer alike direct a hopeful eye westward.

When I write to thee again I will try to describe this country so that thee may have some idea of the realities of Illinois.

Affectionately,
MARTHA ANN J.

BRECKINRIDGE'S EULOGIUM ON CLAY.

As a specimen of true and fervid eloquence this production will rank with the best orations on record. It is manly, dignified and tender. The death of Henry Clay was announced in the House of Congress on the 30th of June 1852, when Mr. Breckinridge, the present candidate for Vice President, who then represented the Ashland district, rose and said:

MR. SPEAKER: I rise to perform the melancholy duty of announcing to this body the death of Henry Clay, late a Senator in Congress from the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

Mr. Clay expired at his lodgings in this city yesterday morning, at seventeen minutes past eleven o'clock, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. His noble intellect was unclouded to the last. After protracted sufferings, he passed away without pain; and so gently did the spirit leave his frame, that the moment of departure was not observed by the friends who watched at his bedside. His last hours were cheered by the presence of an affectionate son; and he died surrounded by friends who, during his long illness, had done all that affection could suggest to soothe his sufferings.

Although this sad event has been expected for many weeks, the shock it produced, and the innumerable tributes of respect to his memory exhibited on every side, and in every form, prove the depth of the public sorrow, and the greatness of the public loss.

Imperishably associated as his name has been for fifty years with every great event affecting the fortunes of our country, it is difficult to feel that we shall see no more his noble form within these walls—that we shall hear no more his patriot tones, now rousing his countrymen to vindicate their rights against a foreign foe, now imploring them to

preserve concord among themselves. We shall see him no more. The memory and the fruits of his services alone remain to us. Amidst the general gloom, the Capitol itself looks desolate, as if the genius of the place had departed. Already the intelligence has reached almost every part of the Republic, and a great people mourn with us, to-day, the death of their most illustrious citizen. Sympathizing, as we do, deeply, with his family and friends, yet private affliction is absorbed in a general sorrow. The spectacle of a whole community lamenting the loss of a great man, is far more touching than any manifestation of private grief. In speaking of a loss which is national, I will not attempt to describe the universal burst of grief with which Kentucky will receive these tidings. The attempt would be vain to depict the gloom that will cover her people, when they know that the pillar of fire is removed, which has guided their footsteps for the life of a generation.

It is known to the country, that from the memorable session of 1849-'50, Mr. Clay's health gradually declined. Although several years of his Senatorial term remained, he did not propose to continue in the public service longer than the present session. He came to Washington chiefly to defend, if it should become necessary, the measures of adjustment, to the adoption of which he so largely contributed; but the condition of his health did not allow him, at any time, to participate in the discussions of the Senate. Through the winter, he was confined almost wholly to his room, with slight changes in his condition, but gradually losing the remnant of his strength. Through the long dreary winter, he conversed much and cheerfully with his friends, and expressed a deep interest in public affairs. Although he did not expect a restoration of health, he cherished the hope that the mild season of spring would bring him strength enough to return to Ashland, and die in the bosom of his family. But, alas! spring, that brings life to all nature, brought no life nor hope to him. After the month of March, his vital powers rapidly wasted, and for weeks he lay patiently awaiting the stroke of death. But the approach of the destroyer had no terrors for him. No clouds overthrew his future. He met the end with composure, and his pathway to the grave was brightened by the immortal hopes which spring from the Christian faith.

Not long before his death, having just returned from Kentucky, I bore to him a token of affection from his excellent wife. Never can I forget his appearance, his manner, or his words. After speaking of his family, his friends, and his country, he changed the conversation to his own future, and looking on with his fine eye undimmed, and his voice full of its original compass and melody, he said, "I am not afraid to die, sir. I have hope, faith, and some confidence. I do not think any man can be entirely certain in regard to his future state, but I have an abiding trust in the merits and mediation of our Savior." It will assuage the grief of his family to know that he looked hopefully beyond the tomb, and a Christian people will rejoice to hear that such a man, in his last hours, reposed with simplicity and confidence upon the promises of the Gospel.

