Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY S. B. BRATTY.

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POETRY.

From the Cleveland (Ohio) Herald.

FLING FORTH THE CLAY BANNER.

TUNE—*"The Star-Spangled Banner."*

Fling forth the Clay Banner! give its folds to the breeze,
Our trust in the Patriot and Statesman proclaiming—
While the deep tones of freedom—like the surging of seas,
The worth and the truth of their HARRY are naming:
Let its stainless folds fly
On the wings of the sky.
And branded the foe who to furl it would try;
For it tells to the world, all our fondest hopes rest,
In the glory and weal of the *Pride of the West.*

Ay, fling forth the Banner, while 'neath it we stand,
With freemen's high hopes though the past has proved dreary,
And join in the cry that now sweeps through the land
Till its echoes are lost in the wave-hymn of Erie.
Then let each true heart share,
In the song and the prayer,
That our countrymen raise and their vengeance declare
And the soil and the homes by foul treason opprest,
Gain new glory and weal in the *Pride of the West.*

That Banner shall wave till November's sun gleam,
O'er the rout of the spoilsmen and downfall of treason:
And the ills of the past fade away as a dream,
When the long night is gone and the dawning brings reason:
And all hail the proud day,
When with hearts free and gay
We inscribe on our flag the wide triumph of CLAY;
And the shout and the plaudit are poured from each breast,
For the glory and weal of the *Pride of the West.*

The meed of Truth's soldier!—fair Woman shall raise,
A prayer for the true hearts that Banner upholding,
And the beam of her eye, as that flag meets her gaze
Will rival bright Sol's when morn's gates are unfolding:
For all own her blest sway—
Age, honored and gay,—
And Youth whose first war-fire is kindled for CLAY:
For Woman—Fair WOMAN! Heaven's last gift and best,
Greets with smiles all who vote for the *Pride of the West.*

Then fling forth our Banner! give its folds to the breeze
Our trust in the patriot and Statesman proclaiming—
While the deep tones of Freemen—like the surging of seas,
The worth and the truth of their HARRY are naming:
Let its stainless folds fly
On the wings of the sky,
And brand ed the foe who to furl it would try;
For it tells to the world, all our fondest hopes rest,
In the glory and weal of the PRIDE OF THE WEST.

MISCELLANY.

THE JACOBIN CLUB.

The following is an extract from a powerfully written paper on the French Revolution, in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine, entitled "Marston or the adventures of a Statesman." The narrator has just escaped death by the guillotine, and in dashing along through dark lanes and alleys, suddenly encounters a crowd of *Sans Culottes*, who are on their way to the meeting of the Jacobins. He is compelled to join them and in their company observes what follows:

"We now plunged into the darkness of a vast pile, evidently once a convent, and where the chill of the massive walls struck to the marrow. I felt as if walking through a charnel-house. We hurried on; a trembling light, toward the end of an immense and lofty aisle, was our guide; and the crowd, long familiar with the way, rushed through the intricacies where so many feet of monks had trod before them, and where, perhaps, many a deed that shunned the day had been perpetrated. At length a spiral stair brought us to a large gallery, where our entrance was marked with a shout of congratulation; and tumbling over the benches and each other, we at length took our seats in the highest part, which, in both the club and the National Assembly, was called, from its height, the Mountain, and from the characters that generally held it, was a mountain of flame. In the area below, once the nave of the church, sat the Jacobin club. I now, for the first time saw that memorable and terrible assemblage. And nothing could be more suited than its aspect to its deeds.—The hall was of such vast extent that a large portion of it was scarcely visible, and the few lights which hung from the walls scarcely displayed even the remainder. The French love of decorations had no place here; neither statues nor pictures, neither gilding nor sculpture, relieved the heaviness of the building. Nothing of the arts was visible but their rudest specimens; the grim effigies of monks and martyrs, or the coarse and blackened carvings of a barbarous age. The hall was full: for the club contained nearly two thousand members, and on this night all were present. Yet, except for the occasional cries of approval or anger when any speaker had concluded, and the habitual murmur of every large assembly, they might have been taken for a host of spectres; the area had so entirely the aspect of a huge vault, the air felt so thick, and the gloom was so feebly dispersed by the chandeliers. All was sepulchral. The chair of the president even stood on a tomb, an antique structure of black marble. The elevated stand from which the speakers generally addressed the assembly, had the strongest resemblance to a scaffold, and behind it, covering the wall were suspended chains and instruments of torture of every horrid kind used in the dungeons of old times; and though placed there for the sake of contrast with the mercies of a more enlightened age, yet announcing the general idea of a scene of death.

