The Morning Post.

PITTSBURGH:

TUESDAY MORNING:.....OCTOBER 5, 1858.

DEMOCRATIC STATE NOMINATIONS.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,

WILLIAM A. PORTER,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,

WESTLEY FROST,

OF FAYETTE COUNTY

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

CONGRESS, XX-ST DISTRICT.
ANDREW BURKE, City.

CONGRESS—XXIID DISTRICT.
JOHN BIRMINGHAM, Ohio.

SENATE:
SAMUEL McKEE, Birmingham.

ASSEMBLY:
THOMAS DONNELLY, Collins.
PHILIP H. STEVENSON, Moon.
JOHN M. IRWIN, City.
ROBERT MORROW, Ross.
AUGUSTUS HARTJE, Allegheny

SHERIFF:
BARNES FORD, Upper St. Clair.

PROTHONOTARY:
ALEXANDER BLACK, Sewickley.

COMMISSIONER:
THOMAS FARLEY, Allegheny.

CORONER:
WILLIAM ALEXANDER City.

AUDITOR:
JOHN MURRAY, South Pittsburgh.

DIRECTOR OF THE POOR:
JOHN BOYLE Indiana.

A Card---To the Public.

Mr. Editor:—On my way back from Butler last Tuesday, I was handed a report of Mr. Thos. Williams' speech, delivered at Bakerstown the night before. On reading it, I found among many other gross misrepresentations about me, the following elegant extract:—

"McKnight *lied* when he said I ever rode on a *free pass*."

I was astonished at this strong expression, especially as *I had never said* anything of the kind; not deeming it my business, whether he had or not. But considering it a challenge to draw me out on the matter, though not a very courteous one, I addressed a note to Mr. Thomson, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and have just received the following reply:

"OFFICE PENN'A RAILROAD COMPANY, Philadelphia, October 1, 1858.

DEAR SIR: IN ANSWER TO YOUR FAVOR OF THE 29TH ULT., I WILL STATE THAT MR. THOMAS WILLIAMS HAS RIDDEN UPON THE PENN'A RAILROAD MORE THAN ONCE, UPON A "*FREE PASS*."

Yours, Very Respectfully,
J. EDGAR THOMSON,

To ROBERT MCKNIGHT, Esq."

In order "to vindicate the truth of history, let facts be submitted to a candid world."

ROBERT, MCKNIGHT.

October 4th, 1858.

☞ THE DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE OF CORRESPONDENCE have appointed meetings to be held as follows:—

WEDNESDAY, 6th October 2 o'clock, P. M., at Fairmount School House, in Franklin township.
THURSDAY, 7th October, 2 o'clock, P. M., at P. Wiesman's, in Pine township.
SATURDAY, 9th October, 2 o'clock, P. M., at Turner's Tavern, in Indiana township.
SAME DAY, 7 o'clock, P. M., at John Krown's, in Ross township.
EVENING OF SAME DAY, 7 o'clock, at Sollinger's, in Stewartstown.
MONDAY EVENING, 11th October, 7 o'clock, at Market House, in McKeesport.
Speakers will be in attendance

D. D. BRUCE.
Chairman of Dem. County Committee of Correspondence

☞ THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF THE DIFFERENT PRECINCTS, composing the Twenty-First and Twenty-Second Congressional Districts, will be supplied with the regular and only genuine Democratic Ticket, at the office of the *Morning Post*, Pittsburgh.

JOHN P. GLASS, Chairman.

☞ XXIID CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—In accordance with a resolution of the Democratic Convention of September 15th, 1858, the following named persons are appointed a Committee of Vigilance, for the Twenty-Second Congressional District:

H. H. Kerr,	Charles H. Paulson,
G. W. Cass,	Wm. Haslet,
Lee Beckham,	D. Campbell,
Charles Bryson,	H. Hassinger,
F. J. Sinclair,	Capt. A. Hays,
W. Clayton,	Samuel Smith,
James Patton, Jr,	Joseph Birmingham,
D. E. McKinley,	D. H. Williams,
N. McGregor,	Samuel McCune.
George Gerst,	Robert Stevenson,

W. J. Fulton.
JOHN P. GLASS, Chairman.

See First Page.

DEMOCRATIC TICKETS.

The regular Democratic tickets for the Twenty-First and Twenty-Second Congressional districts, are now ready and may be obtained at the office of the *Morning Post* corner of Wood and Fifth Streets.

DEMOCRATS.

Remember that ONE VOTE may decide the fate of your party in a county. Hundreds of examples might be given, to prove the effect of one solitary voter remaining away from the polls on the day of election. Well wishes amount to nothing. Do not indulge in the fatal delusion that our ticket is safe enough without your vote. Put your own vote in the ballot-box, and see that your Democratic neighbor does the same. WATCH—WORK—AND BE VIGILANT—AND THE VICTORY WILL BE OURS!

THE XXIID DISTRICT.