It is the custom, on occasions like this, to speak of the parentage and childhood of the deceased, and to follow him, step by step, through life. I will not attempt to relate even all the great events of Mr. Clay's life, because they are familiar to the whole country, and it would be needless to enumerate a long list of public services which form a part of American history.

Beginning life a fearless boy, with but few advantages save those conferred by nature, while yet a minor, he left Virginia, the State of his birth, and commenced the practice of law at Lexington, in Kentucky. At a bar remarkable for his numbers and talent, Mr. Clay soon rose to the first rank. At a very early age he was elected from the county of Fayette to the General Assembly of Kentucky, and was the Speaker of that body. Coming into the Senate of the United States, for the first time, in 1806, he entered upon a parliamentary career, the most brilliant and successful in our annals. From that time he remained habitually in the public eye. As a Senator, as a member of this House and its Speaker, as a representative of his country abroad, and as a high officer in the Executive department of the government, he was intimately connected for fifty years with every great measure of American policy. Of the mere party measures at this period, I do not propose to speak. Many of them have passed away, and are remembered only as the occasions for the great intellectual efforts which marked their discussion. Concerning others, opinions are still divided. They will go into history, with the reasons on either side rendered by the greatest intellects of the time.

As a leader in a deliberative body, Mr. Clay had no equal in America. In him, intellect, person, eloquence, and courage, united to form a character fit to command. He fired with his own enthusiasm, and controlled by his amazing will, individuals and masses. No reverse could crush his spirit, nor defeat reduce him to despair. Equally erect and dauntless in prosperity and adversity, when successful, he moved to the accomplishment of his purposes with severe resolution; when defeated, he rallied his broken bands around him, and from his eagle eye shot along their ranks the contagion of his own courage. Destined for a leader, he everywhere asserted his destiny. In his long and eventful life he came in contact with men of all ranks and professions, but he never felt that he was in the presence of a man superior to himself. In the assemblies of the people, at the bar, in the Senate—everywhere

within the circle of his personal presence he assumed and maintained a position of pre-eminence.

But the supremacy of Mr. Clay, as a party leader, was not his only, nor his highest title to renown. That title is to be found in the purely patriotic spirit which, on great occasions, always signalized his conduct. We have no statesman, who, in periods of real and imminent public peril, has exhibited a more genuine and enlarged patriotism than Henry Clay. Whenever a question presented itself actually threatening the existence of the Union, Mr. Clay, rising above the passions of the hour, always exerted his powers to solve it peaceably and honorably. Although more liable than most men, from his impetuous and ardent nature, to feel strongly the passions common to us all, it was his rare faculty to be able to subdue them in a great crisis, and to hold toward all sections of the confederacy the language of concord and brotherhood.

Sir, it will be a proud pleasure to every true American heart to remember the great occasions when Mr. Clay has displayed a sublime patriotism—when the ill-tempered enmities of the times, and the miserable jealousies of the day, seemed to have been driven from his bosom by the expulsive power of nobler feelings—when every throb of his heart was given to his country, every effort of his intellect dedicated to her service. Who does not remember the three periods when the American system of Government was exposed to its severest trials; and who does not know that when history shall relate the struggle which preceded, and the dangers which were averted by the Missouri compromise, the Tariff compromise of 1850, the same pages will record the genius, the eloquence, and the patriotism of Henry Clay!

Nor was it in Mr. Clay's nature to lag behind until measures of adjustment were matured, and then come forward to swell a majority. On the contrary, like a bold and real statesman, he was ever among the first to meet the peril, and hazard his fame upon the remedy. It is fresh in the memory of us all, that, when lately the fury of sectional discord threatened to sever the confederacy, Mr. Clay, though withdrawn from public life, and oppressed by the burden of years, came back to the Senate—the theatre of his glory—and devoted the remnant of his strength to the sacred duty of preserving the union of the States.

