with earnest gratitude, breathes a feeble blessing upon his benefactor, and sinks back, never again to be aroused till called up by the last reveille. Now, what holy enthusiast, solicious for mankind, is he who thus labors under the dark shadow of the wings of the pestilence? Name him, that we may bless him. It is the man that vows himself to his country: it is he who whose red bosom pressed the sod of Lundy's Lane; it is the veteran who swept over the battle-fields of Mexico; it is the next President of these United States—Winfield Scott.

His entire life is filled with evidences of this noble humanity. Witness his temperance, to save his Irish fellow captives in Canada, and his heroic declaration, backed afterwards by an act of Congress: "Harm but a hair of the head of these poor Irishmen, and our gibbets shall groan with English Prisoners." And so he saved them. Witness his kindness to the unhappy, exiled Cherokees, and to the wretched fugitives in the cruel Black Hawk war. Witness his efforts to spare blood at Vera Cruz, and before Mexico; and his noble declaration, "I would be unhappy if I won victory and fame by the unnecessary sacrifice of a single body, human life." Witness his paternal care of the wounded and sick, amid the iron shower of the battle-field, or the pestilent horrors of the hospital. Such deeds, follow in his glory, win the applause of angels. For such deeds do I ask your votes for earth's noblest hero, the hero of humanity—Winfield Scott.

Of his rival's claims, on this score, we only know that he denied a fugitive slave a pittance of salary to the widow of President Harrison. His chivalry holds before her sex, his humanity her afflictions, his gratitude her claims; but he toiled, spoke, vote, and labor, with all his might, against the widow's crust. Yet one of his most distinguished friends urged his claims to the Presidency on the ground, that he gave a ragged boy a stick of candy. *Lofty philanthropist!* No wonder that the events of days gone, in benevolent hero-bids become candy-dates.

Not less conclusive than Scott's claims as a patriot, are those which result from the platform of principles which he represents, as contrasted with those of his opponents. His supporters are friends of "the union as received from our fathers, in trust for posterity. Our opponents would make that freedom upon a cold and dreary waste, ere the die in the European game of hazard. Their *Rhadarian* would drive us into a crusade to force our institutions upon nations unworthy or unwilling to enjoy them. This made experiment involves the violation of treaties—begins in a lie!—and the blood-spilling of warring against a weak, but brave people, who have not attacked us, nor we conquer the world! And if not, what is the alternative? It is one which the patriot must regard with horror—whether then will be the world's freedom—where our own? The spirits of our fathers ask us, in mercy? and, standing by shadowy graves on the earth's last hope, know shall we answer? Yet these counsels contemplate the absorption of Canada, Mexico, Central and Cuba, South America and the Southern Islands. And this, remember, is not the unrestrained madness of brawling bacchanals merely—it is the practicable doctrine of their chief men—proclaimed in high places. Against this, the Whig party is the country's safe protection; and therefore we ask you to support the policy of peace, right and virtue, of Washington, Clay and Scott.

Nor is the domestic policy of our opponents less reckless and destructive. Our revolutionary battles were fought mainly to secure the independence of American labor. In the Revolution of 1776 our King spoil the greed of our fathers barbwards. The old time blood-sacrifices are disregarded; and the Declaration of Independence is virtually revoked. We are made again, and more than ever, Colonies of Great Britain. What are the Free-trade partizans of England that protection was a policy twin-both with our nation; that it was sanctioned by all our patriotic and statesmanlike patriarchs; and that its wholesome fruits were a hardy independence, a solid prosperity and an universal contentment—English politicians drafted the Anglo-American Tariff of 1846; and its promises were known earlier in Lowell than in Washington. Its consequences have foreseen and predicted; but heedlessly those forebodings have been realized and need not be said in deserted and plundered Pennsylvania, well may the dying pauper, in sending and the tombs that death is in the world. The honest sentiment of the whole land proclaims, in vain, against the present system. England decrees and Loodocoism obeys. Mr. Pierce is pledged so that adoption of free-trade principles. The English press unanimously and arrogantly advocate his election, on the avowed ground that he is well pledged to English interests." The ally of England—such is the insulting declaration. The would-be President of the United States the instrument and ally of her rival and oppressor! Will you sanction this outrage and infamy? Dare you sanction it, and look your forefathers children in the face? Winfield Scott is the friend of American industry, of its protection, its independence and prosperity. He has heretofore protected us against English insolence and wrong; we can trust him with the task again.