The prospects of Capt. Birmingham, the only Democratic candidate for Congress in this district, are hourly brightening. He can be elected with ease if the Democrats give him their united vote. It is reasonable to suppose that Williams will take enough of the Republican vote from McKnight to reduce the vote of the latter below five thousand. There are in the district upwards of five thousand Democratic votes, every one of which Capt. Birmingham ought to receive. Neither Williams nor McKnight are entitled to a single Democratic vote. Let the Democracy be true to their faith and turn out to a man and vote for Capt. Birmingham. It will be a glorious triumph to elect him.

The Proper Feeling.

As the day of election approaches, the determination and enthusiasm among the Democracy steadily increase, and the party, which was recently distracted by the base treachery of some its members, is again rapidly assuming a healthy and harmonious condition. Those who have deserted us, have detracted nothing from our strength; but, on the contrary, we have gained an honest man for every knave who has left our ranks. From all quarters of the State we hear the same report—the steadfast yeomanry are falling into the Democratic column—and in six months from this time, we honestly believe that our party will be as powerful as it ever was.

When the United States Bank was rechartered by the Pennsylvania Legislature, it will be remembered that there was a perfect stampede from the Democratic ranks. Men who had been elevated to office by Democratic votes, left the party which had been a benefactor to them, to rush into the arms of the money power. For a time our strength was weakened in consequence of this desertion, but soon the honest yeomanry began to rally around our standard, and Democracy rose triumphant over all opposition.

So it will be now. We may be weakened by the unfaithfulness of some whom we have trusted and favored, but soon, like Sampson of old, our power will return increased and augmented, and will be able to overthrow the temples of the slave-worshippers and disunion agitators, and bury the mongrel congregation under its falling ruins. The future looks bright; the clouds which obscured it are breaking away, and the day will soon dawn when we can defy our open enemies and despise all secret traitors.

GOOD NEWS.

A letter from a very intelligent Democrat in the interior of the State, informs us that the election of Cyrus L. Pershing, Esq., in the Blair Congressional District, is almost certain. Our readers will be pleased to learn this, as Mr. Pershing is not only a good Democrat, but a gentleman of fine talents and acquirements.

We also learn that Gen. Henry D. Foster has every prospect of success in the Westmoreland District. The people there seem weary of being represented in the councils of the nation by a man of less than mediocre ability, and now that they have a chance to secure the services of a representative who will be an honor to them and to the entire Commonwealth, they will avail themselves of it.

From other portions of the State, we have equally encouraging information; and as the election approaches, the prospect brightens. Push on the good work, fellow Democrats. A glorious triumph awaits us.

We have it in our power to elect two Democrats in the hitherto Black Republican Twenty-first and Twenty-second Districts. In each of these Districts, a candidate of the most unexceptionable character is presented for your votes. Andrew Burke from the Twenty first, and John Birmingham from the Twenty-second District, with Pershing from Cambria and Foster from Westmoreland, will make a delegation in the next Congress from Western Pennsylvania, of whom the Democracy may be justly proud. They can be elected—every man of them, if every Democrat does his duty.

We refer our readers to a card under the editorial head of our paper, for an illustration of the manner in which Thomas Williams "pays like a gentleman," when he rides on railroads.

AMONG the list of proceedings of republican meetings as published in the *Gazette*, we see no mention made of the meeting which was to have been held in the Fifth Ward.—Brother Eaton, of the *Gazette*, went up there very full of speech, but the audience was not to be found. The meeting "fizzled" and the speaker "mizzled."

[From the Pennsylvanian.]

John M. Read in Favor of Free Trade—The Dallas Letter.

This letter seems destined to a celebrity equal to that of the Scarlet letter of Mr. Hawthorne. For many years the friends of the Hon. John M. Read, have claimed great credit for him for having signed it. For more than six months the fact has been repeatedly mentioned by the papers in the interior of the State, and not one of denial was given to the statement, for then correspondence with Mr. Dallas was possible, and the question might have been conclusively settled. Indeed it was not until the Atlantic cable ceased to work that any denial was attempted. Even now Mr. Read does not deny it. Mr Carey, who once wrote a book on political economy, and who seems as ready as his distinguished father, the late Mathew Carey, to render aid to persons in distress—Mr. Carey denies it. He says that on searching a file of this paper, he finds the name was printed John F, and not John M. Read, but he does not appear to have prosecuted his search further, nor to have looked into the many other papers in which the letter was printed. Another expedient is then adopted. Following the example of Gen. Harrison in 1840, the friends of Mr. Read convene a committee, and they resolve mainly three things. 1st. that Mr. John M. Read, was at some time, out-and-out a free trade man. 2d. That he has been converted, (possibly by Mr. Carey's book.) 3d. That he never signed the letter, and these resolutions, together with an editorial written by one of the Committee for the *North American*, are gotten up knowingly to be sent in a circular to the iron masters of the State. The public will ask where is the statement of Mr. John F. Read, who is so particularly referred to as residing at No. 240 Madison street. Where is Col. Forney's statement, for his name was certainly appended to the letter, below that of Mr. Read, and although he publishes Mr. Carey's editorial, he is careful not to say whether Mr. Read signed the document or not. Above all where is the statement of Mr. John M. Read, written over his own proper hand. Was the F printed for M, and will the letter in Mr. Dallas' possession at a future day show this, and therefore dare Mr. Read not deny this? On this point the public want not the statement of the political economist or philanthropist, or even a candidate for the Gubernatorial chair, but of the man himself, who of all others, ought to know whether he signed the paper.