With characteristic soundness he took the lead in proposing a scheme of settlement. But while he was willing to assume the responsibility of proposing a plan, he did not, with petty ambition, insist upon its adoption to the exclusion of other modes; but taking his own as a starting point for discussion and practical action, he nobly labored for the compromise to change and improve it in such form as to make it an acceptable adjustment. Throughout the long and arduous struggle, the love of country expelled from his bosom the spirit of selfishness, and Mr. Clay proved, for the third time, that though he was ambitious and loved glory, he had no ambition to mount to fame on the confessions of his country. And this conviction is lodged in the hearts of the people; the party measures and the party passions of former times have not, for several years, interposed between Mr. Clay and the masses of his countrymen. His mission 1850, he seemed to feel that his affair was accomplished; and, during the same period, the regards and affections of the American people have been attracted to him in a remarkable degree. For many months, the warmest feelings, the deepest anxieties of all parties, centered upon the dying statesman; the glory of his great actions shed a mellow lustre on his declining years; and to fill the measure of his fame, his countrymen, weaving for him the laurel wreath, with common hands, did him all about his venerable brow, and send him crowned, to history.

The life of Mr. Clay, sir, is a striking example of the abiding faith which surely awaits the direct and candid statesman. The entire absence of equivocation or disguise, in all his acts, was his master-key to the popular heart; for while the people will forgive the error of a bold and open nature, he sins past forgiveness, who deliberately deceives them. Hence Mr. Clay, though often defeated in his measures of policy, always secured the respect of his opponents without losing the confidence of his friends. He never palpated in a double sense. The country was never in doubt as to his opinions or his purposes. In all the contests of his time, his position on great public questions, was as clear as the sun in a cloudless sky. Sir, standing by the grave of this great man, and considering these things, how contemptible does appear the mere legerdemain of politics! What a reproach is his life on that false policy which would trifle with a great and upright people! If I were to write his epitaph, I would inscribe, as the highest eulogy, on the stone which shall mark his resting-place, "Here lies a man who was in the public service for fifty years, and never attempted to deceive his countrymen."

While the youth of America should imitate his noble qualities, they may take courage from his career, and note the high proof it affords that, under our equal institutions, the avenues to honor are open to all. Mr. Clay rose by the force of his own genius, unaided by power, patronage, or wealth. At an age when our young men are usually advanced to the higher schools of learning, provided only with the rudiments of an English education, he turned his steps to the West, and amidst the rude collisions of a border-life, matured a character whose highest exhibitions were destined to mark eras in his country's history.

Beginning on the frontiers of American civilization, the orphan boy, supported only by the consciousness of his own powers, and by the confidence of the people, surmounted all the barriers of adverse fortune, and won a glorious name in the annals of his country. Let the generous youth, fired with honorable ambition, remember that the American system of government offers on every hand bounties to merit. If, like Clay, orphanage, obscurity, poverty, shall oppress him; yet if, like Clay, he feels the Promethean spark within, let him remember that his country, like a generous mother, extends her arms to welcome and to cherish every one of her children whose genius and worth may promote her prosperity or increase her renown.

Mr. Speaker, the signs of woe around us, and the general voice, announce that another great man has fallen. Our consolation is that he was not taken in the vigor of his manhood, but sank into the grave at the close of a long and illustrious career. The great statesman who have filled the largest space in the public eye, one by one are passing away. Of the three great leaders of the Senate, one alone remains, and he must follow soon. We shall witness no more their intellectual struggles in the American Forum; but the monuments of their genius will be cherished as the common property of the people, and their names will continue to confer dignity and renown upon their country.

Not less illustrious than the greatest of these will be the name of Clay—a name pronounced with pride by Americans in every quarter of the globe; a name to be remembered while history shall record the struggles of modern Greece for freedom, or the spirit of liberty burn in the South American bosom; a living and immortal name—a name that would descend to posterity without the aid of letters, borne by tradition from generation to generation. Every memorial of such a man will possess a meaning and a value to his countrymen. His tomb will be a hallowed spot. Great memories will cluster there, and his countrymen as they visit it, may well exclaim—

"Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrine to no creed or code confined;
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind."