Upon such grounds do I ask your votes for Gen Scott. Are they not sufficient? Whose patriot heart is more stainless?—Whose public career is more glorious?—All his aims in life have been large and noble—his motives and ends pure. He has refused to murder Gen. Jackson by the dagger, and it is imputed to him as a *grievous* fault! but I know of no more unlikely species of homicide is enjoyed by your station, or required by your code of morals. If not, permit me to say that this one fact doubts the courage of the *scarred* hero of Lundy's Lane is simply a pitiable idiot; and that he who laments that the right hand of Gen. Scott is not crimsoned with the blood of Andrew Jackson, is a wretch, whom it were gross flattery to call a murderer.

True it is, also, that like Washington, he is a military chieftain, and that he has been guilty of persons forth his blood, like water, in defence of his country. He has forced his native land, and his devotion has been certified upon his bosom by the weapons of her foes; but it this be criminal, Pennsylvania farmers are not guiltless, for, in the time that tried man's stoic fortitude breast was one vast wound. When this is regarded as a crime, it will be time enough to a virtue! I plead not for the hero and patriot. His election is due, nation, much to him, as to yourselves: it is not necessary for his interests—he never cared for them—but for those of the people, that for his fame—it belongs to history, and is safe—but for our country's.—While Virginia's slender hymn is raised to heaven, his voice will not mean a voice!

THE STAR AND BANNER.

GETTYSBURG.

Friday Evening, Sept. 10, 1852.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT.

VICE PRESIDENT,

WILLIAM A. GRAHAM.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,

JOSEPH BUFFINGTON.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,

JACOB HOFFMAN, (Berks)

FOR CONGRESS,

SAMUEL L. RUSSELL,

OF BEDFORD.

WHIG COUNTY TICKET.

ASSEMBLY.

David Mellinger, (of East-Berlin)

COMMISSIONER.

John Mickley, Jr., (of Hamiltonbanks.)

AUDITOR.

John Dickson, Jr., (of Straban)

DIRECTORS OF THE POOR.

Philip Spangler, (of Mummasburg)

Joseph Baily, (of Cumberland.)

DO YOU WANT A RAIL ROAD?

GO IF YOU—DO—Come to the Court-house on THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, at 7 o'clock, prepared to put your shoulder to the wheel, and you will have one. (☞ Circumstances have conspired to make it the duty and necessary to get the Road is a vigorous, united, and sincere effort on the part of our people. Let every citizen then, who feels interested in the project, come to the meeting on Thursday, and hear what is to be said and done. No sect to any party or section, and sincere effort now made will secure for us a Railroad.

Sept. 10, 1852.

ATTENTION—WHIGS!

"Scott leads the Column!"

☞ THE Whigs of the Borough are requested to meet at the house of John L. Tate, on Monday evening next, at half past seven o'clock, to make arrangements for the approaching Mass Meeting.

Sept. 10, 1852—1t.

Remember the Mass Meeting on Friday next!

☞ Friends of Scott & Graham, don't forget the Meeting on Friday next. There will be speaking at Gettysburg, when shall we hear from you? Come, Come, Farmers, Mechanics, Laborers, Merchants, Lawyers, Students, Sons of Vulcan, Sons of Mars, Sons of Apollo, Sons of Bacchus, Sons of Adam, Sons of Eve, Sons of Ham, Sons of Shem, Sons of Japhet, Sons of Jacob, Sons of Esau, Sons of Ishmael, Sons of Israel