THE STAR AND BANNER.

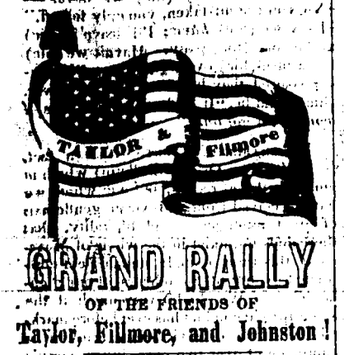
D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FREEDOM AND PEACE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XIX.—26.] GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1848. [NEW SERIES—NO. 68.

"A LITTLE MORE GRAPE!"



GRAND RALLY

OF THE FRIENDS OF

Taylor, Fillmore, and Johnston!

Protection to American Industry, and No Slavery in Free Territories!

HOUSE, FREEMEN, AND TO THE WORK! He, who has fought your battles—led your armies to victory, and returned to mingle with his countrymen—ZACHARY TAYLOR, calls you to the political field. To your posts then! Prepare for the ballot box.

That the "YOUNG GUARD" of the Keystone State may be fully aroused and prepared to move in her strength in sustaining "Old Rough and Ready," and overthrowing his political enemies who are striving to secure his defeat, the

Friends of Taylor & Fillmore in Adams and adjacent Counties,

are invited to meet each other in general County meeting, to be held in GETTYSBURG, on

Friday the 22d of September inst.

The meeting will be addressed by HON. **Wm. F. Johnston,** Governor of the State, HON. **Wm. B. Reed,** of Philadelphia, HON. **Thaddeus Stevens,** of Lancaster, **Robert M. Biird,** Esq., of Chambersburg, and others.

We ask our Whig friends—fathers and sons—to rouse, one and all, and unite in giving expression to their determination to stand by their faith and their candidates, from the highest to the lowest office.

We cordially invite our "Democratic" friends to come. Let them *hear* and *judge* for themselves and decide at the ballot-box, whether ZACHARY TAYLOR, fresh from the ranks of the people, or LEWIS CASS, whose whole life has been that of an office holder, and who has battened upon the spoils of office—shall rule over us.

We ask THE PEOPLE! FREEMEN OF ALL CLASSES AND PARTIES! to come and prepare for a glorious triumph in the old Keystone.

The Old Hero who follows "in the foot-steps of no predecessor"—shrinks from no responsibilities—takes "the Constitution" as his guide—has "no enemies to punish"—and would not even abandon wounded Mexican soldiers to die neglected, but assured his surgeons, sent to attend them, "*if the War Department grumble,* I'LL FOOT THE BILL"—the noble TAYLOR, with MILLARD FILLMORE, the eloquent, gifted Statesman, and friend and defender of American labor—THESE—THESE are our Candidates, and the friends of these we expect to answer our call—their enemies we hope to see.

The Cause—our Candidates—and the distinguished ability of those who will CERTAINLY address their fellow-citizens—each will be sufficient to draw you from daily employments. Come out as you did "in the days of 1840"—we have the *same foe to meet*—let us do our part now as nobly as *then*, and another victory will crown the effort!

A. R. STEVENSON, B. F GARDNER,
WM. D. HIMES, D. HORNER,
D. MELLINGER, D. A. BUEHLER,
GEORGE ARNOLD, [County Committee.

Sept. 1, 1848.

Now is your time to obtain a good Picture.

FROM $1.50 TO $3.00.

BUTLER & M'PHERSON,

DAGUERREOTYPISTS,

FROM BALTIMORE,

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens and strangers visiting Gettysburg, that they have taken rooms on Centre Square, adjoining Mr. Stevenson's Dry Good Store, where they are prepared to

TAKE LIKENESSES,

colored true to life, and warranted not to fade nor lose their color.

☞ We have our chemicals adjusted so as to produce

Fine Pictures in all Weather.

☞ Our stay in Gettysburg will be necessarily limited. Persons desirous of securing *perfect* likenesses of themselves or friends will not neglect to avail themselves of the present opportunity.

☞ Citizens and strangers are respectfully invited up to examine specimens.