Now for the truth. Three daily papers have said that there is such a name as John F. Read, and that he lives at No. 240 Madison street.—So there is, and just as respectable a citizen as any on the Committee.

It is said he approved the conduct of Mr. Dallas in giving the casting vote, and so he did, just as much so as Mr. John M. Read; but not one of this Committee, and not one of our Black Republican contemporaries has ventured to say that John F Read ever signed that letter. They knew better, for they or their candidate had caused an inquiry to be made of Mr. John F. Read, at his house, No. 240 Madison street, and were emphatically told by him that after having taxed his memory to the utmost, he had no recollection whatever of having signed the letter, or ever having seen it. He has several times given the same answer to others who have called on him, and he will respond similarly to any one who may choose to call, now or in future. This will not be contradicted by any Committee or by any editor in the city of Philadelphia. Is it fair, honest, or truthful, in this state of things, to give the impression that John F, and not John M. Read signed the letter?

But really, the report of Mr. Read's Committee is a piece of miserable prevarication. It reminds us of the criminal who confessed the murder, but protested vehemently against all knowledge of the spoons. The Committee deny the signature of the letter, but freely admit that their candidate was once a Free Trade man. Could they have done otherwise? Dare they deny, that, when a member of the Legislature, he was the rankest Free Trade member in that body? Dare they deny, that, when the famous resolution of 1824, to instruct our Senators and request our members to favor a tariff, was offered, Mr. Read violently opposed it, and that, when passed by a vote of 61 yeas and 18 nays, Mr. Read voted against it? (See House Journal of 1823 and 1824, page 448.) Can they point out one line from his pen retracing these opinions? Will they deny that in every political speech on the subject, for thirty years afterwards, he reiterated them? Will they deny in the face of the record, that, when he assented in the most cautious terms, merely to the "general sentiments of policy" expressed in the doings of the Convention, but declined to say one word in favor of the tariff? Above all will that Committee deny, or will Mr. Read deny, *that, in very recent years, he has written the most ultra free trade articles that have appeared in the columns of a leading daily journal of this State.* On this point we wish to touch lightly, until we are compelled to go further. A denial of this fact over Mr. Read's own signature will produce a broadside.

Finally, it seems, from the report of Mr. Read's Committee, that the excuse for his *free trade* sentiments is, that he held them in common with Webster. Not so, gentlemen. Mr. Webster abandoned them in 1815. Mr. Read advocated them for forty years afterwards. Mr. Webster was the main advocate of the tariff policy in 1824, when Mr. Read was speaking and voting in the the Legislature of Pennsylvania against it. Indeed, for many years Mr. Read's chief business was to answer on the stump the speeches of Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay, and to those who know his temper, we need not say that these worthies were handled without gloves. Said a prominent member of the opposition to us recently, "I do wish that when our party will insist on going to yours for its leaders, they would occasionally find some one who is not in favor of *free trade*, and that they would not invariably insist on having such men as Judge Wilmot and John M. Read." So hundreds of prominent men in the opposite ranks think, and to this sentiment they will not fail to give expression by their votes.

President Buchanan and Mt. Vernon.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 25, 1858.

MRS. W. F. RITCHIE—*My Dear Madam*:—The annexed is my contribution to the "Mount Vernon Ladies' Association." Will you be kind enough to present it in my name, and assure the ladies who have undertaken to raise the fund necessary to purchase the home and grave of Washington, that I most ardently wish them success in a cause which ought to enlist the sympathies of every patriotic heart.

Yours very respectfully,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

(Accompanying this letter was a check for fifty dollars.)

THE MEETING AT BUTLER.

Judge Shannon's Speech.

In yesterday's *Post*, we published the remarks of R. Biddle Roberts, Esq., and Judge Shaler, at the meeting at Butler. We were unable to give Judge Shannon's remarks yesterday, and fulfil our promise by giving them to-day.

REMARKS OF HON. P. C. SHANNON.

Fellow Democrats of Butler:—After what has been so ably and eloquently spoken, there is, perhaps, little, if any thing, to be profitably added. Yet, if you give me your patient attention, I shall consider any labor of mine well bestowed, provided I can be, in the least degree, instrumental in strengthening your convictions of duty to the great Democratic party.

