The Daily Post.

MONDAY MORNING.....OCT. 10.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, of Philadelphia.
SURVEYOR GENERAL,
JOHN ROWE, of Franklin County.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

ASSISTANT JUDGE OF THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS:
GEORGE F. GILLMORE.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY:
JOHN N. M'CLOWRY.
STATE SENATOR:
SAMUEL M'KEE.
ASSEMBLY:
JOSEPH H. DAVIS;
SAMUEL W. MEANS;
PHILIP H. STEVENSON;
JACOB STUCKRATH;
ANDREW JACKSON BEAUMONT.
COUNTY COMMISSIONER:
EDWARD CAMPBELL, JR.
COUNTY TREASURER:
JAMES BLACKMORE.
COUNTY AUDITOR:
JOHN T. SYMMES.
COUNTY SURVEYOR:
JOEL KETCHUM.
DIRECTOR OF THE POOR:
COL THOMAS NEEL.

DEMOCRATIC TICKETS.

The Democratic State and County tickets for the approaching election are now printed and ready for delivery. The County Committee have prepared a list of Districts which is left at the office of the MORNING POST, where the tickets will be furnished for each district. The Democracy will attend to sending for their tickets and seeing that they are properly distributed, so that on election day no one may be without a ticket.

THE PERSONAL INTEGRITY OF MR. BUCHANAN——SPEECH OF HON. JOHN COVODE.

On Saturday night, pursuant to previous announcement, four or five hundred people followed a band of music to Lafayette Hall to listen to a speech from Hon. John Covode—a man who is a member of Congress, and who would very much like the Republican party to nominate him as their next candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania.

After the organization of the meeting, Tom Howard, Esq., rose and told four or five anecdotes at which nobody laughed, and was followed by our Congressman elect, Hon. J. K. Moorhead, who made a brief and pertinent Republican speech. Mr. Covode then took the stand and commenced a long, dry, stereotyped political harangue, in which he murdered the English language most shockingly. His efforts were directed—not to the end of showing any good which the Republican party had done, or was capable of doing—but to attempts at showing the corruption of the Democracy, and especially the corruption of the present Democratic Administration.

As far as political questions were concerned, his speech was purely an abolition one, Kansas, Lecompton, the Dred Scott decision and the Supreme Court were discussed in the same style that these subjects have ever been discussed by the Republican orators, and with about the same effect. As he re-iterated the musty and often controverted arguments which form the basis of Republican speeches on these subjects, his mononotnous oratory, instead of rousing the "dormant enthusiasm" of his hearers, induced them to leave the hall, until a meagre audience of men, who seemed as though they were submitting to the operation of tooth drawing, remained. There were no cheers—no enthusiasm. Those who heard him out were certainly models of patience and endurance.

Having been as a Congressman, placed on some committees of investigation last winter at Washington City, the speaker gave his audience a variety of assertions in regard to the rascalities he had been instrumental in discovering. The frauds of Seaman and others in the printing contracts, he enlarged upon, and instead of giving the Administration and the Democratic Congress credit for using every exertion to discover and punish these corruptions, he endeavored to connect Mr. Buchanan personally with these frauds.

Mr. Covode is evidently a man who is incapable of estimating, either intellectually or morally, the high-toned integrity of such a man as James Buchanan. His want of education is perhaps his misfortune—not his fault. Sterling sense, if he had it, might compensate for the want of the polish of the schools. But his standard of personal integrity and morality, picked up amid the trickery of business along the canal, is not capable of estimating the character of the President.

Since, at the age of 23 years, he became a member of the Legislature of his native State, through along life, during which he has served his country as Congressman, Senator, Foreign Minister, Secretary of State, and President, Mr. Buchanan has maintained before the world a character for personal integrity, honest uprightness, pure and unselfish regard for the public weal, such as no man since the days of the Father of His Country has excelled. His brilliant and successful career as a lawyer placed him beyond the influence of pecuniary desires before he reached the prime of life, and the great object of his existence since that time has been to study out how he might devote his intelligence, his judgment, his practical statesmanship to the happiness of the greatest number of his fellow men. His own wants have been few; the benefits which he has conferred upon the community have been many. As the head of the present Administration, whenever and wherever he has suspected corruption, or found extravagance, he has at once, with the aid of a Democratic Congress, taken measures to crush it out. The very cases which Mr. Covode cited as against him, speak most loudly in his favor. The extravagance and corruption which, under previous Administrations, had crept into the printing contracts, he was the first to discover and to prevent.