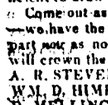
September 1, 1848.—2t

A VALUABLE FARM AT *PUBLIC SALE.*

WILL be sold at Public Sale, on the premises, *on Friday, the 15th day of September inst.*, the FARM lately occupied by LEVI MILLER, Sen., situated in Huntington township, Adams county, two miles West of Petersburg, (Y. S.) adjoining lands of the Heirs of Frederick Bower, John Miller and others, containing

125 ACRES.

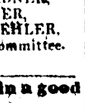
The Land, though in a low state of cultivation, is very susceptible of improvement, and is situated within one mile of a large body of Lime Stone, with which it can be easily improved. The Improvements are a



LOG HOUSE, AND *Log Barn,*

with a Shop, Spring-house, and other out-buildings, two fine Springs *at the door.* There is a large quantity and great variety of

Fruit Trees,



on the premises. A proper proportion of the Farm is in TIMBER and MEADOW. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M. when attendance will be given and terms made known by

WM. R. SADLER.

ed 11w Attorney in fact for the Heirs.

☞ If the above Property should not be sold on the day above mentioned, it will then be RENTED for the term of one year from the 1st of April next.

Aug. 11, 1848.

ON hand and for sale, a lot of *Traveling Bags and Baskets*, very handy and cheap. J. L. SCHICK.

NIGHT.

BY LONGFELLOW.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist!

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor,
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start!

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet,
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

[For the Star and Banner.

CHARITY'S PILGRIMAGE.

The beautiful angel Charity sat amid her dark-robed Sisters in the still evening, listening, with dewy eyes, to their tales of wrong, robbery, and oppression; of the rich, who squander thousands in useless display, while men, better in all that constitutes goodness, are starving with their wives and little ones; of the betrayer who walks openly, honored of men, and caressed by women, and the victim of his art and falsehood, who hides from the day, an outcast from society, shunned by all, as one for whom Pity even is ashamed to weep, and who finally dies in the street and receives a dog's burial;—and Charity said, "These things cannot be, my sisters; ye are scared by the disappointment of presumptuous hopes, and look upon this fair world through a false medium. I will go forth and examine closely, and when I see apparent Wrong, I will search if it be not merited chastisement." And the sisters said unto Charity, "Where wilt thou lodge, fair mistress?" "Does not all the world love Charity?" she asked in reply: "I will lodge wheresoever the night or shall overtake me; and when men see me they will love me, and build temples to my name.—To-morrow I will commence my pilgrimage."

And they asked her yet again, "when wilt thou return to dwell in our midst, and bless us with thy gentle presence?" "I will come to ye," she said, "when I can no longer find a pleasant resting place in the world, of which ye have spoken so harshly." So Charity arose in the morning from her pleasant sleep, and having kissed her sorrowful sisters, with an earnest blessing, went timidly forth from the cloister, and commenced her journey.

At first her path lay amid farm-houses and pleasant villas; where clustering flowers breathed their holy fragrance; whose beautiful birds were nestling with sweet songs, amid the branches; where young children were playing in the open air, and families dwelling together in affectionate harmony; and the heart of Charity rejoiced, and she said, "Surely this beautiful world is full of goodness, and I shall walk amongst its children with great delight." At length she found herself in the streets of a great city, and wandered amid its courts and palaces, bewildered and almost afraid—for of the sounding torrent of human creatures that filled its pavements, not one face beamed upon the stranger with a smile of recognition, or affectionate interest; not one recognized the sweet face and gentle mien of the angel Charity. And she said, "I will seek a sanctuary, for I am weary and sad." She lifted the drooping fringes of her soft eyes, and before her, in solemn magnificence, stood a temple, dedicated to the ordinances of the Religion of Charity. The gladness of her spirit overcame the fatigue of her tender feet, as she sprang lightly up the broad marble steps, and entered the vestibule. But she went no farther, for all within were the vain and showy trappings of the Pride of Life; and she cam forth weeping bitterly. And the living tide swept on, and no one asked of her wherefore dost thou weep?—until a man looked on her with eyes flashing with the spirit of wine, and said, "Come with me, pretty one, and if thou wilt, weep upon my bosom till the morning." "I will weep for thee, but not with thee," she replied, and hurried on. But the dark lashes were drooping over the drowsy eye of Nature, and all her innocent children were sinking with her to repose. Even the billowy throngs of that great thoroughfare were rolling in at various gates, until at length a few weary feet alone sounded on the pavements. And Charity wandered on, until she observed a young girl, closely veiled and muffled, coming out from an alley, bearing a large basket, and when Charity asked of her whither she was going, she replied, "I go to speak gently unto one whom the world despises, and to minister to the necessities of one who, having abused the precious gifts of God, is now miserable." And Charity said, "I will lodge with thee, thou art my sister. In this life thou shalt weep much, but thy tears shall be healing to the hearts and souls of the erring and the suffering, and in the life to come they shall be amongst the priceless gems that deck the loveliest coronets of heavenly glory." So they went together to perform their mission, and heard the unfortunate exclaim, "Father in Heaven! blessed be thy name, for thou hast not cast me off entirely." And the angel Charity lodged with her sister, and in the morning resumed her way. But the buoyancy of heart with which she commenced her pilgrimage, was somewhat abated by the experience of yesterday, and she walked slowly, and with a pensive mien. Presently she observed groups of people in plain attire, and with solemn faces, gathering to a low and severely plain edifice, which, they said, was dedicated to the God of Charity. "There will I rest," she said, and, mingling with the worshippers, went in. A man with harsh features and a harsher voice was speaking. "This doctrine," he said, "is the sure platform on which our church stands. This is the doctrine that was taught by the first Apostles!—this is the doctrine that was received by the earliest believers!—this is the doctrine believed by all true followers of Jesus Christ!!. Whosoever, therefore, receiveth not this doctrine is an alien from the church of God—a child of the devil, and an heir of the lowermost hell." Charity shuddered through all her frame, and lifting her eyes, she beheld, smiling on the congregation the heavy shadow of the black pinions of Spiritual Pride; and she hastened from the unholy assemblage, with sorrow and with pity.