ADDRESS OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

The Democratic State Central Committee of Pennsylvania performs a pleasing duty in directing the attention of the people to the nominations made by the National Convention, on the 9th of June, 1856. The incidents which preceded, accompanied and followed that decision of the representatives of the National Democracy, have inspired the felicitations of patriotic men in every part of the country. The voice of the people, faithfully represented at Cincinnati, greatly responds to the action of the Convention. The result had scarcely been announced before it was welcomed in every state of the confederacy, and the rejoicings of the people confirmed the earnest, all pervading and deep seated sentiment in favor of our distinguished statesman. Since the time when the masses proclaimed their preference for the hero of New Orleans no such demonstration has been witnessed in the United States. The harmonious example of the august body which selected our candidates was promptly followed by the endorsement of the most distinguished intellects in the Democratic party. The voice of the venerated Cass, first raised at the Capitol of the Union in support of these candidates, was re-echoed by the patriotic Douglass, and the upright Chief Magistrate of the Nation. The great cities of the North, and of the west, and of the far south, caught up the enthusiasm which ratified the nominations at the Convention itself, and a national ovation, unprecedented in our annals, was crowned with the voluntary tributes to our cause of many of the most eminent men heretofore in the ranks of the opposition.

The people, as if animated by one instinct, flocked from different sections of the Union to the scene of action to declare their preference for James Buchanan. They had followed his record during a long life, until, at last, as one after another the venerated representatives of National doctrines disappeared from the stage of action, he became their spontaneous choice for the highest office in their gift. At a period when faction reigns supreme in one branch of Congress, and threatens to usurp control in the other; when the most alarming doctrines are asserted and carried into effect in several of the States of the Union; such a man as Mr. Buchanan becomes a national necessity.—Thirty-five years of distinguished services to his country in the National Congress, thirty-five years unswerving of a single mistake, thirty-five years of almost constant association with the eminent patriots of other days—thirty-five years of championship of the Constitution—render him peculiarly the candidate for the coming struggle. Pennsylvania, after presenting her favorite son at the bar of National Conventions, and after yielding with un murmuring patience to their decisions, finds at last, that her fidelity to principle has not been forgotten, and that the Nation at large accepts her candidate amid the warmest expressions of confidence and pride. May we not say, fellow citizens, to our brethren in other States that when the day of trial comes, the Keystone of the Arch will be found more firmly fixed than ever in her position, and will affirm the action of the Convention by a majority unequalled even in her annals?

The candidate of the Democratic party for

the Vice Presidency, the Hon. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, is eminently worthy of the universal joy which greeted his nomination. Mr. Breckinridge was thirty-five years of age on the 21st of January last, and is now the candidate for the second office in the gift of the American people. It would be difficult to find a man in whom public and private usefulness so rarely commingle.—Notwithstanding the early age at which he will be called to occupy high position, he possesses, in a singular degree, that firmness of character, that directness and purity of purpose, which whenever exhibited, are always sure to be honored by the most sagacious people in the world. Mr. Breckinridge has served in the Legislature of his State, and was four years a distinguished and eloquent member of the popular branch of Congress. His speeches in the latter body placed him in the front rank of American statesmen, and won for him a permanent place in the affections of his political friends. He was selected by President Pierce as the American Minister at the Spanish Court, which high position he was compelled to decline.

Previous to entering upon his Congressional career, he volunteered for the Mexican war, and, during a long and trying campaign, he secured the respect and confidence of his fellow soldiers. He has never sought public favor; and it is because he has withheld himself from exciting contests for popular preferment, that the distinctions he wears so gracefully have been so freely bestowed.—In this respect, he resembles Mr. Buchanan, whose nomination was the result of no effort of his own, but the offspring of that popular opinion which commanded the respect of the Convention, because it was based upon a motive which entitled it to the highest consideration. The manner in which Mr. Breckinridge refused to become a candidate for the Vice Presidency, his fidelity to the choice of his own State, and his determination to throw no obstacles in the way of that choice, excited, in his behalf, a sentiment of admiration which could not be restrained until it found vent in the expression which made him the Democratic nominee for that distinguished position.