Mr. Covode, in his speech, went through the stereotyped charges of extravagance against the present Administration—charges which have been so often refuted by figures published in detail that they scarcely now need a denial.

The game of the opposition in the coming campaign is evidently to misrepresent and defame Mr. Buchanan. His patriotism—all that he has done for the people of this Union—are to be blackened by the tongues of such men as John Covode—men whose powers of appreciation are not sufficiently elevated to understand the grand elements of his character, and who, moving in a lower sphere of action, have no knowledge of the meaning of true philanthropy and unselfish, patriotic statesmanship.

Mr. Covode made allusion to Mr. Buchanan's centennerary letter in the course of his remarks. He says he heard it read, and like a speculating nobleman, he at once resolved to see if he could not make a point out of the President's sage caution in regard to money influences in elections. The allusion was no doubt a galling one to Mr. Covode, whose ideas and whose theories are all based upon the money standard, and who has been charged with obtaining his present position "on speculation." Why did he not take to his heart patriotic and wise words of that celebrated letter, which said: "Our revolutionary fathers have passed away, and the generation next after them, who were inspired by their personal counsel and example, have nearly all disappeared. The present generation, deprived of these lights, must, whether they will or not, decide the fate of their posterity. Let them cherish the Union in their heart of hearts—let them resist every measure which may tend to release or dissolve its bonds—let the citizens of different States cultivate feelings of kindness and forbearance towards each other; and let all resolve to transmit it to their descendants in the form and spirit they have inherited it from their forefathers, and all will then be well for our country in future times."

Here is sentiment which such men as John Covode cannot appreciate. Judged by such a standard, where would he and such as he be placed?

But enough. Mr. Covode came here to make a speech. He has made it. His pretension to the Republican nomination, if, indeed, in the eyes of his party he ever had any, have been damaged by that speech. Abolition of slavery he declares to be the only ground left for the Republican party to stand upon. This is an open declaration of sectionalism, and a plain denial that the Union and the Constitution are for all. It is well for the State that the talents of such men are not equal to their designs. The people will take care their opportunities shall be according to their capacity, not their avarice and ambition.

ONE VOTE.

The importance of a single vote should not be overlooked. One vote may turn the scale against us: One voter staying at home here and another there, will soon swell the number of absentees sufficiently to defeat us. Bring out every vote and the day is ours as sure as the sun will rise on Tuesday morning!

SEE TO THE TICKETS.

The wards of the cities, as well as the boroughs and townships, should be fullly supplied with Democratic tickets. See to this, fellow Democrats. Have plenty of them folded to-day, and to-morrow vote them. The tickets can be obtained at the office of the MORNING POST, corner of Fifth and Wood streets—come and get them to-day.

VOTE! VOTE!!

Let no Democrat say to-morrow that his vote will not signify;—that there will be enough without him—and that he will stay at home. It is a duty which every man owes to himself and to his fellow citizens to go to the polls and vote—every vote is important. Let every man go to the polls, and if any are sick or infirm, let means be provided to take them there. One and all go to the election, and work, and vote for the Democratic ticket! It is the best ticket for the interest of the people. Elect it and the business of the county will be in safe hands. There is but little time to work. Begin to-day.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

The Opposition, conscious of blowing both hot and cold on the Sunday question are endeavoring to make it appear that the Democratic candidates are in favor of a *repeal* of the present Sunday law. Such is not the fact. They favor such a *modification* of the present law, as, without interfering with the rights, privileges or enjoyments of others, will permit all classes of persons to keep the Sabbath according to the dictates of their own consciences. They desire that the rich and the poor should be placed upon a perfect equality—that the rich man's carriage and the poor man's railroad car should be alike protected. If any different representation than this is made it is for the purpose of prejudice, and should be regarded like any other political Hoorback.

THE *Gazette* is silent concerning Mr. Braun, the Republican candidate for Commissioner. It cannot say one word in favor of his competency. At the same time it dare not impeach the capacity and fitness for the position of Mr. Campbell. It does not charge him with a single act inconsistent with his duty to the people. On Saturday it traveled over the records of the Common Council, and found out that Mr. Campbell was absent at a certain meeting, and did not vote. Well what of it. Everybody knows how he would have voted, had it been possible for him to have been there. The *Gazette* "strains at gnats," but it will have to "swallow the Campbell." The people have said it, and no one will suffer the personal dislike of the editors to Mr C to influence his vote. The people need such a man as Mr Campbell in the Commissioners' office. They do not need such a man as Mr. Braun. They have had enough of incompetent men in that office.