As she walked, she encountered a party of ladies issuing from an open door, and learned that they were members of a Female Charitable Society, who had just held a meeting, to take measures for providing clothing for the poor. To one of these—a benevolent looking middle aged woman—she addressed herself, and begged, for charity's sake, a shelter till to-morrow. After some investigation her request was granted, and she followed her hostess to her home. Here, as she listened to extended details of the doings of the society, she thought that she had yet a resting place on earth.—Late in the evening, a woman was ushered into the sumptuous sitting-room. Her elegant form was simply clad in coarse material, and her fine, pale face shaded by a mourning bonnet. She carried a large bundle, which, on being opened, displayed a dozen of coarse garments. The seamstress stood, though her limbs trembled, while the lady of the house examined them piece by piece, and pronounced them "tolerably well done." "I assure you, Madam," said the seamstress, "they are perfectly well made." "No doubt of it," replied madam, "let me see your bill. Oh, you have charged too much by half. I can never pay such exhorbitant prices." A deep flush passed over the pale face of the seamstress, and she said, "Indeed, Mrs. Lynn, I cannot afford to take less. I could not possibly live, by working at the rate I have charged for them." "Positively," cried Mrs. Lynn, "I will not pay so much. You should consider, these clothes are to be given away, and we cannot pay exorbitantly for what we expend in charity." The angel Charity shivered with the chill that ran through her heart, and fixing her eyes on the seamstress, she saw her struggling to keep back the tears that lay in her eyelids.—"Here," said Mrs. Lynn, "this is as much as I will give you. The garments you have made are for poor Mrs. Ward; surely you can afford to contribute something in your way for her comfort. Will you take some more work?" "I cannot," replied the seamstress; "if I must work for nothing, I will not have the name of being paid."

Charity attended the poor woman out, who, as soon as the door was closed, gave way to her sorrows, and sobbed bitterly, as she walked feebly up the street. And as she wept, she said, "Oh, Charity! sweet and heavenly Charity! how do these thy professed followers desecrate thy name!" And Charity accosted the weeper, and asked, "Wherein have they injured thee?" And she said, "I am a widow. My husband was an honest mechanic, who supported his family by the cheerful labor of his hands. A fire broke out in the city, and in assisting to stop its progress, he was crushed by a falling wall. I would not beg, and ever since have earned bread for my children by my daily and nightly toil. The comfortable garments which I this evening carried to my employer, and for which she paid me only half my original low price, are, with many others, to be presented to Mrs. Ward, a widow also, but who lived with her husband in all manner of extravagance, without capital, and assisted him in obtaining money by fogeries; which being at length discovered, he ended his life by a cowardly suicide. And she, being too indolent and barely proud to labor, sank into the most abject distress, and is now an object of great interest to these benevolent ladies.—And such is this world's charity; blind and void of discrimination—giving to the prodigal, the vicious, and the indolent, while it withholds from honest poverty the wages of its painful toil." And Charity said unto her: "In the world above it is not so, but every one shall find according to his deserts. And this shalt thou have in this world: thy children, strengthened by thine example, shall prove honest and industrious, independent and lofty-minded; and thou shalt see them walking nobly in the path of duty, which is the way of honor, and which leads to heaven; and thou shalt feel a proud and pious happiness, as they call thee their blessed mother; and thou shalt *envy none living.*" And the widow passed at the door of her humble home, and said to Charity, "Thou must come in, and lodge with me—lest evil befall thee in the street." So the angel Charity lodged with the poor widow, for she said, "I cannot abide with those who profane my name by wringing from the poor and giving to the vicious."

