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BY GEO. W. ROWMAN.

NEW SERIES.

Select Poetry.



ANGEL-MUSIC.

When the twilight weeps 'neath the azure veil,
And the sweet flowers sigh as the day grows pale,
Then an angel comes on her silver wings,
And a golden harp in her hand she brings;
Soft, sweet and low,
Rich numbers flow,
And I hush my breath while the angel sings!

Oh! the love rays fall from the dew-filled eye,
Like the soft star beams from the twilight sky,
And she fans my brow with her fragrant wings,
While she gently strikes on the golden strings!
Soft, sweet and low,
Rich numbers flow,
And I weep for joy while the angel sings!

Like the soft, south wind, when she swooshes the flowers,
Like the glad bird's note in love-sweathed bowers,
Like the thrilling sighs of the wind's harp-strings,
Are the rapture-tones that the angel sings!
Soft, sweet and low,
Glad breathings flow,
And I dream of love while the angel sings!

Like the plaintive voice of the moaning pine,
Like the wild, wild wail of the heaving brine,
Like the groans that sweep on night-wind's wings,
Is the strange, sad song that the angel sings!
Dark, deep and low,
Sad meanings flow,
And I weep o'er the lost while the angel sings!

Then a lofty strain on the rich harp swells,
And the soul of bliss in its music dwells;
And the tide of song o'er the glowing strings
Flows fresh and free from the Eden springs!
Soft, sweet and low,
Rich breathings flow,
And I dream of Heaven while the angel sings!

MINNIE.

An Admirable Letter from an old Line Whig.

We have read with great pleasure the letter of Hon. SAMUEL CARUTHERS, a Whig member of Congress from Missouri, to his constituents, explaining his past action and defining his present position. Mr. CARUTHERS having voted for the Democratic candidates for Speaker and been charged with betraying the Whig party and abandoning the principles upon which he was elected he replies as follows:

And who is it that makes these charges? Is it the old line Whigs? I have not heard of an old line Whig, either in my district or elsewhere who does not endorse my course. These charges are made by the Know Nothing press of my State, and by anonymous know nothing scribblers, the latter of whom, never having had an honest motive themselves, have no conception of the thing in others. They charge me with betraying the Whig party! They say they do it in the dark—they who come forth from their concealments with their hands dripping with its blood—they who met at Philadelphia in convention, and vauntingly proclaimed its death—with a pharisaical affectation of piety, declare that they are not responsible for its doings and its violations of pledges; that it is a "revolting and unchristian power, and brought our institutions into peril." Yes, while I stand a mourner at the grave of the Whig party, they are rejoicing at its death and calculating its life! Yet these men have the unflinching hardihood to tell me with abandonment of that once noble party!—Was ever impudence more gigantic and more absurd!

But it is sometimes softly and gently whispered that the American party is the Whig party in disguise. If this is so, they have solemnly declared a lie in their own conventions, and it is a cheat and a fraud upon the democrats in the order. So they have either abandoned their party, and have no right to abuse, or are engaged in a fraud which makes their abuse a compliment. I tell these gentlemen they have slain my first love, and left me a political widow; and I have a perfect right to marry another party if I see proper!

We would like to see a reply to this extract from some admirer of the political hybrid called "Sam."

It appears that Mr. CARUTHERS was censured by some of his enemies at home for not supporting Mr. Fuller, of this State, for Speaker. After showing up Mr. F.'s changes of front on the slavery question—and wonderful changes they are, truly,—Mr. C. says:

But it is said that Mr. Fuller is a know nothing, and therefore I should have given him my vote. The contest for the speakership developed the fact that there are now three parties in the country—the northern know nothing and abolition party, fused under the name of black republican, the (so-called) "national Americans," and the democratic party. This know-nothing party was born amid the fictitious excitement manufactured by abolitionists and disunionists out of the passage of the Kansas Nebraska bill.—It sprung at once, like Minerva from the brain of Jove, full armed, and entered the political arena. In the morning of its existence it was full of promise. It declared that it would say to the angry wares, "Peace, be still!" that it was the only, broad, national, conservative party; that its great, paramount mission was to save the Union, which was imperiled by agitation. Relying upon these promises, confiding in these assurances, many good men everywhere—many in my district—went into this organization: I went twice (and but twice), into their councils. I say "SAM." It took

two visits to see him all over. I made them; I saw enough, and determined to never look on his face again!

