Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES. EBENSBURG, AUGUST 6, 1856. VOL. 3. NO. 41.

TERMS.

THE DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL, is published every Wednesday morning, in Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa., at $1 50 per annum, IF PAID IN ADVANCE, if not $2 will be charged.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates, viz:

1 square 3 insertions,	$1 00
Every subsequent insertion,	25
1 square 3 months,	3 00
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" " 1 year,	12 00
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THE WEST BRANCH INSURANCE CO,
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J. C. NOON, Agent.

Ebensburg, April 9, 1856.

Ho! this Way for Bargains!!

NEW GOODS, AND AT FAIR PRICES.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the good citizens of Ebensburg and the surrounding vicinity, that he has just received from the East one of the most choice stock of goods ever brought to this place. The stock is varied, and selected with an eye to the immediate wants of the public. His stock consists of the following:

A general assortment of New Styles of Spring and Summer Goods, comprising a variety of Ladies' Dress Goods, among which will be found

Lawns,	Cassimers,
Delains,	Fancy do.
Alapacas,	Tweeds,
Black Silks,	Kentucky Jeans,
Fancy do.	Fancy Vestings,
Bleached Muslins,	Shirts of all kinds
Unbleached do.	Cravats,
Calicoes,	Plain Gloves,
Ginghams,	Fancy do.
Cloths,	

Together with an innumerable assortment of articles not mentioned, usually kept in a country store. These goods will be sold at fair prices. Call and examine, even if you do not wish to purchase.

MILLINERY GOODS.

CONNECTED with the store is a large stock of *MILINERY GOODS*. Every article in this linewe have on hand, and will be constantly in receipt of the latest styles of *BONNETS*, for old and young. *RIBBONS* of every pattern and color, *LACES, EDGING, &c., &c.*

A beautiful assortment of *MOURNING* Goods now on hand, and at prices to suit the times.—Ladies are respectfully invited to call and examine this stock which is far ahead of any goods of a similar kind brought to this place.

GEORGE M'CANN.

Ebensburg, April 23, 1856.

New Firm.

TAYLOR & JONES, TAILORS.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform the citizens of Ebensburg and the surrounding vicinity, that they have entered into partnership for the purpose of giving full satisfaction to all mankind and in the way of giving fits, they may be found at the old establishment formerly occupied by Beynon and Jones, immediately opposite the store of Geo. McCann. The public may rest assured, that all work entrusted to their care will be made in a workmanlike manner, and at the time promised. Garments will be cut according to the latest fashion.

A. H. TAYLOR.
JOHN JONES.

Ebensburg, March 5th 1856.

Farmer's Look to your Interests!!
I come with Goods to Clothe you!!

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Ebensburg, and farmers of the surrounding country that he has arrived with a large *STOCK OF DOMESTIC DRY GOODS*, consisting of plain and fancy Cassinets—a large variety of *Jeans, Linseys, Barred and Plain Flannels, Blankets, Coverlids and Baize.* The above goods will be exchanged for wool on low terms, and if the goods are not desirable the market price will be paid in Cash.

April 23, 1856. JOS. GWINNER.

GEORGE HUNTLEY,
Wholesale and Retail,
Tin, Copper, and Sheet-Iron Ware Manufacturer.

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally, that he has purchased the Tin Shop, formerly carried on by Messrs. Davis, Evans & Co., and will continue to carry on the business in all its various branches, wholesale and retail. His wares will be made of the very best material, and in the most workmanlike manner. Repairing of all kinds done on the shortest notice, *for cash.*

ALSO,—House Spouting made and put up to order on the lowest terms, *for cash.*

Also on hand and for sale, a large assortment of Cook and Parlor stoves, for coal or wood, Dining room stoves, Egg stoves, &c.

Also a large assortment of grates and fire brick, for Cooking stoves, Coal buckets, Shovels pokers, smoothing irons, &c. &c., all of which will be sold low for cash.