The first speaker this evening, (Judge Shaler) is a gentleman, recognized as well in the grandeur and weight of his private and public reputation, as in the more than three score years which have whitened his head. In former years, he was the associate of your fathers, and for a considerable period occupied, in a able and dignified manner, the position of President Judge of your county courts. His years of active life have not been more signalized by the talents he has displayed, than by his firm and consistent advocacy of Democratic principles. It was peculiarly appropriate that he should be heard here to-night; and the plaudits with which he has been greeted, show, most significantly, the hold he has upon your hearts. He has addressed you in the voice of warning, and in the accents of wisdom. He has implored you to stand firmly by your party and its principles, and to resist the seductive influences which would lead you to abandon your organization. Think you, that with the fame he has acquired, and the years that fling their mellow autumnal fruits around him—think you, that with the glorious position he occupies amongst the ablest leaders of our party, and the natural desire he must have to leave to his children and to posterity—an unsullied—unscathed—political history unstained—that he would, at his time of life, sacrifice all he has won, by advising you to take a course against the party he has so faithfully served, and against the organization he has so long zealously labored to build up? It cannot be. It is rank folly to imagine it. Old age commands respect, and more especially when its possessor has, with each advancing year, left on the mile-stones of time, the indelible marks of probity, honor and virtue. He is incapable of giving you bad advice, and if you regard him you will refuse to follow the false lights gotten up merely to lead you astray.

We all recognize the binding authority of the last State Convention. It was legitimately constituted, and obeyed, in its whole action, well established usages. When it adjourned, it left, as its regular, active agent and organ, the State Central Committee. The chairman of that Committee, Mr. Roberts, has addressed you this evening. He felt it to be his duty to do so, because he is solicitous that our birth-right organization shall not be broken. He wishes quite properly—as I wish—that there shall not be discord or faction or dissension among the Democrats of the Twenty-second Congressional District. He has raised his voice right manfully to night, asking, nay demanding, with the broad seal of authority in his hand—as the chairman of the Central Committee—that every true and faithful Democrat in the District shall cast his vote for, nay, give his earnest support to, Capt. John Birmingham, the only Democratic candidate in the field. The report of the proceeding of the Conference, at Bakerstown, has gone forth over the Commonwealth: and everywhere, by every sound party man—by every orthodox Democratic editor, have these proceedings been pronounced farcical, unjust and rebellious. The thin veil of outward plausibility, flung over those proceedings, was a veil woven by a cunning hand. It is, however, too transparent. But the master weaver of the fraction web belongs not to the county of Butler. You may be thankful for that, and you may feel somewhat proud that your own conferees (for whom I entertain high respect,) had no hand in originating the scheme. If Mr. Graham, Mr. Mitchell, or any other worthy Democrat of Butler county, had consented to run, the matter would have been plain. He could easily have been elected. And with just as much ease can you now elect Capt Birmingham, if you will all be true to your allegiance to the party.

The history of this political affair is a brief one. From the formation of the district you were accustomed to nominate. You did so in 1852, when Jas. A. Gibson ran; you did so in 1854, when O. H. Palmer was your candidate; and you followed the usage in 1856.

In all these contests you did deem it proper, fit and *expedient* to make nominations. Then why was it resolved to be *inexpedient* in 1858? Can any man give you a reason? I will go further—can even a plausible excuse be rendered?

In the first three contests, you never dreampt of winning, with a solitary opposition candidate. Yet you nominated. Why? Because, as Democrats, you desired to keep up an organization, through which to give expression to your principles, and to gain converts to your cause. You well knew the potency of constant organization; and your adversaries know it, likewise. For through that medium have you not now five thousand votes in any State or National election? Look at your weight and position in the Presidential struggles of 1852 and 1856, and you will correctly appreciate, if you do not already, the value of unrelaxing organization.

Is it not marvellous, then, that in 1858, with your opponents split by faction, the product of their fiercest corruption—with two of their candidates entered for the race—and at a time when the election of a Democrat would be a certainty—is it not wonderful, I repeat, that the conferees at Bakerstown should declare it to be *inexpedient* to nominate? They did so, and left you without a candidate. Thus, without cause, without reason—for a sinister purpose, and in an anti-Democratic spirit, were your organization broken up, your forces disbanded, and yourselves handed over to your enemies. You were, moreover, disfranchised, so far as those conferees had it in their power, or thought they had, to do so. Five thousand voters, who believed in the Democratic faith, and trusted in the honest application of its cardinal principles and usages, were thus suddenly and most unexpectedly, by a species of legerdemain, deprived of the regular medium through which they were accustomed to express their sentiments on National questions.

The news no sooner spread around, than the party stood aghast, amazed, bewildered. It was universally felt that a monstrous wrong had been perpetrated—a foul stab given to the integrity of our discipline; and in the short time left, it was determined to do, what little could be done, to repair the mischief. The movements thus made have resulted in the presentation of the name of Capt. Birmingham, as the only Democratic candidate for Congress.