In required no addition to render the hall of the Jacobins fearful; but the meetings were always held at night, often prolonged through the whole night. Always stormy and often sanguinary, daggers were drawn and pistols fired—assassinations in the streets sometimes followed bitter attacks on the benches; and at this period, the mutual wrath and terror of the factions had risen to such a height, that every meeting might be only a prelude to exile or the axe, and the deliberation of this especial night must settle the question, whether the monarchy or the Jacobin club was to ascend the scaffold. It was the debate on the execution of the unhappy Louis XVI.

The arrival of the crowd, among whom I had taken my unwilling seat, evidently gave new spirits to the regicides; the moment was critical. Even in Jacobinism all were not equally black, and the fear of the national revulsion at so desperate a deed startled many, who might not have been withheld by feelings of humanity. The leaders had held a secret consultation while the debate was drawing on its slow length: and Danton's old expedient of "terror" was resolved on. His emissaries had been sent round to summon all his banditti; and the low *cafes*, the Faubourg taverns, and every haunt of violence, and the very drunkenness of crime had poured forth.—The remnant of the Marseillois—a gang of actual galley-slaves, who had led the late massacres—the paid assassins of the Marais, and the *sabreurs* of the Royal Guard, who after treason to their king, had found profitable trade in living on the robbery and blood of the nobles and priests, formed this reinforcement; and their entrance into the gallary was recognized by a clapping of hands from below, which they answered by a roar, accompanied with the significant sign of clashing their knives and sabres.

Danton immediatey rushed into the Tribune. I had seen him before, on the fearful night which prepared the attack on the palace, but he was in haste and affected the savageness of the rabble. He now played the part of a leader of a political sect; and at the commencement of his address adopted something of the decorum of public council.

In this there was an artifice; for restless as the club was, it still retained the jealousy of the legislative rank of the assembly of national representatives, the Convention. The forms of those Jacobins who unusually led the debate, scrupulously wore the dress of the better orders. Robespierre was elaborately dressed whenever he appeared in the Tribune, and even Danton abandoned the *canaille* costume for the time. I was struck with his showy stature, his bold forehead, and his commanding attitude, as he stood waving his hand over the multitude below, as if he waved a sceptre. His appearance was received with a shout from the gallery, which he returned by one profound bow, and then he stood erect, till all sounds had sunk.—His powerful voice then rang through the extent of the hall. He began with congratulating the people on their having relieved the Republic from its external dangers.—His language was at first moderate, and his recapitulations of the perils which must have befallen a conquered country, was sufficiently true and even touching; but his tone soon changed, and I saw the true democrat. "What!" he cried "are those to the horrors of domestic perfidy? What are the ravages on the frontier, to the poison and the dagger at our firesides? What is the gallant death in the field to assassination in cold blood! Listen fellow citizens;—there is a plot deeper laid for your destruction, than ever existed in the shallow heads of, or could ever be executed by, the coward leaders of their soldiery. Where is that plot? In the streets? No. The courage of our brave patriots is as proof against corruption as against fear." This was followed by a shout from the gallery. "Is it in the Tuileries? No! there the national sabre has cut down the tree which cast its deadly fruits among the nation.—Where then is the *focus* of the plot—where the gathering of the storm that is to shake the battlements of the Republic—where that terrible deposit of combustibles which the noble has gathered, the priest has piled, and the king is prepared to kindle? Brave citizens, that plot is——" he paused, looking mysteriously round, while a silence deep as death pervaded the multitude; then, as if suddenly recovering himself, he thundered out—"the Temple!"