Tin-shop and wareroom in part of the building formerly occupied by Stephen Lloyd as a cabinet wareroom, and opposite Geo. M'Cann's store.

☞ All orders promptly attended to.

Ebensburg, May 7, 1856.—28ly

FASHIONABLE
CLOTHING EMPORIUM.
SPRING & SUMMER CLOTHING.

GREAT ATTRACTION at the New Store of Evans and Hughes, one door above the Store room of Shoemaker & Clark, where the subscribers are at present receiving and opening a large and excellent assortmen of fashionable

Ready Made Clothing

of the latest and most approved styles, which for cheapness and durability can not be excelled by any similar establishment in the county;—not wishing to *brag*, but what we say we will make good or take the *water*. Every article in the clothing line will be kept on hand, viz:—sumer Coats, Sack Coats, Drop do.; Pants, Vests, Cloaks, &c., all of the latest styles.

Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Vestings, of all colours and styles.

Our Department of BOYS CLOTHING promises a much more extensive selection than usual.

We flatter ourselves that we shall be able to furnish garments suitable for all classes, fitted up in such a manner, and on such terms that shall disarm all competition; we therefore ask a liberal share of the public patronage.

EVANS & HUGHES.

June 4, '56.

A Human Life Saved.

DOWAGIAC, Mich., March 11, 1856.

J. A. RHODES, Esq.: Dear Sir—As I took your medicine to sell on consignment, "no cure no pay," I take pleasure in stating its effects as reported to me by three brothers who live in this place, and their testimony is a fair specimen of all I have received:

W. S. CONKLIN told me—"I had taken nine bottles of Christie's Ague Balsam, and continually run down while using it until my lungs and liver were Congested to that degree that blood discharged from my mouth and bowels, so that all thought it impossible for me to live through another chill. The doctors to did all they could for me, but thought I must die. Nothing did me any good until I got Rhodes' Fever and Ague Cure which at once relieved me of the distress and nausea at my stomach and pain in my head and bowels, and produced a permanent cure in a short time."

H. M. CONKLIN says: "I had been been taking medicine of as good a doctor as we have in our county, and taken any quantity of quinine and specifics without any good result, from 25th August to 17th December. But seeing how nicely it operated on my brother, I got a bottle of RHODES' FEVER AND AGUE CURE, which effected a permanent cure by using two thirds of a bottle."

S. M. CONKLIN was not here, but both the other brothers say his case was the same as H. M's. I sold the medicine to both the same day, and the cure was as speedy from the same small quantity and I might so specify, Yours with respect,

A. HUNTINGTON.

The above speaks for itself. Good proof as it is, it is of no better tenor than the vast number of like certificates I have already published, and the still greater amount that is continually pouring in to me.

One thing more. Last year I had occasion to Caution the Public in these words:—

"*I notice one firm who have taken one of my general circulars, substituted the name of their nostrum for my medicine, and then with brazen impudence end their pamphlet with the exclamation, "Let the proprietor of any other medicine say as much if he dares."* &c.

Now I take pleasure in saying that the Caution referred to the same "Dr. Christie's Ague Balsam" that is mentioned in the above certificate.

There are several other industrious people who are applying to their poisonous trash all that I publish about my fever and Ague Cure, or Antidote to Malaria, except the Certificates of Cures, and the Certificate of the celebrated Chemist Dr. James R. Chilton of N. Y., in favor of its perfectly HARMLESS CHARACTER, which is attached to every bottle. These will always serve to distinguish my medicine from imitations.

JAS. A. RHODES, Proprietor.
April 23, 1856. 3m. Providence, R. I.
For sale by Druggists generally.

IMPORTANT TO EVERYBODY.