Consignment of Arizona Silver.

The St. Louis *Republican*, of the 5th instant, says that Messrs. William S. M'Knight & Co., No. 27 North Main street, have received a consignment of about two hundred pounds of Arizona silver, in the form of what is termed bullion. The silver is in small plates of irregular shape, as it comes from the smelting furnace, which weigh probably three pounds each. The metal in this state cantains about ten per cent. of gold, and the whole consignment is valued at four thousand dollars

This silver is from the famous Arizona mines, and was shipped by Mr. Cunniffe, a merchant of El Paso, Texas. It came by the Overland California Mail Coach, in charge of Captain Smith, Superintendent of the Mail on the El Paso division. This silver is the first shipment of any article other than mail matter by the Overland coach, and its transportation was an exception to a general rule, made by the courtesy of Captain Smith, who, as he was about to visit this section on business, took charge of the valuable packages.

We learn that there are very nearly two tons of silver bullion awaiting shipment at El Paso, which would come forward immediately, if there were any means of transporting it safely. A special express, for the purpose of carrying bullion and other heavy articles, is now needed on this route, and the Overland Mail contractors will doubtless soon put one in operation. Silver in bullion and in bars is almost the only medium of exchange in Arizona and Northern Texas, and the proper facilities should be afforded merchants in that region to conduct their mercantile operations, which are of rapidly increasing importance to the wide field of their Territory, and also to St. Louis merchants.

The Southern Democracy and Mr. Douglas.

The Richmond, Va., *Examiner*, the leading organ of the Virginia Democracy, says that if Mr. Douglas gets the Charleston nomination, he (the *Examiner*) means to go for him in good faith, as he once went for General Cass; "we shall represent his attitude then as we represent it now; we shall appeal to our friends to support him, and keep the Northern Democracy bound to us, as the only hope of this Union for National liberty: we shall rely upon the *vis medicatrix* of sober reason in the North to establish sound views on every aspect of the slavery question, that true constitutional principles or social or economical requirements shall re-commence; and we shall not give up the hope and idea of Democratic unity until we 'give up the ship' of Union for good and all."

THE Franklin Fire Insurance, of Philadelphia, of which J. Gardiner Coffin, Esq., is the agent in this city, announces a semi-annual dividend of 16 per cent—6 regular and 10 extra. This company last year made 31 per cent. in dividends, and the dividend now announced indicates a like favorable result this year.

MY FIRST PATIENT.

I was fairly started as a surgeon. A brass-plate, for which I had paid five shillings and sixpence, glittered that inst in the eyes of the passers-by. Not being any body's son in particular, of course no one gave me anything but advice, of which article I had so much of all kinds thrust upon me, by all sorts and conditions of men, that I have grown quite apathetic to it, and can bear any quality without losing the one thing I started with in life—my temper. I had two or three elder friends in the profession, (we surgeons call it *the* profession, and so it is,) and they used to say: "Well, you know, Thompson, you have many things much against you; your appearance, your want of connection, your diffident manner, and incoherent speech, are all great obstacles of success." One suggested a white tie; another that I should join some religious sect, wherein, perhaps, with luck, I might become a deacon: another that I should take lessons in elocution; a fourth, that before I went any further I should leave *the* profession. This was rather severe upon me, considering that I had been the *spes gregis of* my college, a prize man of renown, and that, so far as anatomy went, I could find any nerve or artery in the body with my eyes blindfolded. There was just one old friend who had fought up into celebrity against the same drawbacks, which I suffered from, and his views chimed in with my own.

"*Distinguish yourself, my boy,*" said Mr. Nestor, F. R. C. S., "and trust in Providence."

Well, this was certainly good advice, but I wanted the *de quoi*, the wherewithal to render myself renowned. I knew by "distinguishing" was meant attracting attention by surgical operations, so I set my knives in order, and looked about for a subject.

One morning, soon after this, my servant came in looking much surprised.

"There's a—a *patient* for you, sir."

"Eliza," said I, "you are a charming young woman: is it a lady or a gentleman?"

"I can't tell rightly, sir," said she.

"Then show the gentleman into the drawing room."