It is in vain to describe the spectacle which transpired when Mr. Buchanan's name was finally agreed upon. The rivalry to second the enthusiasm to support, the eagerness to endorse, the significant unity of sentiment, and of action which characterized that interesting period of the Convention, cannot be described. Scarcely had this event been announced to an expectant people, before the discordant branches of the Democracy of New York were brought together and for the first time in many years started forward upon their way once more united as a band of brothers. It was amid such auspicious and under such circumstances that James Buchanan became the nominee of the Democracy for the Presidency.

Before the struggle for the nominations came on, the platform of principles was adopted. It is constructed upon an enduring basis; it is found deep in underlying faith and fidelity to the Constitution; it renews in language of fervent patriotism, our devotion to the Union of the States; it re-asserts our gratitude to the sages of the past; it enunciates our duties with respect to coming events, and points out the dazzling destiny in reserve for us on the North American Continent. The unanimous assertion of these doctrines, in advance of the nomination, was an assurance to the country, that with the Democracy, principles are always paramount, and expediency and policy entirely secondary and subordinate.

And now, citizens of Pennsylvania, we have placed before you our principles and our candidates. Freely as the Convention has spoken the candidates themselves have responded: Mr. Buchanan by the record of his late life and the recent declarations of his opinions; Mr. Breckinridge by his manly and beautiful address upon the floor of the Convention. Nothing is left to inference.—Intolerance is rebuked; proscription prohibited; abolitionism denounced; the rights of the States re-affirmed; the principle of the Nebraska bill endorsed. There is a completeness in the dignity and in the emphasis with which all this has been done, which show that it has been the work of men who felt that they were dealing with an intelligent people, and acting as the trustees of an exact and jealous, but at the same time confiding and conscientious Democracy.

The adversaries of the Democratic party have dissolved the American Union in advance, so far as by their own action they can consummate that direful result. They can no longer assemble in National Convention; they segregate as the representatives of a fragment of one half of our country, and they arrogate to themselves the mastery of the other half by attempting to consolidate a fierce and fanatical sectional majority in every department of the government.—They declare that the country is on the eve of unprecedented convulsions, and that they proclaim their purpose to arrest these convulsions by ignoring and insulting fifteen sovereign States of the Union. They talk of peace, and in their Conventions proclaim a policy which must end in civil war. They appeal to heaven to sanctify a movement, which, if successful, would destroy the fairest fabric of freedom on the globe. They invite our countrymen to support their cause in the midst of the most irreverent blasphemies of the Constitution. They prate of exclusive Americanism, while they accept as leaders, men who profane the sages of the past with inconceivable calumnies. But

they deserve credit for their boldness. They do not attempt to conceal the fearful end which, should they succeed, must crown their efforts. True to the history of all sectional parties, they would unite men not by a love of country, but by a hatred of national principles. Their bond of union is a sympathy of antagonisms, not a harmony of patriotic sentiments, and to consummate their purpose they would sacrifice every great material interest of society. They have already succeeded in dividing the Christian Church, and now they would lay their hands upon the bulwarks of our liberties; they would wrest the Constitution from the glorious purpose to which it was dedicated by its founders; and they would erect at Washington, a sectional despotism, whose presiding divinity would be hostility to the equality of the States and the equality of the citizens, and relentless war upon the congenic institutions of the South.

The Democratic party, on the other hand, represents our whole country. Standing upon the firm foundations of the Constitution, its doctrines are the same on the shores of the Pacific and on the banks of the St. Lawrence. It addresses itself to no local feeling, it involves no sectional support; it protects the rights guaranteed by the fundamental law, no matter what portion of the people is directly interested in their preservation. Its mission is a peaceful mission. Should the nominations of the Cincinnati Convention be sustained, as we confidently believe they will be, the Democratic party will entitle itself to the renewed confidence and gratitude of the nation of exterminating every element of discord that now disturbs our happy land. Under the guidance of a kind Providence, we shall have in the Presidential chair a patriot who will labor conscientiously and courageously to render his administration worthy of the expectations of his country. This accomplished, he will have appropriately closed his long career, and have made his name a blessed memory and a great example throughout coming generations.