FOR the last two or three years, I have been engaged in a business known only to myself, and, comparatively, a few others, whom I have instructed for the sum of $200 each, which has averaged me at the rate of from $3,000 to $5000 per annum; and having made arrangements to go to Europe in the month of August next, to engage in the same business, I am willing to give full instructtions in the art to any person in the United States or Canadas, who will remit me the sum of $1. I am induced, from the success I have been favored with, and the many thankful acknowledgments I have received from those whom I have instructed, and who are making from $5 to $15 per day at it, to every person an oppotunity to engage in this business, which is easy, pleasant, and very profitable, at a small cost. There is positively No Humbug in the matter. References of the best class can be given as regards its character, and I can refer to persons whom I have instructed, who will testify that they are making from $5 to $15 per day at the same. It is a business in which either LADIES or GENTLEMEN can engage, and with perfect ease make a very handsome income. Several *ladies* in various parts of New York State, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, whom I have instructed, are now making from $3 to $6 per day at it. It is a GENTEEL BUSINESS, and but a FEW SHILLINGS are required to start it. Upon receipt of $1, I will immediately send to the applicant a printed circular containing full instructions in the art, which can be perfectly understood at once.

Address, A. T. PARSONS, Office, No. 335 Broadway New York.

April 23, 1856.—2 m.

NEW BLACK SMITH SHOP.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Ebensburg and the vicinity that he has rented the SMITH SHOP formerly occupied by Michael McCague, where he intends to carry on the BLACKSMITHING in all its branches. Persons entrusting work to his care can rest assured that it will be promptly attended to and at moderate rates. He would also, inform the citizens that the business of HORSE SHOEING will be superintended by himself personally.—Owners of valuable horses will not be under the necessity of sending their stock to a neighboring village, as his experience in this line is widely known.

ISAAC SINGER.

Ebensburg, April 9, 1856.

GROCERIES, Candies, Nuts and Crackers a J. M'Dermit's.

GOLD Rings and Breastpins—Combs, Portmonies, and Toys, at J. M'Dermit's

Choice Poetry.

From the Crisis.

Shout, Freeman, Shout

AIR—*Dearest Mac,*"

Arouse, ye sons of liberty,
And gird your armor on;
The contest is for truth and right—
The battle must be won.
Arouse! and let your banners wave
In every passing gale,
With Buck and Breck to lead you on,
There's no such word as fail!
Chorus.—Shout, freemen, shout!
Awake the glorious strain,
'Till every hill shall catch the sound,
And send it back again.

Your line extends far to the North,
Where heroes shed their blood.
And lengthens to the sunny South,
Where swells the turbid flood.
The East is ready for the fray,
Where Arostook is rolled,
And strong, brave hearts fill up your ranks,
Far in the land of gold.—*Chorus.*

There's no such word as fail.
And, for the contest nerved,
Proclaim in tones that rend the sky,
That it shall be preserved.
Then up, and fling your banners out
To every passing gale;
With Buck and Breck to lead you on,
There,s no such word as fail.
Chorus.—Shout, freemen, shout!

Political.

Another Important Letter
FROM WILLIAM B. REED, ESQ.

The Dangerous Character of Black Republicanism Exposed.

The Democratic Committee of Franklin county having extended an earnest invitation to William B. Reed, Esq, of Philadelphia, to address the people at the mass meeting of the Democracy at Chambersburg, on 7th of August next, that gentleman makes the following reply, in which he presents most conclusive reasons for sustaining Buchanan and Breckinridge:—

PHILADELPHIA, July 26th 1856

GENTLEMEN—Absolute inability to speak in the open air will prevent me from uniting in your Mass Meetings on the 7th of August, for I am very sure you will not be able to compress within any room built by hands all who will be with you in doing honor to Mr Buchanan. Franklin county if I mistake not, was his birth place. Thence he started to win his way in life, and those, and the children of those, amongst whom he was born, will gladly and resolutely come forward to sustain him now. The intelligent, thrifty men of your county decendants of the robust Scotch, Irish and German pioneers of the Cumberland Valley, will not be wanting at a crisis when civil and religious liberty and the Union of the States are endangered. To the multitude which will be sure to assemble there I could not speak—much as I wish it—but my written words of sympathy and encouragement—of earnest anxiety for the success of the Democratic ticket at both the approaching elections, (one scarcely less important than the other,) I cannot withhold. I shall have my abundant reward if they influence a single reader. Take them, I beg you, for what they are worth. They are at least sincere and disinterested.