And she remembered that she had heard in her seclusion of a society—wide as the green earth—who bore her name on their escutcheons, and boasted that they were her most ardent and faithful worshippers. And she rejoiced as she recalled all that she had heard of their acts of kindness, and went forth to seek a home in the bosom of their society. In the broad street she met a glittering procession carrying, as ensigns, many strange devices, which had, in her eye, no meaning. But prominent amongst them shone one in various blazonry the words which are her chief attributes. So she followed them to the vestibule of a magnificent palace; and when they had entered the sumptuous hall, she drew near to him who remained to keep the door, and asked, "To whom does this temple belong?" And the man said, "It was builded by the disciples of Charity." And she enquired, "Is it an asylum for the sick, the destitute, and the sorrowful?" And the man answered, "No! but it was builded to the honor of heavenly Charity." And she said, "I will enter; for see, I am the angel Charity!" And the man said that she was indeed celestial, and suffered her to go in. And she stood there bewildered; for the rights they were performing had no reference to her pure worship. And when she saw them unoccupied, she said, "What temple is this?" And they replied, "We have builded it to Charity." And she said, "Wherefore did ye not, instead, build cottages for the worthy poor, who have not where to lay their heads? In such temples Charity would have delighted herself. But now ye serve Charity with a hypocritical worship; for ye dwell in sumptuous mansions, and live luxuriously, while many are starving with eyes imploring heaven, and hands plying the weary toil."—And they answered her, "But these are not of us." And she asked, "Are they not temples of Charity?" Are they not men; and do they not suffer?" I will look narrowly into your doings, and see if indeed ye are friends of Charity." And when she had read their records, she sighed, and said—"Ye are formal whitings. This temple is spotted, for it is in part built by moneys which deluded votaries brought for your treasurers, while their wives and little ones were in need of comfortable food and clothing, deeming that in so doing they were laying up a sure fund against the day of necessity. And ye, ye receive as brothers only the rich, and the well-bodied, lest ye should incur charges; and ye refused to know whom sickness overtook in poverty; and many widows have wept additional tears over the falsity of your professions. It is so in truth. But if you wish to accord fully to your profession, and restore to the widow and orphan that which the husband and father deposited with you as a fund for them, if he were taken away—*would that be Charity?* Is it charity, when the Life Insurance pays to the heirs the sum for which a man had insured his life? Alas! this is not Charity." And they replied, "That speakest of that which thou canst not know. We worship with secret rites, but behold the goddess of our worship." And Charity beheld one covered with a gorgeous mantle, seated upon a throne composed of human glory, power and place. And Charity approached and lifted the mantle of her who filled the throne, and beheld written on her forehead, "WE LOVE OUR OWN!" And she was astonished and afraid, when she saw all the iniquities that lie concealed beneath the broad and beautifully wrought mantle of that false idol Charity.

And the angel Charity went out from that unholy place, with a grieved and sorrowful spirit.

And presently she met a funeral procession, moving solemnly, with great pomp, toward a burying place. And she learned that "a grateful community were paying the last honors to one who fell gloriously on the battle-field in the service of his country." And Charity stood wrapped in bitter thought, while they laid the body in the earth, and reared over it a stately monument. And as the day grew dim, two wretched looking little ones came, with cries and sobbings, through the place of graves, and sat down beside the monument.—And when she questioned them, they told her that their father fell also in battle, at the side of him who was buried there; but but being only a common soldier, his body was left to the vultures, and his children to die in the streets. "My lady," they said, "one tenth part of the money which purchased this beautiful marble, would have put our dear mother in a way to keep us all above want; but now we have no home, and are perishing with hunger."