No language can describe the shout or the scene that followed. The daring word was now spoken which all anticipated but which Danton alone had the desperate audacity to utter. The gallery screamed, howled, raged, embraced each other, danced, flourished their weapons, and sang the Marseillaise and the Carmagnole. The club below were scarcely less violent in their demonstrations of furious joy. Danton had now accomplished his task; but his vanity thirsted for additional applause, and he entered into a catalogue of his services to Republicanism. In the midst of the detail, a low but singularly clear voice was heard from the extremity of the hall.

"Descend, man of massacres!"

I saw Danton start back as if he had been shot. At length, recovering his breath, he said feebly:

"Citizens, of what am I accused?"

"Of the three days of September," uttered the voice again, in a tone so strongly sepulchral, that it palpably awed the whole assemblage.

"Who is it that thus insults me? who dares to malign me?—What spy of the Girondists, what traitor of the Bourbons, what hireling of the gold of Pitt, is among us?" exclaimed the bold ruffian, yet with a visage which even at the distance, I could observe had lost its usual fiery hue, and turned clay color, "Who accuses me?"

"I!" replied the voice, and I saw a tall figure stalk up the length of the hall, and stand at the foot of the tribune. "Descend!" was the only word which he spoke; and Danton, as if under a spell, to my astonishment, obeyed without a word, and came down. The stranger took his place, none knew his name; and the rapidity and boldness of his assault suspended all in wonder like my own. I can give but a most incomplete conception of the extraordinary eloquence of this mysterious intruder. He openly charged Danton with having constructed the whole conspiracy against the unfortunate prisoners of September; with having deceived the people by imaginary alarms of the approach of the enemy; with having plundered the national treasury to pay the assassins; and last and most deadly charge of all, with having formed a plan for a National Dictatorship, of which he himself was to be the first possessor. The charge was sufficiently probable, and was not now heard for the first time. But the keenness and fiery promptitude with which the speaker poured the charge upon him gave it a new aspect; and I could see in the changing physiognomies round me, that the great democrat was already in danger. He obviously felt this himself; for starting up from the bench to which he had returned, he cried out, or rather yelled—

"Citizens, this man thirsts for my blood. Am I to be sacrificed? Am I to be exposed to the daggars of assassins!" But no answering shout now arose, a dead silence reigned; all eyes were still turned on the tribune. I saw Danton, after a gaze of total helplessness on all sides, throw up his hands like a drowning man, and stagger back to his seat. Nothing could be more unfortunate than his interruption, for the speaker now poured the renewed invective, like a stream of molten iron, full on his personal character and career.

"Born a beggar; your only hope of bread was crime. Adopting the profession of an advocate, your only conception of law was chicanery. Coming to Paris, you took up patriotism as a trade, and turned the trade into an imposture. Trained to dependence, you always hung on some one till he spurned you. You licked the very dust before Mirabeau; you betrayed him, and he trampled on you; you took refuge in the cavern of Marat, until he found you too base even for his base companionship; and he, too, spurned you; you then clung to the skirts of Robespierre, and clung only to ruin. Viper! known only by your coils and your poison; like the original serpent, degr. ded even from the brute into the reptile; you already feel your sentence. I pronounce it before all. The man to whom you now cling will crush you. Maximilien Robespierre, is not your hest already lifted up to tread out the life of this traitor. Maximilien Robespierre," he repeated in a still more piercing sound, "do I not speak the truth? Have I not stripped the veil from your thoughts? Am I not looking into your heart? He then addressed each of the Jacobin leaders in a brief, appeal. "Billaud Varennes, stand forth—do you not long to drive your dagger into the bosom of the new tyrant? Collot d'Herbois, are you not sworn to destroy him? Couthon have you not pronounced him perjured, perfidious, and unfit to live? St. Just, have you not in your 'code' the list of those who have pledged themselves that Danton shall never be Dictator; that his grave shall be dug before he shall tread on the first step of the throne; that his ashes shall be scattered to the four winds of heaven; that he shall never gorge on France?"