I have some associations with Franklin county which are peculiar. I have had friends there, in public and private life who, as contemporaries, were dear to me, and as my seniors, honored me by their counsel. Many of them have passed away—though some are still surviving. I was in the Legislature, on the same side of politics too,—for I am not ashamed of my antecedents, and you would despise me were I to deny them—with David Fullerton and Thomas G. McCullok—and I am very sure, if they were alive now, they would be neither Know-Nothings nor Abolitionists, I served long with Thomas Carson, of Mercersburg, an honest and independent man.—and if there be any one whose private worth and dignified public integrity, I have been taught especially to respect, it is he who still lives honored and esteemed among you —George Chambers. These are the personal associations which affect me May I allude to some others.

I remember, years ago, on a bright summer's afternoon, toiling up the turnpike road on the Cove mountain, in your county, and when I reached the summit, turning to gaze on as beautiful scene as ever gladdened my eye—the valley of peaceful beauty which stretches off to Maryland and towards to Potomac. It is a familiar scene to most of you. To me it was new, and its impression has never faded from my mind. As far as the eye could reach, there was fertility—the signs of tranquil industry; all was beautiful—all was peaceful—it looked, as it was, like the abode of a happy and united people. The political line, separating Pennsylvania from Maryland, traced by those old fashioned surveyors, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, was invisible to no eye. The trees on which they marked it had long been felled or disappeared. Many a farm was separated by it, but, except in the eye of the law, no one knew it or cared about it. I have often—for painful thoughts are thrusting themselves upon me—recalled that scene of actual beauty and united interest, and realized what it would be—what your condition will be—what must be the condition of every county of this Commonwealth lying on the Maryland line; Chester, Lancaster, York, Adams, Franklin, Fulton, Bedford, Somerset, Fayette and Greene; if disunion be forced on us, and the fracture be, as it would be, between what are popularly but falsely called the free and the slave States, between us and Maryland. I wish every man could be made to understand what a frontier is, even that of civilized life. Its daily, hourly vexations and dangers—its line of custom-houses to keep the smuggler in and out—the crowds of fugitives from justice and labor, infesting every avenue and conceded in every thicket—the murderer striking down his victim to-day and flying with the fresh blood on his hand to a foreign territory to-morrow—the bickering, the strife, the hot blast of conterminous dispute—all this would be the daily doom of every Southern county of this State; and across the beautiful valley I have spoken of would be distressingly visible, the actual, broad, perhaps bloody line which disunion must trace. This is true though hard to conceive. Pennsylvanians, and you, citizens of Franklin county, have so long reposed in the very centre of the Union, that you cannot understand how you become a frontier and how you will suffer when you do.

There was a time, before the Union was framed, unless my reading of history much misleads me, when these fancied dangers were realities. Let the Union be broken, and they will be realities again. I read in the history of your own county (and it applies to every border county) words which it is well to think of, for they may become truth again to-morrow:

"It surpassed," says a writer, "the powers of the settlers to curb the wild and lawless spirit of the traders and frontiers men — The Conococheaque settlements were infested with bands of desperate marauders and counterfeiters, who bade defiance to all laws. They had an organized line through the Cumberland Valley into Virginia They drove a brisk trade by stealing horses and cattle. After the British retired, they carried on an extensive trade amongst themselves by stealing horses at the South; passing them along the line to the North where they could not be recognized, and exchanging them for others stolen at the North. The long narrow valleys and secluded coves of the Blue Mountain afforded a convenient route and secure hiding places. These were no shabby villains: they wore the finest dresses, sported the best horses, and could display more jewelry than any others in the settlements, and though the source of their sudden wealth was suspected, no one dared to prove it against them. When not engaged in stealing, they resorted to counterfeiting Continental money, and sauntering round the towns, passed it on travelers. If any one resisted or threatened to bring them to justice, his barn or crops were destroyed by fire." This is history, and why may it not become history again? It is the Union and the Constitution alone which prevent it—and you are asked to put them at risk.