In dealing frankly with you, it is due that I should make this acknowledgment. I would not have the vote of an anti-know nothing in my district without his knowledge that I had been in their councils; nor would I have the vote of a know nothing without his knowing that I am not of his order. I may prove wanting in ability to serve; I shall never prove wanting in candor towards you. It has been the habit of my life to defend my course against all odds when I believe it is right, and to acknowledge my errors when I believe I have done wrong. I freely admit to you that I ought never to have gone into a secret political society of any kind whatever; that they are wrong in principle, against the very genius of our institutions, dangerous in practice, and should be avoided by all men of all parties. I objected then, and object now, to the whole machinery of its organization; I objected then, and object now, to an indiscriminate proscription of naturalized citizens from office; I objected then, and object now, to anything that even looks like making a religious test. A Protestant by birth, Protestant by education, by prejudice, by reason, by faith; a Protestant in all, (I regret to say except the practice), was a Catholic organization formed to brand me as unworthy of public trust because of my religious opinions, I would call upon every honest Catholic in the land to aid me in striking it down. As I would have them do unto me I will do unto them.

The Catholic and Protestant have fought side by side on those battle-fields where our liberties were won; and when pestilence has stalked at noonday through our cities, leaving a track of desolation and death, we have seen the Protestant and Catholic ministry again laboring side by side to stay its awful ravages—to administer balm to the sick, consolation to the dying, and decent interment to the dead! If we kneel not at the same altars, under the same forms, we worship the same God; we are pointed to the same accountability for sin, and to the same Heaven as a reward for piety! Why should we not have controverted points of theology to the ministry of the churches? Why should we laymen go on—as we should go on—in brotherly love and confidence? As I have opposed the dragging of politics up into the pulpit, I oppose drawing religion down into politics.

Why should Protestants agitate this subject? Why should they endeavor to build up a political party upon a subject on which they can have no political action? You are forbidden to act by the constitution of the United States.—The constitution says that "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Take this case: Suppose a Protestant, having sworn in Roman Catholic to office, is elected. He takes an oath to support the Constitution of the United States. This constitution says that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." Suppose, then, a man is presented for office; does he not have to inquire, under his first oath, if the man is a Catholic?—If he is, then he must refuse him on that account. If he does so refuse him, he violates his last oath, because he then swore he would make "no religious test." Is comment necessary?

There is food for reflection in the foregoing extract, which we trust the reader has carefully perused. Many good men in our country have, like Mr. CARUTHERS, "seen enough of Sam" in the course of a few visits to his hiding place.

After contrasting the consistent course of the Democratic party on all great public questions, with the vacillating action of the Know Nothing party, Mr. CARUTHERS appeals to all the honest men still remaining in the bogus "American" organization to leave it:

And now—I do not ask the aspirants for my place—I do not ask those who want to go as know-nothings to the Legislature—those who want to be the Sheriff, county judges, squires, or constables, &c.—but I ask the true men of my district—the real people, where I have always found my friends—the men who have no object but the good of their country at heart—to do as I have done—abandon this organization! If it has not failed, utterly, completely, entirely failed, as a sound, national, conservative party?—if every intelligent man does not know that it has failed?—and if every honest man will not acknowledge the fact?

As to the great catch-words, "Americans shall rule America!" I am in favor of Americans ruling America. They do, they always have, and they always will rule America. But who are Americans? Your laws declare that when a man has been here five years—when he will under oath, renounce all allegiance to any foreign prince, potentate, or power—when he will prove that he is of good moral character—attached to the institutions of the United States—he may be declared an American, and your law makes him a citizen. It is a fraud upon him if you do not give him all the rights of citizenship.