A hollow murmur, like an echo of the vaults beneath, repeated the concluding words. The murmur had scarcely subsided when this extraordinary appatition, flinging around him a long white cloak, which he had hitherto carried on his arm, and which in the dim light, gave him the look of one covered with a shroud, cried out in a voice of still deeper solemnity, "George Jacques Danton, you have this night pronounced the death of your king—I now pronounce your own. By the victims of the 20th of June—by the victims of the 10th of August—by the victims of the 2d of September—by the thousands whom your thirst of blood has slain—by the tens of thousands whom your treachery has sent to perish in a foreign grave—by the millions whom the war which you have kindled will lay in the field of slaughter—I cite you to appear before a tribunal, where sits a judge whom none can elude and none can defy. Within a year and a month, I cite you to meet the spirits of your victims before the throne of the Eternal.

He stopped: not a voice was heard. He descended the steps of the tribune, and stalked slowly through the hall, not a hand was raised against him. He pursued his way with as much calmness and security as if he had been a supernatural visitant, until he vanished in the darkness.

This singular occurrence threw a complete damp on the regicidal ardor, and as no one seemed inclined to mount the Tribune, the club would probably have broken up for the night, when a loud knocking at one of the gates, and the beating of drums, aroused the drowsy sitters on the benches. The gallery was as much awake as ever; but seemed occupied with evident expectation of either a new revolt, or a spectacle; pistols were taken out to be new primed, and the points and edges of knives duly examined.

The doors at length were thrown open, and a crowd, one half of whom appeared to be in the last stage of intoxication, and the other half not far from insanity, came dancing and chorusing into the body of the building. In the midst of their troops they carried two busts covered with laurels—the busts of the regicides Ravaillac and Clement, with flags before them, inscribed, "They were glorious; for they slew a king!" The busts were presented to the president, and their bearers, a pair of *poissardes*, insisted on giving him the republican embrace, in sign of fraternization.—The president, in return, invited them to the "honors of a sitting; and thus reinforced, the discussion on the death of the unhappy monarch commenced once more, and the vote was carried by acclamation. The National Convention was still to be applied to for the completion of the sentence; but the decree of the Jacobins was the law of the land."

The following beautiful extract is from a report, in one of the New York papers, of Mr. Webster's late splendid argument in the case of Girard's will:

"When an intellectual being finds himself on this earth, as soon as the faculties of reason operate, one of the first enquiries of his mind is, "Shall I be here always?"

"Shall I be here forever?" And those writers who have been celebrated for their essays on the dignity of human reason, say that, of all sentient beings, man only is competent of knowing that he is to die.—His maker has made man only to come to the knowledge of this fact. Before he knows his origin and destiny he knows that he is to die! Then comes that most urgent and solemn demand for light that ever entered the mind of man, which is set forth in that incomparable composition, the Book of Job. "For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant. But if a man die, shall he live again?" And that question nothing but God, and the religion of God, can solve. Religion does solve it, and teaches to every man that the duties of this life have reference to the life that is to come—that moral conduct, founded on this great religious truth, is the end and the object of this destiny. And hence, since the introduction of Christianity, it has been the duty, as it has been the effort of the great and good, to sanctify human knowledge; to bring it, as it were, to the baptismal—to baptise letters with the sacred influence of the Christian religion; to bring all the early and the late, to the same sacred source, and sanctify them for the use and blessing of the human race."

CHRISTIANITY.—Christianity like a child goes wandering over the world. Fearless in its innocence, it is not abashed before princes, nor confounded by the wisdom of synods. Before it the blood-stained warrior sheathes his sword, and plucks the laurel from his brow, the midnight murderer turns from his purpose; and like the heart smitten disciple goes out and weeps bitterly. It brings liberty to the captive, joy to the murderer, freedom to the sinner, hope to the faint hearted, and assurance to the dying. It enters the hut of the poor man, and sits down with them and their children; it wakes them contented in the midst of privations, and leaves behind an everlasting blessing. It walks through great cities amid their pomp and splendor, their imaginable pride, and their unutterable misery, a purifying, ennobling, correcting, and redeeming angel. It is the beautiful companion of childhood, and the comfortable associate of age. It ennobles the noble; gives wisdom to the wise, and new grace to the lovely. The patriot, the priest, the poet, and the eloquent man, all derive their unutterable power from its influence.—MARY HOWITT.