This is no rhetorical exaggeration. It is the sure fore-cast of an inevitable truth—and I exaggerate as little when I say, that never until now, have I felt the danger of disunion to be imminent. I tremble, in no imaginary panic, but on sober conviction, when I think how near it may be—how sure in one event it must be. Let me in temperate and guarded language say why I think there is danger and how Mr. Buchanan's election can alone avert it.

There now lies before me as I write, a few words of prophetic wisdom, written long before the present divisions of parties arose, which are very striking. They are the words of John C. Fremont's father-in-law: "The substitution," says Mr. Benton in the early pages of his "Thirty Years," "of geographical parties discriminated by the slave line would, of course, destroy the just and proper action of the federal government, and lead eventually to the separation of States." "If," wrote Mr. Madison nearly forty years ago, when the danger was very far off, a state of parties should arise founded on geographical boundaries, what is to control these great repulsive masses from awful shocks against each other?" Now if these be words of wisdom, if such are to be the probable consequences of geographical parties strictly drawn, may not the trial of the Union be at hand? In speaking of geographical parties, no sane man means to say or ever has said, that the mere fact of the candidates for President and Vice President on a ticket, being from one section of the country, make a party sectional or geographical. Our political history shows this is not so—and it may admit of some question, (Mr. Fremont's residence being rather ambulatory,) whether his is in this sense a sectional party now No one yet knows exactly where the Vice President is to hail from But that which makes a party sectional and geographical, is the principle which underlays it, the influence that controls it—the aggregate men that compose it, the flags that are flying over it; and looking at them now, when was there a party more intensely and malignantly sectional, and more offensively geographical than that which in the last coinage of counterfeits, dares to call itself Republican. I have not time, nor is the work congenial to my taste, to point to the proof of this, so far as individuals are concerned. There is not a leading Abolition agitator in Pennsylvania who is not enrolled in the Republican ranks. You know it in your neighborhood. I see it in mine. The campaign is conducted on purely Abolition principles, and those principles are avowed to be, hostility to Southern interests and insult to Southern feelings Nay, further: so confessed is this sectionalism, that this Republican party does not pretend to ask a single electoral vote, or venture to circulate on an electoral ticket South of Pennsylvania. It is meant to be an absolute triumph of the North over the South. Nothing less will satisfy those who control it.

Now when it is said or foretold that to this the South cannot submit, and that in this refusal, the Union breaks asunder, I appeal to candid conservative men in the North, is there not reason in it? If the converse of the proposition could be stated, would the North submit? Certainly not, and that which is called disorganizing rebellion and treason now, would be honorable resistance then. It is painful to write or talk about such things, but we cannot shut our eyes to them. An Executive administration elected on the principles of the Republican party, and influenced by its spirits, could not organize itself—and when the hour of distraction and disunion comes, it will require a wiser and calmer intelligence than fanaticism can furnish to compose the storm—a hand stronger than that of an adventurer to hold the helm

The danger is before us and around us. As a citizen of the North, I have sought to conceal it from myself, but it will not down at my bidding. I do not draw this inference from the language of extreme men; but when I hear a Senator from Kentucky—a Whig Senator—a moderate and conservative man, within this month, in his place in the Senate, say—"I have never paid much attention to the talk about a dissolution of the Union; but I have often thought on the subject, and my conviction is that the election of Fremont, or any man of that party, is the knell of the Union."—speech of Thomson, National Intelligencer, July 17.) When such words as these are uttered, not by the heated South, but by the temperate and loyal West, we have a right to say there is danger and very great danger too The South on this subject of the Presidency, is not violent or loud, but its silence is very ominous and most impressive