Of his private virtues, public position, and eminent fitness, I shall not speak. All these have been portrayed by the gentlemen who have addressed you. It is enough to repeat, that he comes up to the Jeffersonian standard, and is, therefore, worthy of your hearty support. If you give him the party vote, he will be elected. Of this fact, there can be no doubt.

But why, in this posture of affairs, can any man among you, prefer to vote for Mr. Williams or for Mr. McKnight? They are haters of our organization; foes of the Administration, and revilers of all the glorious Democratic statesman, whose counsels and acts have shed effulgence upon the pages of our history.

They have maligned the Administrations of Jackson, Van Buren, Polk, Pierce and Buchanan. Mr. Williams, in his intensified denunciations against the Democracy, has gone further than perhaps any other opposition orator in this State. With all his scholastic attainments, his fanciful turn of mind, his peculiar idiosyncrasy, leads him into fanaticism. His enthusiasm often gets the better of his cool judgment, and once embarked in a cause, he is the rankest, wildest pilot that ever stood at a helm. He is sure to run his vessel on the breakers. Perhaps the best proof of this is that although his whole record is one huge pile of enmity to Democratic men and measures, he nevertheless now implores you for your votes. When his own party rejects him, (and a shame it was they did, a disgrace upon them) he is entirely willing to go to Congress by the aid of Democrats. His proud spirit must have been humbled to the dust; his lofty genius must have felt rebuked; the memory of his past services to the opposition parties, must have been "gall and wormwood" to him; when he found all forgotten, all laid aside, and his claims considered of no account when weighed in the scales with those of both McKnight and Morehead.

In view of all this, what reason can you adduce for voting for either of such men? If you do, you virtually approve of their views on national questions, and sanction their past political acts. If you do, you thereby declare that you are tired of your own organization, and wish to destroy it. Finally, if you do, you proclaim to the world that you are no longer Democrats, but Black Republicans—voters who, dissatisfied with our party, ignobly turn their backs upon it, and join forces with the enemy. Let no man professing to be governed by sentiments of honor or manliness, truth or charity, dare to say, when our backs are turned, that we have come hither for the purpose or with the intention of playing into the hands of either of these Republican candidates. Let no such false charge be uttered. We, thank Heaven, have entered into no league with the enemy—have formed no conspiracy against the integrity of our party! We value constant, compact organization too highly, to see it frittered away in this miserable way, and not raise our voices against it. We are Democrats publicly avowing that we shall vote for none but Democrats; and we entreat you by the memory of every achievement in the past, and by all the hopes of political prosperity in the future, to do likewise. We beg you as Democrats not to vote at all for Congress, rather than to sully your connection with the party, by voting for either of these Black Republicans. For myself, I assure you, I have no preferences between them. They are both political foes, and, therefore, I care nothing about them, politically. I would not give the value of a pin to secure the election of either.

It is said, however, that you suffer under local grievances, and that you should support Mr. Williams in order to redress them. This is the lure and the bait to draw you from your party allegiance. This is the cunning snare to entrap you. This is the Syren song to enchant you. But remember that in the history of political parties, the first false step—the first deviation from established usages, when once taken, has, most generally, led to secession and opposition. Side issues are always dangerous to the Democracy. They are frequently glittering, tempting, fascinating. With such weapons our opponents usually fight; their old rusty armory is full of such broken lances and exploded cannons. Yet, sometimes, they have been used with fatal effect upon our party. It is wise, therefore, as a general maxim—always a safe one—to beware of them.

But really are your local grievances of such a nature, that, in point of fact, they can be remedied, in the slightest degree, by the action of Congress? I would insult your intelligence, if I were to answer affirmatively. Congress has the power to regulate the tariff, but has nothing to do with County or State taxes. If your county convention, impressed with the belief that railroad subscriptions had defrauded and oppressed the people—had wished to make the Congressional question the test of public opinion on that subject, they could have accomplished the object by instructing the conferees to nominate no candidate except an anti-tax Democrat. Did your convention do so? *They unanimously instructed for Mr. Graham.*

The open, public action of your own convention shows that it was not the intention to express the existence of a mere county greivance, by the number of votes given to a candidate for a national office.

To judge from Mr. William's speeches and writings you would imagine that he has found the philosopher's stone, and discovered the elixir of life. According to his notions, the universal panacea for all your ills, is, to elect him to Congress! To believe him, upon the occurrence of that august event—when he shall triumphantly march up the hall of Congress, with his newspaper, the "True Press," in one hand, and the anti railroad banner in the other—the nations will tremble—the English Hampden, like Banquo's ghost, will rise from his grave—Congress itself will quake with fear—the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania will beg for permission to back out of the opinion in the Sharpless case—and even the Supreme Court of the United States will send down a mandamus to the County Court of Pittsburgh, to order the sale there on the Butler county bonds!