The solemn voice of the bell, that tolled the midnight, roused Charity from the trance of anguished thought, in which she had been sitting, ever since the soldier's orphans went their weary way, and she raised her eyes and said, "Oh, Father! bitterly have I been mocked. I am a wanderer and an outcast; in all this wide world none knoweth or loveth me!" While she was speaking, she saw as it had been a star, falling through the clear ether, toward her; and as it came near and developed its fair proportion, she knew it to be a glorious messenger from the All-wise.

And he said unto her, "In seeking rest for thyself thou hast been misdirected. In the *world*, Self and Pride have usurped all thy high places: to these thy mistaken votaries sacrifice, and Vain Glory trumpeteth abroad their good deeds. But true Piety is abroad in the world. Follow those her footsteps when she walketh with Labor and Affliction, and thou shalt find hearts open to receive thee, and hands ever prompt to do thy holy bidding. And when Piety shall have taught every man to do good to the extent of his ability—beginning at home and dividing his sphere, according to its means—then shall Oppression, and Misery be banished from this Earth. The tears of bereavement shall be without bitterness, and fragrant with immortal Hope: and thou shalt delight to dwell amongst the pure and peaceful habitations, every one of which shall be a temple to the Angel Charity."

Weary of Life.—*A Valuable Lesson.* —In a letter dated Trenton Falls, Aug. 14, Mr. N. P. Willis relates the following curious anecdote:

"Among our fellow passengers up the Mohawk, we had, in two adjoining seats, a very impressive contrast, an insane youth on his way to an asylum, and the mind that has achieved the greatest triumph of intellect in our time, Morse, of the electric telegraph, on an errand connected with the conveyance of thoughts by lightning. In the course of a brief argument on the expediency of some provision for putting an end to a defeated and hopeless existence, Mr. Morse said that, ten years ago, under ill health and discouragement, he would gladly have availed himself of any divine authorization for terminating a life of which the possessor was weary. The sermon that lay in this chance remark—the loss of priceless discovery to the world, and the loss of fame and fortune to himself, which would have followed a death thus prepareatorily self-chosen—is valuable enough, I think, to justify the invasion of the sanctuaries of private conversation which I commit by thus giving it to print. May some one, aweary of the world, read it to his profit."

How to Steal a Cow.—The following anecdote is copied from a Life of Daniel O'Connell:—

"I was once" said he, "counsel for a cow stealer, who was clearly convicted—the sentence was transportation for fourteen years. At the end of that time he returned, and happening to meet me, he began to talk about the trial. I asked him how he had always managed to steal the fat cows, to which he gravely answered: 'Well then, I'll tell your honor the whole secret of that, sar. *Whenever your honor goes to steal a cow*, always go on the worst night you can, for if the weather is very bad, the chances are that nobody will be there to see your honer. The way you'll always know the fat cattle in the dark, is by this token—that the fat cows always stand out in the more exposed place—but the lean ones always go into the ditch for shelter.' So (continued O'Connell) I got that lesson in cow-stealing gratis from my worthy client."

[From the Westminster (Ia.) Orbopolitan.]

WE ARE ALL FOR TAYLOR.

We are coming, we are coming!
Tune—*Old Granite State.*

We are coming, we are coming!
To the battle just begun,
We've a true and tried commander,
For 'tis Taylor leads the van!
We will meet the foe like heroes,
On the eighth and ninth of May,
And repeat the fearful carnage,
On the heights of Monterey.

We are all for Taylor,
We are all for Taylor,
We're for Fillmore and for Taylor,
For the hunter and the hero.

He who stood the fiery ordeal,
Through the four short days of war,
Is the brave and gallant Taylor,
Who will safely lead us on;
And the idea of next November
Will record another name,
In the highest niche of fame,
On the brightest scroll of fame.

We are all for Taylor, &c.

Though he may not fully accord by politics,
We will leave that in the fray;
But will bravely march to battle,
And see true to win the day.
For 'tis Rough and Ready leads us,
Who has never known defeat,
And his word is true "Old Zack,"
For he knows not how to cheat.

We are all for Taylor, &c.

Where the ballot-boxes thicken,
Will the gallant Taylor be found,
And his choicest votes be ringing
To encompass all around;
Every county, city, township,
He will boldly lead the van!
To a Buena Vista greeting,
For the host of Michigan.

We are all for Taylor, &c.

A Letter from Mr. Corwin.