GEN. JOSEPH MARKLE.

☞ The following address by a committee of friends and neighbors of Gen. MARKLE, living in Westmoreland County, commends itself to special attention:

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The undersigned were some time since appointed a Committee by a meeting of citizens, to address you on the subject of the Governor's election: we now proceed to discharge that duty. Our candidate is in the campus, our flag is waving to the breeze, our people are gathering on the hill tops, and in our valleys, by our fresh fountains and our broad fields, and the hum of their watch-words come from afar.

"The War worn soldier ne'er despise,
Nor treat him as a stranger;
Remember he's his Country's stay
In the day and hour of danger."

We do not address you with a view to stimulate your patriotism, or animate your principles. These in the breasts of true Whigs, burn with a pure and steady flame, always ready for any struggle, which promises to benefit the country. No selfish feeling, no sectional interest can withhold them from the general good. Point to the bright eynosure of their country's weal, and there their principles and affections settle, as true as the needle to the pole. But as *we* are of the vicinage of GEN. MARKLE, we think it right to bear our testimony to his worth, for the information and satisfaction of our friends. We shall not enter into any political tirade against the gentleman who has been selected by the great party opposed to us. We have no doubt, but that he is a man of great private worth. It is the great antagonistical principles of public policy, which we think ought to draw honorable men into the arena, and make them rally round the man, whose views of public affairs harmonize with their own. To a certain extent, however, private partialities and public services of individuals, *will* mingle in the contest. It may be excusable in us, therefore, the neighbors of Gen. Markle, to state something of his manner of life, for the information of our distant friends.

He is of humble parentage, sprung from the bosom of the old German people, who long before our Revolution, sought a refuge and a home, in the new world, with the pilgrim Anglo Saxons. His father was born in Berks county, and in the year 1770, removed to Westmoreland, when Gen. Markle was born in 1777, where he now resides, in the neighborhood of the mills established by him. The means of education in the western country, at that time, were difficult of access, and the hill of knowledge hard to climb. Nothing but the energy of young Markle's character enabled him to obtain a good country education. But if *science* smiled not on his humble birth, he has been taught abundantly in his diversified and adventurous life the last, best lesson which the world teaches to man—*experience*. At the early age of thirteen years he crossed the mountains for salt, which to the pioneers of the West will recall the period when salt had to be procured by a toilsome journey to the east, with pack horses. This trip was performed by him annually afterwards for several years. In the year 1799, being then 22 years of age, he went with a cargo of flour to New Orleans, then a colonial possession of Spain, and after disposing of his cargo, returned through the wilderness, where there was no road, save the paths "where the hunter of deer and the warrior trod" to this country. It is impossible to contemplate the solitary boat gliding along the great Mississippi, at that early period, guided by a youth of 22 years of age, and his homeward journey through the wilderness, guarding the avails of his cargo, to be deposited in his father's hands on his return, without admiring that energy, of will and resoluteness of purpose, which are the true and best elements of greatness, and are always ready for emergencies when they occur. In the year 1800 he went with another cargo of flour and produce to New Orleans, still a Spanish province, and after disposing of his commodities, he entered as a mariner on board the Letter of Marque Mars, bound for Philadelphia, as he believed that mode of return to his country would give him new light into the affairs of men and things.