My humble opinion is, that such immense results cannot possibly flow, from the nature of things, from such small causes. With all my sympathy for those who are agitated by this local matter—with a deep sense of the manifold frauds and outrages committed, under legislative sanction, upon the tax payers of Allegheny and Butler counties—I mean those of them who have not signed petitions asking for the subscriptions, who have not received money for the low business of boring the bills through the Legislature, and who have not otherwise assisted, aided or abetted in the creation of these monstrous debts—with all my oft repeated, publicly expressed convictions of the wrongs perpetrated, I feel bound to say, that the election of Mr. Williams to Congress, will not lighten your burdens, or allevate your difficulties. On the contrary, in the long run of affairs, it would injure you.

The Democratic party is the party of the people. Against monopolies and overgrown corporations, it has lustily contended. It is true that its representatives have, sometimes, in these respects, deceived it. It is a human institution, and, therefore, subject to human frailties and errors. But look over the long roll of its splendid achievements—examine its progress, step by step, year after year, from the day it sprang, young, vigorous gigantic, from the brain of Jefferson, until the day when, under the lion-hearted Jackson, it reached colossal proportions, and became mighty enough, through the nerve of its chieftain, and the irresistible will of its people, to wrest the paper-crown from Nicholas Biddle, and to scatter his rotten, bloated corporation to the four winds of heaven—down to the days of Polk, when an empire was added to our territory, and our starry banner kissed the blue waves of the Pacific—down still to the new and gorgeous era, when a son of Pennsylvania proclaimed for our flag the freedom of the seas, and wrung from haughty Albion a surrender of her arrogant claims—and all along, as you unfold the immortal scroll, you shall find it studded, gemmed all over, like unto the skies at night, with the lustrous exploits and the brilliant victories of the grand, national Democratic party. It is willing and able to redress, in a legitimate manner, all public grievances. It has talent enough, intellect enough, and honesty enough, within its own bosom, to champion the oppressed, and to right the wrong. With a wise precaution it is sometimes slow to move; but when it sets, it is through the electrical currents of enlightened public opinion, and with the rapidity of the avenging lightning. It is based upon the principles of law and order, and it demands unswerving fealty to both. The maddened mob is its worst enemy—more to be dreaded than foreign bayonets, or imperial nation. In its catalogue of crimes, forcible resistance to the decisions of the Courts and to the manifestoes of the law, is set down as treason to the people, and conspiracy against republican institutions.

Such is the party whose dogmas I unfold to your gaze. Such is the party to which you belong. Choose ye, whether you will continue to embrace it, or whether, deluded by a fleeting meteor, you will abandon its broad hall, and leave its time wrecked sanctuaries.

THE LATEST NEWS

BY TELEGRAPH.

More Survivors of the Burning of the Steamer Austria.

QUEBEC, Oct. 2—The Norwegian ship, Catharine, arrived here yesterday with sixteen of the passengers and six of the crew of the burnt steamer Austria. One of the passengers is a girl fourteen years old. The following are the names of the rescued. Second cabin passengers—G Stopel, Andrew Lindsheum. Steerage—Conrod Eifert, Jurgen Fitcheu, Wilhelm Brauendeff, Heinrich Fuurir, Joachim Pless, Edward Ashlers, Joseph Smertzeck, Christopher Backer, Iven Iverson, Peter Svenson, Nintens Johannes Daimuller, Christopher Dunker. Crew—Martin Foligo, cook; Joseph Kartzs, fireman; Jean Rohmondt, sailor; Johann Heinrich, sailor; Jahr, sailor.

[SECOND DISPATCH.]

The following is the account given of their rescue by the passengers on the bark Catarine. The pump connection with the fire engine was not in working order, when some attempt was made to render it available, but the flames were too rapid and rendered them futile. The forecastle ropes were made fast to the chains outside, and to these numbers clung, but as the flames progressed the ropes were burned off and those thus supported found a watery grave. On the bow-sprit the passengers laid out, piled one on top of the other, sometimes four deep; finally they were driven from this last rescuree until only one man remained seated at the extreme end. Eighteen persons got hold of the chain beneath the bowsprit and stay, and clung there until four o'clock in the morning. A seaman clambered thence to the bowsprit. Those clinging to the stay passed their wet clothing to him. The fire was subdued so as to render the bowsprit comparatively safe. They remained there till picked off by the boats of the Catarina.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON CITY, October 4.—The Indian bureau to-day received a letter from Dr. Forney confirmatory of the Indians robbing the mail when 350 miles from Salt Lake City. He says that no attempt was made to kill the conductor, drivers and guard and that the Indians on the Humboldt river have been committing depredations for ten years, and this is the first outbreak of the season. Gen. Johnson, at the request of Gov. Cummings, sent a military force of 150 men for the protection of the mails and of travellers.

The steamers Fulton and Harriet Lane will leave Norfolk to-morrow on the Paraguay expedition.

Secretary Thompson has gone to Philadelphia on business, to remain for several days.