I have always understood that three grand leading ideas run through our institutions, giving them all their vitality, their beauty, and their power—first, that the people are capable of self-government. This is the doctrine of the Kansas Nebraska bill. Second, that we had made an asylum to which the oppressed of every land might come as a refuge; that here they might worship as equal at the altar of our liberty, that here they might lift up their hearts to their God according to the dictates of their consciences, and there should be none to molest them. Third, that there should be no aristocracy of birth. I have regarded, and do regard, these as the peculiar pride and boast of my

country. I regard them as the three grand and massive pillars upon which the whole magnificent structure of our government rests. I will not, by any action of mine, deface or mar these pillars.

Mr. CARUTHERS next discusses the practicability of reorganizing the Whig party. The Know Nothings have utterly destroyed it, and have not built up a respectable party to take its place. Mr. CARUTHERS has therefore wisely determined to connect himself with the only political organization which gives promise of usefulness to the country. He says:

I have seen the Democracy come down from the North and up from the South, and gathering in solid column around the constitution, declare that the rights of the south, the just equality of the States, the capacity of man for self-government, are their bonds of brotherhood; that they will protect that constitution against all the assaults of all the isms in the land. While they continue to occupy this proud position I am with them and of them!

Then, Mr. CARUTHERS, you are "with us and of us" for all time, for we will occupy this proud position till the sound of the last trumpet. And right cordially do we welcome you to our ranks, for we know that the fire of true Americanism glows in your breast.

Let every honest Whig who would preserve the high places of his country from defilement by political adventurers who have neither fixed principles nor capacity to administer public trusts, follow the example of Mr. CARUTHERS. Let them connect themselves with the Democratic party, which is willing to receive them without the mummery of an "initiation" or the mockery of an oath. Its future progress will be a grand triumphal march to the music of the Union, and every lover of his country ought to enroll himself in its ranks.

LETTER OF RICE W. PAYNE, ESQ.

PARIS, Faquier Co., Va., May 18, '55.

To the Editors of the Virginia Sentinel:

Please publish the following letter and oblige.

Your obedient servants,

LEWIS EDMONDS,

THOS. M. SHEARMAN,

WM. G. BYRD,

WM. KENDALL,

WARRENTON, Va., May 12th, 1855.

GENTLEMEN:—Your letter of the 10th inst.

informing me that by a resolution adopted in a Democratic meeting, recently held in your town, you had been appointed a committee to invite me to address my fellow-citizens in that part of the County, on the subject of Know Nothingism, was received on yesterday.

I hasten to say to you that I am truly gratified by this additional mark of favorable consideration on the part of those of my countrymen living most remote from my home; and to thank you for the kindly terms in which you have seen fit to convey to me this invitation. From time to time, invitations have been received by me from different quarters, to take part in the public discussions of the day, but have in every instance been declined, from necessity, no less than from inclination. The quiet pursuit of my profession is more congenial to my tastes and habits, and its duties spare me but little leisure. I assure you, however, that the flattering form in which you have been authorized to present to me this invitation from a body of gentlemen opposed to me in political sentiment, (Know Nothingism excepted) strongly inclines me to forego a resolution of some years' standing,—not again to mingle publicly in the contests of political parties,—if my engagements would permit me to appoint a day for meeting you before the election.

Be assured that such inclination would be greatly strengthened, could I really think with you, that anything I might say could be productive of the least good.

With undiminished faith in the conservatism and safety of true Whig principles, amid the strange confusion and lamentable wreck of my party, I would esteem it a great privilege to be instrumental in saving one Whig from the vortex which has drawn so many into the great maelstrom of Know Nothingism.