The reader will recollect this occurrence was during our difficulties with France, when then there was a *quasi* war—and letters of marque were issued by the Government, and many conflicts occurred at sea. For a number of years afterwards, he went annually to New Orleans, with a cargo of flour, and in the year 1811, in conjunction with Simon Drum, Esq., he erected at his farm, the Sewickly paper mills—the third establishment of that kind which was erected in the Western country. In the year 1812, being selected, by the ardent and patriotic spirits of his neighborhood, who in the contemplation of the war had formed themselves into a troop of cavalry, as their Captain, he and they volunteered their services to the President of the United States, for a tour of twelve months; they were accepted. The hardy and youthful adventurer of the mountain and the mist of the Mississippi and the wilderness, thus became the soldier of his country; and in August, 1812, he was ordered with his troop to Fort George, but at the request of Gen. Harrison, his destination was changed to the North Western Army. It was a gallant sight to see this brave troop marching up the winding road of the hills of the Sewickly, as the last sheen of their swords and the last wave of their banner was seen through the green leaves, and the last *blast of their Bugle* was heard by their wives, their daughters and their friends, assembled on the plain of Millgrove to bid them farewell. When the company arrived at Pittsburg, their first place of rendezvous, they found that the Government had not provided funds for marching the troops to the army, but the bold, and the brave, and the patriotic had their hearts with their country, and difficulties and impediments only stimulated their ardor. That was the time for the energy of Markle's character to show itself; difficulties lay in his way; he struggled with, and overcame them. Many individuals would have found it quite convenient under such circumstances to have returned, and gained a reputation of willingness to serve their country at a cheap sacrifice. Not so with the open, manly, and gallant Capt. Markle. In the energy of a noble spirit, he resolved that his troop should redeem their gage of battle with the enemies of their country. He had no funds at that time of his own; these were exhausted in the erection of the paper mill, the year before; but he had credit. He applied to the old Pittsburg Bank, then the leading institution of that kind in the city, of which we believe the present Secretary of War was President. But it was not convenient for the bank at that time to loan the sum which Gen. Markle wanted, (1,250 dollars.) Not discouraged, however, he then applied to the Farmer's and Mechanic's Bank, of which John Scull was President, and upon his engaging to procure satisfactory endorsers, the bank agreed to lend him the money. There were at that time in Pittsburg many persons from Westmoreland county, who had gone to bid farewell to the soldiers going to the war. Among them Captain Markle procured endorsers to satisfy the bank, and the bank loaned him the money ($1,250.) Captain Markle then contracted with the Quarter-Master, Mr. Wheaton, to take his troops and furnish them with all thing necessary to their comfort, for $800, to Urbana in Ohio, and the overplus he divided among his men to complete their equipments, each of them being entitled to $50 for that purpose by the Act of Congress, authorizing the President to accept 12 months volunteers. Capt. Markle, by rapid marches, reached Urbana sooner than was expected, and saved $300 of the $800, which the Quarter-Master had agreed to allow him for taking his troops to that place. This sum, $300, Capt. Markle might have kept, as he was bound to transport the troop to Urbana, no matter what the cost should be; but the Captain divided it among his men, and the Government received a credit for it, in its settlement with the men. The Government, also, redeemed the note given by Capt. Markle for the $1,250.

It is needless to particularize the engagements and services in which Gen. Markle was engaged during his connection with the North Western Army. Trusted and beloved by his gallant commander, the late President of the United States, he was a favorite in his regiment, and beloved by his men; ever the bravest among the brave and the most unpretending among the modest, his soldierly air, his open, manly front, will long be remembered by his comrades. At the battle of Missisinewa, his post was the post of danger; and he closed the battle, and sealed the victory by a decisive charge, which dislodged the savages from their covert. Many of his comrades were killed, among the rest his brave lieutenant and kinsman, Waltz, fell with the cheer of encouragement on his lips. A more chivalric spirit never died in defence of his country. He was buried in the wilderness by his comrades, to the tune of the soldier's dirge, and the music of his own bugle.

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor shroud we bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

At Fort Meigs, Capt. Markle was engaged in various sorties during the siege, and at the close of his services received a highly complimentary discharge from Gen. Harrison. After his return from the Army, he was much occupied with his paper mill and other business, until about ten or twelve years ago, since which period he has been entirely engaged in the cultivation of his farm.