Mr. Buchanan stands before the nation—and this is the ground over which conservative men should come to his support—as the representative of the principle which alone can avert their evils, that of repressing extirpation of all agitation on this subject of slavery, let it come from what quarter it may. He has said in simple and earnest language, that it will be his aim. It must for the good of the nation come to an end. It can be put an end to, by the strong moral power which a national man can exercise, and at a time when the relations of the Union are not disturbed but harmonised and reconciled by the expression of the popular will, rebuking decisively fanaticism of any sort;—and this rebuke the Northern and Middle States are bound to give. Without this co-operation, Mr. Buchanan may strive, and strive successfully to stay this noisy current of political agitation. With it his success is easy, and the peace of the nation is secured, It is the conviction of this—aside altogether from regard that has brought me and thousands like me to his support.

For a Pennsylvania man—for one whose earliest lesson was reverence for the great principle which William Penn enunciated, and whose habits of thought and education make him adverse to secret or intolerant political organization, there was no other path open. That into which some inconsiderate people are now seduced, of what is known as the "American" organization, can have no attraction for me or any conservative man.—Believing as I do, that Mr. Fillmore took more than one initiatory oath in a Know-Nothing Lodge, by which he bound himself to proscribe politically his fellow-citizen who professed one form of christian faith, and those who happened to have been born abroad, and to conform his opinions and regulate his political action by the decision of a secret, oath-bound, political club, I cannot vote for him. My antipathy to this secret and unconstitutional organization is no new feeling; I spoke it out long ago; I shall never change it. As one of the leaders of this party of intolerance as one who gave to it the authority of his name and past position, I hold Mr. Fillmore responsible for a deep wound to the cause of political morality If there is one thing about which the people of this country are and ought to be sensitive, it is their right to worship God as they please. They claim to worship God under such forms of ecclesiastical discipline as they choose to enforce upon themselves,—with such ceremonial, simple or elaborate, as they please, on such days and in such places as they choose for themselves, and this great privilege of religious duty, the Constitution guards and protects. It is equally the privilege of all. There is not a Protestant who is not as much interested in guarding this constitutional right as the Catholic Christians whom Mr. Fillmore, and his secret confederates, have sworn to proscribe. It was, I repeat, the worst wound ever inflicted on political morality in this country, when these secret oath-bound associations of religious intolerance were created. It was a sad spectacle when a statesman like Mr Fillmore joined them.

Regretting once more that I am unable to be with you, and to say what I have thus written.

I am very respectfully, your friend,
WILLIAM B. REED.

To Messrs. Brewer, Reill, Nill, M'Clintock Sinsiny, Democratic Executive Committee, Chambersburg.

"THE CONSTITUTION NOT WORTH A RUSH."—At a recent Black Republican meeting in Springfield, Mass., Fitz-Henry Warren, of Iowa, said the present difficulties between the North and South" would be settled by the cartridge-box if not by the ballot box; that, in certain contingencies, *the Constitution of the United States was not worth a rush.*"

Mark the atrocious spirit of Black Republicanism. If it cannot succeed at the ballot-box, it threatens to have recourse the cartridge-box? It considers the Constitution as not worth a rush!" Can any one opposed to a dissolution of the Union act with an organization whose leaders express such diabolical sentiments?

SAN FRANCISCO.—During the last seven years, *fourteen hundred murders*, it is said, have been perpetrated in and about San Francisco, and the city itself has been burned down *seven times.*

Washington's Last Moments.

Gov. Wise, of Virginia, delivered an oration on the 4th, in which he thus described the last moments of Washington:—

"He died as he lived, and what a beautiful economy there was in his death! Not a faculty was impaired, not on error had marred the moral of his life. At sixty six, not quite three score years and ten, he was taken away whilst his example was perfect. He took cold slighted the symptoms saying 'let it go as it came.' In the morning of the 14th December, 1799, he felt severe illness; called in his overseer, Mr Rawlings, to bleed him.