Railroad Accident

BALTIMORE, Oct. 4—The train from Philadelphia due here at three o'clock this morning, was detained till six o'clock, by running over a horse at Perrysville. The baggage car was thrown from the track, and Peter McKirk, the baggage master, was killed. Another named Jamar was severely hurt. None of the passengers were injured.

The Atlantic Telegraph Cable.

TRINITY BAY, October 2—Nothing done with Valentia yesterday; some very good currents received from Valentia, but nothing intelligible

Signed DE SANTY

Arrest of Slavers.

NEW YORK, October 4—Marshal Rynders has returned from New Bedford, with Macomber, the mate, and four of the crew of the brig Haidee, which recently landed 900 slaves near Cardenas. The Haidee was the vessel lately scuttled off Montreal, the Portuguese crew landing at that point and proceeding to New London. The Haidee belonged to this port. Macomber belongs to New Bedford.

The Atlantic Telegraph

TRINITY BAY, October 4.—No change has yet occurred in the electrical manifestations from Valentia. I am trying a new system of working, and will telegraph the results. Signed,

DE SANTY.

Republican Election

BRIDGEPORT, CT., October 4.—The city election took place to-day, and the entire Republican ticket was elected. Booth, the Republican candidate for Mayor, received 31 majority over Calhoun, a Democrat.

New York Weekly Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, October 4—The bank statement issued to-day shows the following results:—Decrease in loans, $459,000; decrease in specie, $92,000; increase in circulation, $11,000; increase in deposites, $214,720.

Vessel Ashore--Lives Lost.

PORT HOOD, October 4.—The brigantine Caroline went ashore on Port Hood Island yesterday morning. The captain was saved, but the crew perished. The vessel is a total loss.

Schooner Struck by Lightning.

HALIFAX, October 4.—The Gloucester, a fishing schooner, was struck by lightning on Friday and damaged. A man on board was killed.

Paper Mill Destroyed by Fire.

BOSTON, October 4.—The paper mill of Thos. Rice at Newton was destroyed by fire yesterday. Loss $15,000, which was covered by insurance.

Minister's Testimony.

HOOKSTOWN, Beaver Co., Pa., Feb. 5th, 1857.

We prefer buying BŒRHAVE'S HOLLAND BITTERS for cash, to save the discount. Hope to send you soon a recommendation from our minister, testifying to its curative powers. Signed,

MOODY & CAROTHERS.

INDIGESTION.

DARNSTOWN, Montgomery Co., Maryland. January 31st, 1857.

I never felt the benefit of any medicine so much as from the bottle of BŒRHAVE'S HOLLAND BITTERS I purchased last Fall. I wish to know where I can get it, without fear of imposition. Signed, JOSEPH C. DELLET.

FROM A DRUGGIST.

APPOLLO, Armstrong Co., Pa., Dec. 15th, 1856.

MESSRS. B. PAGE, JR., & Co.

Dear Sire:—I purchased one doz. of your BŒRHAVE'S HOLLAND BITTERS, from your traveling agent, which has given great satisfaction in this section. Send me another dozen, for which I enclose the money. Signed, W. C. BOVARD.

Caution!—Be careful to ask for *Bœrhave's Holland Bitters*. Sold at $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5, by the sole Proprietors, Benjamin Page, Jr., & Co., No. 27 Wood street, between First and Second streets, and Druggists generally.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

ATLANTIC MONTHLY, For October;
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, For October;
FRANK LESLIE'S MAGAZINE, For October;
BALLOU'S MAGAZINE, For October.

For sale by LUKE LOOMIS,
oc5 Post Buildings, 41 Fifth street.

OHIO TANNERY FOR SALE—Situate in a thriving town in Morgan county, Ohio, 4 town lots, good substantial buildings, work shop, dwelling house, etc., bark and mill house 40 feet square, with stone basement; shop 22 by 42 feet, 33 vats, a variety of fruit trees, grapes, etc. The above tannery, with bark, shop, tools, etc., will be sold at a great bargain, as the owner intends going West. For further particulars, apply at 51 Market street.

oc5 S. CUTHBERT & SON, Real Estate Agents.

UNDERWRITERS' SALE OF STEAMBOAT FIXTURES, TACKLE, ETC—On THURSDAY MORNING, October 7th, at 10 o'clock, in the fourth story of warehouse, 139 Liberty street, corner of Cecil alley, will be sold, a quantity of Cabin Furniture, blocks and tackle, pilot wheel, doors and shutters, parpailins, stoves, chandaliers, medicine chest, office safe, life preservers, fixtures, etc., from the wreck of the steamboat North Star.

oc5 P. M. DAVIS, Auctioneer.

EVERY VARIETY OF DRESS GOODS, Shawls, Cloaks, Scarfs, Needle Work, etc. Also, the largest and cheapest stock of Domestic Gry Goods in the city.

C. HANSON LOVE,
oc5 74 Market street.

TIMOTHY SEED—Just rec'd and for sale by (oc5) HENRY H. COLLINS.