Such is the man whom the Whigs and Antimasons in Convention assembled, have presented to their friends for the high office of Governor of the State. He is a thorough Whig in principle, notion and feeling. He is not a man of profession, but a man of practice. He makes no high sounding pretensions to *Democracy*; but in his habits, life and action, he is as true a Democrat as ever lived. He is a man that would say, "where liberty dwells there is my country," and none there would set up to that saying at all hazards. General MARKLE has been taught by a long and varied experience, the value of Whig principles, the usefulness and propriety of encouraging, supporting and sustaining the domestic industry and products of the country, against foreign competitions. He has been a manufacturer of paper and flour upon a very large scale. The sympathy of congenial labor and kindred pursuits, always stimulates the friend of one branch of manufactures to be the friend of all—and every American manufacturer will find in Gen. Markle a steady, reasonable and determined friend. Taught by his own experience, by the history of civilized nations every where, he knows that Governments, well administered, can protect the industry, the manufactures, the agriculture and the labor of the Country, both directly, and in various incidental ways—by treaty, by tariff; by navigation and tonage law. And he believes that to do so, is one of the great duties of all wise governments. Our candidate is also in favor of restoring a sound national currency, so that the hard and honest hand of industry, may not be defrauded of part of its earnings by brokers and money changers.

A Republican in every sense of the word, he believes, that the Government ought to accommodate itself to the exigency of the times; and that therefore the expenses ought to be reduced so as to bear a just proportion to the ability of the people to pay taxes. A thorough reform, he believes, ought to be introduced into every branch of the public service; and all expenditures brought down to the lowest point of an economical administration. We know that if he should be elected, he would by every reasonable measure within Executive competency, endeavor to retrench all useless expenses, and those which might be dispensed with for a time, without injury to the public interest, to enable the Government to meet the interest on the public debt without burdening the people too much with taxes, and in order to lay the foundation of measures for the final extinction of the principal.

We have the pleasure of knowing that the Whig Candidate is decidedly and emphatically in favor of maintaining the character, honor and fidelity of the State, in the full discharge of all debts, obligations and contracts, made in the purpuance of the Constitution and laws. And he regards the public debt of Pennsylvania, no matter who the present owners may be, or who the original holders were, as a charge upon the industry, integrity and honor of the States; and upon the principles of Republican or representative government; all which must cease to be respectable in the judgment of civilized communities, if we refuse to redeem the solemn contracts of the representatives of the People, made in pursuance of law and the Constitution.—*Punic faith* will cease to be the stigma thrown by the consent of mankind on dishonest nations; and American States, by a superior proficency in the art of cheating, will be entitled to have the words "American faith" substituted in its place. These are the birds-eye view of the principles of our Candidate, on the faith of which we commend to him your support. He has been no office seeker. After his distinguished friend Gen. Harrison was elected President, they met, on the General's way to Washington, and in the hour of reciprocal pleasure, the President said, "my old comrade, Providence has put something in my power, what can I do for you?". "Nothing, President, nothing. I shall trouble you about some of my friends, but wish nothing for myself, but that your Administration may be prosperous and happy." His present position has been forced upon him by his friends, contrary to his own inclinations. And now that he is in the campus, many an envenomed arrow, we presume, will be aimed at the old soldier.—But those who choose to assail him may remember, that his breast was exposed to the deadly level of the savage rifle, and the point of the British bayonet, when his country called; and that now, wearing the same manly front, he is ready at the call of his friends, and for the good of the common weal, to face his enimies, "nor heed the storm that scowls along the sky." Many a generous and patriotic voice, however, will be raised for him; even among political opponents. The winds of the West as they come fresh from the land now dotted with smiling meadows, fields and hamlets, where thirty years ago, he met the enimies of his Country in a wilderness, will speak for him. The Ladies, God bless them, even the friends of Bravery and Patriotism, will speak for him; and before the next Election, most of the people will speak for him.

On then! on, to the support of the Candidate who will stand by the honor of the State, in the hour of its depression.

RICHARD COULTER,
JAMES MORRISAD,
ALEX. PLUMER,
JOSEPH H. KUHNS,
ANTHONY RUPP,
DAVID PORTER,
THOMAS BORELAND,
JOHN STONER,
PETER GILT,
JOSEPH MARTHEAD,
FREDERICK S. OGEE,
JOHN COOPER,
JOHN MILLIGAN,
JACOB STECK,

March 20, 1844.