We invite the attention of the reader to the letter of Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, which we give below. If there has been any hesitating Whigs amongst us, we trust the opinions and example of so great a man, and true a Whig as Mr. Corwin, will have a beneficial effect in leading them to see the path of duty, under all the circumstances of our present position, points to a cordial and efficient support of Taylor and Fillmore. Especially is this the duty of Whigs in Pennsylvania. Here there is no question whatever, that the contest lies solely between Taylor and Cass. The vote of every Whig given to a third candidate, proves a direct assistance to Cass, and goes to secure his election, and swell his majority, and if he should be elected by such means, and war and extension of slavery shall be the consequence, every such voter will be virtually guilty of the great wrongs done to the country, and like party—wrongs which they refused to prevent by asserting the power in their hands.

Washington, 29th July, 1848.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 14th inst. reached me half an hour ago, and I avail myself of my earliest leisure moment to reply. I have seen in the papers from various parts of the country, contradictory conjectures as to the vote of this and that person, and amongst others myself.

I have never doubted as to my duty as a voter, since the nomination was made.—It is true, I did not wish General Taylor. I preferred others to him. But a Convention of Whigs was called expressly for the purpose of agreeing upon one of the five or six persons named. I was in favor of that Convention, and as it was fairly conducted, I feel bound to sustain its nominee. Had the man been named that I wished, and the friends of General Taylor had refused to sustain him, I am sure I should feel warranted in charging them with bad faith. I cannot apply one rule to myself, and a different one to others.—Had the Convention named a man who was not a Whig, or who was infamous and unworthy, I should feel, in that case, absolved from any obligation to support such a man. But Gen. Taylor does not fall within either of those classes. He is a Whig. He is above suspicion or reproach in his personal character. He has proved himself worthy of every public trust confided to him, and that I think is a reasonable guaranty that he will not fail in this. I know the non-slaveholding States object to Gen. Taylor, that he lives in a slave State, and owns slaves. Did not Mr. Clay live in a slave State? Does he not now? Was not Mr. Clay a slave holder? Yet we were proud to vote for him, and I would now do more and sacrifice more to place him in the Executive chair than I would for any man in America. And so would thousands of the purest and best men in the free States. Thus, this objection is not insuperable, as we have seen. The non-slaveholding States should ask this question:—Will the man proposed, (whether he live in free or slave State) use his power for the extension of slavery to territory, where it does not now exist? On this point, what is Gen. Taylor's power? No more, I answer, than yours, unless he should exert it through his veto. Will he do this? I answer according to his pledges, he cannot. He has said in his letter to Captain Allison:—"The personal opinions of the individual who may happen to occupy the Executive chair, ought not to control the action of Congress on questions of domestic policy, nor ought its objections to be interposed where questions of constitutional power have been settled by the various departments of the government, and acquiesced in by the people."

If slavery is extended any where in territories, it must be done by act of Congress. Is it not a question of "domestic policy?" Clearly it is. Has it not been settled that Congress has the constitutional power to prohibit slavery? The Missouri compromise and various other similar exertions of the power by Congress, recognised by every department of the Government, answer this question in the affirmative. And all know that this has been "acquiesced in by the people." Thus, then, it is clear, that the people, if they wish to restrict slavery to its present limits, have only to elect the proper men to Congress, and their will will be the law, uncontrolled by that so much abused veto power. Indeed the doctrine of General Taylor on the subject of the veto, as laid down in the letter above quoted, (intended for publication and therefore to be considered as a pledge) is, in my judgement, of more value as a principle in our system than any which have been advocated by the Whigs, since the revolution. This despotic power, by its use and abuse, has for the last few years, extended its tyrannical grasp to every, even the minutest, question of legislation.—It has ranged, uncontrolled, over our whole system of domestic policy, from the establishment of a Bank, down to the erection of a harbor at the mouth of a creek. Every act of the Congress of a free people, has thus been made to square with the judgment or caprice of ONE MAN. Such a government is an accurate definition of despotism. It is true, it only continues for four years in one hand; but it is none the less a despotism while it lasts, and if it is to be longer tolerated, will be continual, the only change being the transfer of absolute power from the hands of one petty tyrant to his successor. An honest man, as Gen. Taylor is admitted to be, with such opinions and reasonable intelligence, which even his enemies concede, cannot make a bad or dangerous President. I have been asked, how can you, who denounced the Mexican war, vote for its hero? My answer is to me, plain and obvious: General Taylor was an officer of the regular army. He took his commission when a youth.—He contented to fight when and where his country called, and to obey the orders of his superiors in command. The President was commander in chief. He ordered—Gen. Taylor obeyed. He acted as Scott and hundreds of others did." It was, and is, in the view of their duty, taken by all officers of the army and navy. It is a very different question with volunteers. The Government requests—it does not, cannot command a citizen to volunteer his services in a foreign war. The Government can compel the militia to repel invasion, but it cannot force beyond the United States line, a single man, except he is in the regular army. In the speech for which I have been so much condemned, by men who never read it, I took this distinction. It is too obvious to escape any one who chooses to think.