RIBBONS, RIBBONS—A choice assortment of Bonnet Ribbons, at extremely low prices. Milliners and country buyers are invited to call.

EATON, CREE & CO.,
oc5 Corner Fifth and Market streets.

WAGON GREASE—In cans, kegs, and barrels, received and for sale by HENRY H. COLLINS.

RED POTATOES—200 bus. to arrive, and for sale by (oc5) HENRY H. COLLINS.

MACHINERY OIL—Received and for sale by (oc5) HENRY H. COLLINS.

LAKE FISH.—
75 bbls. White Fish;
50 " Trout;
40 " Salmon, received and for sale by
oc5 HENRY H. COLLINS.

J. N. GLOGGER,
ARTIST,
se27 6md* NO 21 FIFTH STREET.

BOOTS & SHOES

JUST OPENING AT

JOS. H. BORLAND'S,

No. 98 Market Street.

The subscriber is just receiving a large and well selected stock of Fall and Winter

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Of every style and variety, and STRANGERS VISITING THE FAIR would SAVE MONEY, by calling and examining our stock and making what purchases they want.

N. B—WHOLESALE MERCHANTS supplied at a very slight advance over Eastern prices. Give us a call, and don't forget the place, at the Cheap Cash Store of

JOSEPH H. BORLAND,
s 30 98 Market st., second door from Fifth.

JAMES C. RICHEY,

Auctioneer, Real Estate Agent and Bill Broker.

No. 65 Fifth Street.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

BROCHA SHAWL BORDERING.—A full assortment of handsome patterns received by express from New York this day.

EATON, CREE & CO,
oc2 Corner Fifth and Market streets.

THE STOCK FIXTURES AND LEASE of a Drug Store in a good location in the city; for sale by S. CUTHBERT & SON,
oc2 51, Market street.

A HORSE POWER, FODDER CUTTER, and Corn and Cob Crusher, will be sold to close the est., by (oc29) HENRY H. COLLINS.

FISH.—
10 bbls. Lake Superior White Fish;
20 half bbls. Lake Herring;
10 " " Picker 1.
For sale cheap, to close consignment by
JAMES A. FETZER,
se30 Corner Market and First streets.

FRESH FOREIGN FRUITS.—
100 boxes bunch Raisins;
50 do layer do;
100 half do Raisins;
10 casks "Zante" Currants;
Just received and for sale by
REYMER & ANDERSON,
oc4 No. 39 Wood street, opposite St. Charles Hotel.

COOKING PRUNES.—
20 casks German;
10 casks Turkish—for sale by
REYMER & ANDERSON,
oc4 No. 39 Wood street.

DATES.—10 mats New Arabian;
Just received and for sale by
REYMER & ANDERSON,
oc4 No. 39 Wood street, opposite St. Charles Hotel

FLOUR.—100 barrels Superfine, Extra and Extra Family Flour, just received and for sale by
JAMES A. FETZER,
oc4 Corner Market and First streets

TIMOTHY SEED—30 bbls. choice Timothy Seed, just received and for sale by
JAMES A. FETZER,
oc4 Corner Market and First streets.

CONGRESS WATER.—A fresh lot of Congress and Empire and Spring Water received this day by JOSEPH FLEMING.
oc4 corner Diamond and Market street.

POTASH, POTASH.—A superior article of Potash constantly on hand at
JOSEPH FLEMING'S,
oc4 corner Diamond and Market street.

BURNING FLUID.—A superior article of Burning Fluid constantly on hand and for sale low by
JOSEPH FLEMING,
oc4 corner Diamond and Market street.

MATSON'S SYRINGES.—Another supply of these excellent Syringes just received. Those wishing anything in this line should call and examine them before purchasing elsewhere.

JOSEPH FLEMING,
oc4 corner Diamond and Market street.

FINE HAVANA CIGARS.—Another supply of the celebrated "Seneca" brand just received. Also, another supply of the celebrated Honey Bean Tobacco, received by JOSEPH FLEMING,
oc4 corner Diamond and Market street.

CHEESE.—100 Boxes English Dairy Cheese received and for sale by HENRY H. COLLINS.
oc4

CHEESE.—300 W. R. Cutting Cheese just received and for sale by HENRY H. COLLINS.
oc4

LIME.—200 barrels fresh Lime, for sale by HENRY H. COLLINS.
oc4

ACADEMY OF PAINTING AND DRAWING.—The public are informed that a school for the above branches will be opened on and after the 4th of October, at No. 21, Fifth street, for those who may be desirous of obtaining a practical course of instruction. There will also be taught the use of the French Crayon, tinting with India Ink and Sepia; also a new style of painting in Oil and Water colors, by which the pupil is enabled to succeed more rapidly than by other methods. The merits of this style of printing and drawing have been long and successfully tested in my classes. Having in my possession a large and finely selected collection of originals