He brought this note:

DEAR THOMPSON:—The bearer's leg is, I believe, the sort of article you require; if so, act accordingly. Yours truly,

J. NESTOR."

The bearer was seated, when I entered the drawing room, on a satin cushion, which was the light of my landlady's eyes. He was an Irishman of the deepest dye; his face was sullen and apathetic, streaked with long roughlocks, that fell from the margins of a flat tablemountain skull; the right foot was resting on a chair, and the left twisted in an eccentric manner, so as to plant its muddy heel into the satin cushion before mentioned.

When I entered his face assumed a meek and affectionate smile. He informed me that, "glory be to the Virgin," he had found, at last, a doctor that would cure his legs. "Shure, shur, every body tells me that you're the cliverest among them."

I looked on, smiling blandly: "What is your name?"

"Tim, shur, is my name; and an unlucky chap the owner of the same has been since his boyhood."

I examined the limb; it was hopelessly diseased, and afforded to a man of science one of those rare cases in which duty and pleasure would be combined. Perhaps he'd let me take it off. Caution, however, was required. "My good friend," said I, my heart beating with excitement at my unusual relation to a fellow-creature, "my *good* friend," I continued, "this is a very bad leg."

"Shure it is, shur; it's yerself is a wonderful doethor, sure enough."

"I fear it is but of little use to you."

"Divil a baporth."

"I fear keeping it on would endanger your health."

A cloud came across his face. "I'st cutting it aff, then, yer maning?"

"I fear such a course will —"

"That's your curing o' legs—gran' curing o' legs, bedad! Oh, holy Moses," said Tim, picking up his crutches, and muttering, *sotto voce*, "bloody villin, murtherin divil! O, I jist see him cutting it aff."

I had been too precipitate, but presence of mind did not desert me. "Tim," said I, "you must be hungry; go down stairs and have some breakfast." Down he went, and in a few minute, the basement story resounded with his laughter, mingled with poor Eliza's maid-of-all-work treble.

"On this young female coming up stairs, I said to her: "Eliza, you must use your influence with that poor ignorant lad. He is at present dying from a disease in his leg, and his only chance for life is cutting it off. I'm determined to do it, and you must persuade him of the necessity. Make yourself agreeable."

Here a half a crown to buy another. Now, remember! ——. At this moment a stamping of crutches was heard, and the object of my affections was seen emerging laboriously from the Area, evidently trying to escape that dreaded one, the front door, and met him accidentally just dibbling away down the street.

"Ah, it's you Tim," I said, "by the way, I should like to draw your leg."

"I: it to dhraw it straight?"

"No, no, make a picture of it. Eliza will be happy to see you at dinner, and here's a shilling. "Now, by the way, I've not got my purse, but you'll get it at dinner-time."

We parted, and, on looking back, I saw Tim standing just as I had left him, with his head on one side, like a parrot in a brown study, evidently trying to penetrate the real meaning of my invitation to dinner. He accepted it, however, and brought with him a handful of boot and stay laces, some cedar pencils, and a penny looking-glass, which formed his stock in trade as a hawker, in all of which articles Eliza transacted a little business. I called that seductive female again to my councils. "Fairest among cookmaids," said I, (she was deaf! I may mention,) "where is that poor lad going to sleep."

"Good gracious, sir!" said the young woman "how should *I* know?"

"Of course, of course, but don't you think it would be a charity to get him a bed at Mrs. Slops for the night?"

"Well, sir, perhaps; I'll ask him."

Now, Mrs. Slops was an old sick nurse, who let out a room for patients at a moderate weekly sum. She was a stern woman, with an alcoholic countenance, but she knew her work well, and her duty, especially to herself. So I wrote to her as follows:

"DEAR MRS. SLOPS: I hope your back room is vacant just now, and that you will put up this poor lad for the night at my expense. After he is in bed send his clothes out to air, as they are his only suit, and don't let him get up till I call to-morrow morning. Yours truly,

JOHN THOMPSON."

"Ha! ha!" thought I, "if she takes his clothes away, of course he can't well escape without them." Next morning I went along Beer street to see him, mentioning to friends on the way that I was making my professional rounds, and thereby causing considerable jealousy. There was a little crowd around Mrs. Slop's door, and that eminent "lady nurse" was standing on the doorstep, holding the bannister as a lever, to the Vargin," he had found, at last, a doctor that would cure his legs. "Shure, shur, every body tells me that you're the cliverest among them."

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