"He was agitated, and Washington said to him, 'don't be afraid.' When about to tie up his arm, he said with difficulty 'more.' After all efforts had failed, he designated the paper he meant for his will, then turned to Tobias Lear and said, 'I find I am going;—my breath cannot continue long. I believed from the first it would be fatal. Do your arrange and record all my military letters and papers; arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr. Rawlings finish recording my other letters which he has begun.' Between five and six o'clock he said to his physician, Dr. Craik, 'I feel myself going;—you had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly; I cannot last long.'

"Shortly after again he said, 'Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go; I believed from my first attack I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long' About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak to Mr. Lear, and at last said, 'I am just going Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead.' Lear says 'I bowed assent. He looked at me again and said 'Do you understand me?' I replied 'Yes, sir'—'Tis well,' said he. And these were his last words, and 'tis well his last words were 'Tis well.' Just before he expired he felt his own pulse; his hand fell from his wrist, and George Washington was no more."

BUCHANAN'S PROSPECTS.—The Boston Courier, an Old-line Whig paper, which, in his lifetime, was the organ of Mr. Webster, has an article upon the Presidential election, in which it says:

"Thus Mr. Buchanan enters the field with the whole Southern political force in his favor; he is as certain of the electoral vote of Pennsylvania—if any dependence can be placed upon the previous and well-known action of Pennsylvania with regard to her politicians and her interests—as the sun is to rise on the day of the Presidential election—and he then wants but two electoral votes to make him President. California has never shown any peculiar favor toward Col. Fremont—he was refused a re-election to the United States Senate about a year after she came in as a State—his claim for her four votes has acquired no recent strength, and California has shown less disposition to sympathise with anti-slavery than any other Northern State in the Union. He has then to look to Iowa, Indiana and Illinois in the West—to New Jersey, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Maine in the North—all of which are debatable States, even with the anti-slavery furor, now dying out, which is expected to be brought into action among their voters, and his chances of success with them is no better, if they are as good, as those of the Democratic candidate. There are other Northern States which might be put into the same category, and there is, besides the great State of New York, with her thirty-five electoral votes, which, in the present State of the canvass, the Republicans cannot claim with any surety of success. The friends of Mr. Fillmore will, without doubt, run an electoral ticket for him, and as they carried a plurality in the last State election, though they may be weakened by dissensions now, they constitute a force which is not to be despised, and they have a large body of men in their ranks who can never be brought to the support of the Republican ticket.

An Old Game.

The Black Republicans are at their old game of making a President by Railway and Steamboat voting. Gen. Jackson was utterly routed in this way: Col. Polk stood no chance at all; and four years ago, when, at the election, Gen. Scott received the electoral votes of but four States, pretty much all the votes taken upon public highways exhibited his opponent in a wretched minority. We can scarcely take up a black republican paper now that does not furnish statements of similar votes, consigning Mr. Buchanan to hopeless defeat. Democrats do not now, more than formerly, comprise the traveling community. It is no fiction that nine-tenths of the Democratic ballots are deposited by farmers, mechanics and laboring men. They are not travelers, nor birds of passage who flit between city, living by no honest toil, and having no great interest in an honest administration of the government. They are staid citizens, intelligent upon all public questions, and always vote understandingly. While they do not comprise a majority of the traveling community, they do comprise a majority of the people, which accounts for the results of the elections generally.

The Contrast.

The Springfield Argus makes the following pointed contrast:

"Buchanan is a statesman; Fremont is an adventurer; Buchanan is known and tried; Fremont is unknown, untried. Buchanan has served his country faithfully in important political stations for over forty years; Fremont has explored the Rocky mountains and eaten dog." Buchanan has the qualifications for the presidential office; Fremont is utterly without them."

☞ Congress will adjourn on the 18th inst.