I intended to say a word concerning General Cass, but I have not the time, and need not tax your patience further. I will only add, that in my judgment, his views of public policy are more pregnant with danger to the Republic than those of any prominent politician ever yet promulgated in this country—and if carried out, as I fear they would be, should he succeed, would be fatal to the happiness of the people, and end in the total subversion of our present form of government. His wild schemes of wars of conquest, and unbounded annexation of all neighboring countries, and all sorts of population, are fraught with evils, in my judgment, quite too obvious to need illustration, to say nothing of the reckless disregard of rights which they imply. That he entertains these notions sincerely—as I am willing to admit—only renders him the more dangerous. If he were not in earnest, he would only be a demagogue, and might be expected, when such pretensions had served the purposes of an election, to change—as he has recently on other subjects—his opinions. Between two such men, I cannot hesitate. I know I differ with good men, and good Whigs, but must obey my convictions of duty, and cheerfully yield to them the same right.

Truly your friend,
THO. CORWIN.

T. M. Cunnens, Bloomington, Grove, Ind.

Indian Rhubarb Leaf.—Mr. Isaac Shriver, grew at Westminster, Md., a single leaf of Rhubarb, measuring *fifteen feet in circumference, exclusive of stem or stalk!*

WHIG STATE CONVENTION.

Harrisburg, Aug. 31, 1848.

The Whig State Convention to nominate a candidate for Governor, met to-day at 11 o'clock, in the Chamber of the House. Mr. Chandler, of Philadelphia, called the Convention to order, and moved that Cornelius Darragh, Esq., of Allegheny, act as temporary Chairman, which was agreed to. Samuel Allen of Philadelphia, and Charles Cook, of Columbia, were appointed Secretaries, and the delegates, as their names were called, answered and took their seats.

[For want of room, we omit the list of delegates. Henry Shitz appeared as the Representative delegate from this county; Colonel A. Mahina, as the Senatorial delegate.]

Dr. Diller Luther, of Berks, then moved the appointment of a Committee of one from each Congressional District for the purpose of selecting officers for the permanent organization of the Convention, and the motion being agreed to, the Chairman appointed said committe, who, after retiring, reported the following names as officers for the permanent organization of the Convention:

President—Peter S. Michler, Northampton.

Vice Presidents—J. R. Chandler, Philadelphia city; B. Thompson, Bucks; Allen Yundt, Lancaster; Leonard B. Johns Allegheny; Wm. G. Scott, Northumberland; George A. Madeira, Franklin; Abraham Bower, Montgomery; Wm. Graham, Westmoreland; Wm. S. Lane, Erie; H. R. Neff, Huntington; George V. Lawrence, Washington.

Secretaries—Cyrus Clark, Beaver; H. M. Fuller, Luzerne; Charles Cook, Columbia; Samuel Allen, Philadelphia; Wm. B. Mullin, Cumberland; B. F. Lucas, Jefferson; Lewis L. Lord, Crawford; W. J. Mulford, Susquehanna.

The report was unanimously adopted, and the President, on taking the chair, briefly returned his acknowledgments to the Convention.

The Convention being thus fully organized, Mr. Ritner, of Cumberland, moved that the Convention proceed to the nomination of candidates for the office of Governor, which was agreed to, when

Mr. South, of Bucks, nominated Hon. James Cooper, of Adams.

Mr. Leech, of Armstrong, nominated Hon. Wm. F. Johnston, of Armstrong.

Mr. Scott, of Northumberland, nominated Jas. Pollock, of Northumberland.

Mr. South then presented a communication from the Hon. James Cooper, declining to be considered a candidate for the office of Governor; which was read, and ordered to be entered on the minutes. The Convention also tendered to Mr. Cooper a unanimous vote of thanks for his patriotic declination.