The Central Committee, in conclusion, direct the attention of the Democrats of the State to the important work of an immediate and thorough organization. The Committee is doing and will continue to do its whole duty; but in a cause like ours, and in a canvass like the present, every individual Democrat should be active and vigilant, every school district should be explored by our young men, and every nook and corner of the State filled with truthful documents.—That organization is always the best which derives its vigor from systematized primary associations. Our adversaries are skilled in the work of circulating their dogmas among the people. They long ago enlisted fanatical demagogues and agitators in their ranks, and they boast of having planted some of their most dangerous doctrines in our good old State. If we add to these facilities the dark and secret plots of an oath-bound Order, we shall be able, at a glance, to understand what a foe we have to contend with.—Let us, then, arouse the sleepers, if any there be. Let us continue the generous rivalry and patriotic unity which how thrill and enliven our ranks from Maine to Georgia. Let no Democrat deceive himself with the idea that he can do no good. Every effort, no matter how feeble, is a contribution to the cause. And with such a cause as ours, and such candidates, organization is a duty gratefully performed in, and instinctively and gladly discharged.

JOHN W. FORNEY, CHAIRMAN.

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|---------------------|--------------------|
| Gideon G. Westcott, | Wilson Reilly, |
| John F. Johnson, | J. B. Danner, |
| George Platt, | Wm. H. Kurtz, |
| Alfred Gilmore, | Geo. S. Morris, |
| William Rice, | George H. Bucher, |
| N. B. Browne, | Geo. Stroop, |
| George Williams, | George White, |
| T. S. Fernon, | J. Richter Jones, |
| Emanuel Street, | H. L. Diefenbach, |
| William O. Kline, | Wm. G. Murray, |
| William N. McGrath, | Thos. A. McGuire, |
| Edward W. Power, | R. W. Weaver, |
| George Moore, | Dr. B. H. Throop, |
| Thos. J. Timmons, | Asa Lathrop, |
| Jesse Johnson, | Wm. M. Pratt, |
| Wm. T. Morrison, | Julius Sherwood, |
| A. H. Trippin, | H. H. Bent, |
| Joseph Hemphill, | Wm. S. Garvin, |
| J. C. Leiper, | Robt. P. Cochran, |
| J. Lawrence Getz, | Jos. Douglass, |
| Wm. Karnes, | B. F. Sloan, |
| F. Vansant, | James M. Brodin, |
| John Davis, | J. M. Keuster, |
| S. C. Stambaugh, | Samuel B. Wilson, |
| C. D. Gliminger, | David Lynch, |
| H. B. Swarr, | M. T. Stewart, |
| Jas. S. McMahon, | Wm. Workman, |
| Isaac G. McKinley, | Charles A. Black, |
| Andrew Hopkins, | Geo. W. Bowman, |
| William H. Miller, | J. B. Sansom, |
| Richard McAllister, | S. S. Jamison, |
| O. Barrett, | Charles Lamberton, |
| Samuel Bigler, | A. S. Wilson, |
| Henry Omit, | Thomas Bower, |
| Wm. P. Withington, | J. Miller, |
| D. D. Wagener, | E. J. Keenan, |
| Samuel Weitherill, | R. P. Flentkirk, |
| Nelson Weiser, | Bernard Reilly, |
| John F. Lord, | Thos. J. McCaman, |
| William Lilly, | |

A Handsome Salary.—Charles F. M. Garrett, of Richmond, Va., now chief engineer of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, has received the appointment of chief engineer of Don Pedro Railroad, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, with a salary of \$15,000.

The Torpedo Case Again.—The third trial of William Arison, the alleged murderer of the Allisons, Ohio, by means of a box of explosive materials, will commence on the first Monday of July.