Mr. South then withdrew the name of Mr. Cooper from before the Convention, and Mr. Scott, to give perfect unanimity to the nomination, withdrew the name of Mr. Pollock.

Mr. Russell, of Washington, then moved that WM. F. JOHNSON, of Armstrong, be unanimously nominated as the candidate of the friends of Taylor and Fillmore, for the office of Governor; which was *unanimously* agreed to; and the announcement of the nomination from the Chair was received with deafening cheers, while the band struck up a patriotic air.

Three cheers were also given for Taylor and Fillmore, three for Middlesworth, and three for the cause.

Mr. H. M. Fuller, of Luzerne, moved the appointment of a committee of five to draft resolutions, and it being agreed to, the Chair appointed Messrs. H. M. Fuller, J. R. Chandler, Joseph Ritner, Richard R. Seeley, and Hiram Holtz, who, after retiring, made the following report, through Mr. Chandler:

The members of this State Convention, assembled to nominate a candidate for the office of Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, having discharged the first duty devolved upon them, with a unanimity that denotes the general popularity of the distinguished citizen selected; and in an augury of his success, deem it incumbent on them to present the result of their deliberations to the people of the Commonwealth, with such a reference to general principles, as will show that the choice was influenced by no feeling of mere personal preference, but was directed by a sense of the requirements of the great interests of our commonwealth and the entire adaption of the talents, experience and previous pursuits of the citizen who has received the unanimous vote of this Convention. Therefore,

1. *Resolved*, That the protection of home industry, and home productions, is necessary to the permanent good of our growing country, and that the eras of National and State prosperity, have been at times when a Protective Tariff has preserved for the people the profits of their own industry, and made our country independent of European workshops and looms. And so prevalent has this opinion been in Pennsylvania that in the Presidential canvass of 1844, the partizans of the successful candidate inscribed it upon their banners—yet used the first moment of power thus obtained to falsify their promises and defeat the hopes and jeopard the interests of a confiding and betrayed people.

2. *Resolved*, That while we bow with deference to the authority of the Constitution of the Country, that permits slavery in the original States of this compact, and forbear to interfere with a measure thus sanctioned by compromise, we can discover no admissable motive for extending the limits of slavery into newly acquired territory (however obtained) and we profess our abhorrence of a policy that would degrade the nation and bring reproach upon republican principles by making the territory acquired, the home of extended and perpetual bondage.

3. *Resolved*, That the time has arrived to arrest the alarming progress of Executive usurpation, by which a wholesome provision in the Constitution of the National and State is disarmed into an authority to arrest the legislation of the People's representatives, and make the Executive the supreme authority of the land. Against this abuse the candidate of the Whig party, for the presidency is solemnly pledged, while our opponents rely on the equally solemn promise of their candidate to Veto any bill which shall include provisions to prevent the extension of slavery into newly acquired territory. Our principles and our candidates (National and State) stand opposed to the veto power.

4. *Resolved*, That this Convention heartily approve of the nomination of Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore, as candidates for the office of President and Vice President of the United States, and in the very spirit which had led to the nomination of those citizens distinguished for their service to their country, and their attachment to Republican principles, above all party allegiance,

William F. Johnston,

of Armstrong county, is presented to the people of Pennsylvania, a candidate for their suffrage to fill the office of Governor of this Commonwealth.

It is not the object of these resolutions to eulogize Mr. Johnson. His nomination is a proof of the attachment of the people to his principles—their confidence in his ability to sustain these principles in any office, and they desire that he should be made to share in that reform contemplated in the nomination of Taylor and Fillmore.

5. *Resolved*, That the evils under which our country labours are radical, and naturally consequent upon the policy of those in power, and are only thus early developed by the extraordinary madness of the present administration. As the evils are generally felt and acknowledged by men of all parties in the Union, and in this State especially, an appeal is made to all good citizens, whatever name or association to come up to the work of reformation, by supporting the nomination of Taylor and Fillmore, for the good of the country at large, and of Wm. F. Johnston, for the restoration of prosperity and credit to the immediate interests of Pennsylvania.

6. *Resolved*, That this Convention approve of the nomination of Ner Middleswarth, of Union county, as a candidate for the office of Canal Commissioner.—He is a citizen of approved principles, and tried honesty and sterling integrity, by whom the interests of our State and the prosperity of her Public works will be eminently promoted.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and after some other unimportant business, such as appointing committees upon various subjects, the Convention [illegible] journed *sine die* with enthusiastic cheers.