I concur with you fully in the opinion you express, that there are many in your community, as elsewhere, who still cling to the spirit of the old Whig party, and who are sorely troubled and perplexed by the disorder and confusion that has arisen upon the sudden and violent disruption of that party, whose principles they still cherish, and in whose ranks they were once so proud to stand. With my convictions however, which, to be candid, know no change or shadow of turning, I could not with any sincerity or propriety, advocate the abandonment of his principles by any Whig, however isolated he may stand as to party, by the adoption of the Democratic creed. But I can, with all propriety, entreat every Whig who neither affiliates nor sympathizes with the new order, to repudiate the Winchester Know Nothing ticket, at whose head stands the name of one who, in mockery, still styles himself a Whig. I would go further and say, better far that all such Whigs, still firm and true to their ancient faith, true to their country's best interests, and true to Southern institutions, should vote, if they vote at all, for Henry A. Wise, the Democratic candidate, than for Thomas S. Flournoy.

It is most cheerfully admitted that the former is far more acceptable than his opponent, who has proved himself capable of sacrificing on the altar of self-promotion, that party at whose hands, in days past, he had sought and received position and honor, and of prostituting its great principles to an order newly arisen from the shades of night, and commended to him

mainly because of its fanciful strength.

Mutually adhering, then, to the tenets of our respective political creeds, we can yet meet cordially and in good faith, upon the common ground of antagonism to an oath-bound party, whose pretensions and practices ought to condemn it in the judgment of the reflecting, independent, and conservative men of all parties. On the common platform of hostility to an association whose tendencies I religiously believe, are dangerous to the civil and religious freedom of our country, I meet you with hand and heart. I claim not to be behind any one in an unconquerable aversion to such a party.

Why am I opposed to it? Is it from mere whim or caprice? No. Is it because its ranks have been swelled mainly by deserters from the Whig party? No. True, it is to me a humiliating fact that but a remnant of the Whig party have stood firmly by their colors; hardly enough, indeed, to form and stand in safety, the old Whig ship, amidst the eddies and howls and storms, which now agitate the ocean of its political existence. But this dishonorable excites compassion, rather than animosity. It is upon other and higher grounds that my opposition to the new order rests. I have neither space nor time to enumerate one half of the objections that occur to me, but will venture to present to you hurriedly, one or two reasons sufficient, in my humble opinion, to condemn it with all right-minded, independent men, whether Whigs or Democrats.

First, I despise the subtle arts and trickeries that by day and by night, are practiced by the whippersnappers of the order, to swell their numbers and increase their strength. They excite the curiosity of youth, and the credulity of the ignorant; they tantalize the cupidity of avaricious sportsmen; fire the aspirations of the more ambitious partizan, and inflame even the blind, but honest prejudices, of the zealot and the bigot.

Secondly, I condemn all secret political combinations. In a country like this, where no trammels are imposed upon the freedom of speech, they are not only unnecessary, but mischievous. They are at war with the genius of our people, and the spirit of our institutions, whose welfare and preservation depend in no slight degree, upon the free, open, and manly discussion in public places, of those great national questions in which all are interested. Political principles and public measures need no hiding places for their discussion. The broad sunlight of day is best adapted to their development and growth. A policy that depends on secrecy for success, cannot be inherently right. And yet, save from rumor, we know as little of the midnight councils of this secret American party, as the unfathomable secrets of the grave.

Thirdly, A most serious objection is the spirit of despotism that reigns upon this mysterious order. The old "Council of Ten," whose iron sway broke the spirit of the proud Venetians, was not more secret or despotic. It is now a conceded fact that the members of this order are bound by the solemn obligations of an oath, or pledge,—larding some special and admissible excuse,—blindly to support those candidates for office, high or low, who may be chosen in the secret chambers of the order.

How can an American freeman reconcile it to himself, thus to manacle his will? How can any true Virginian thus enslave himself by submitting his judgment to the dictation of unlicensed authority, and yet preserve his sense of self-respect? These enquiries are not meant for taunts. They are put in a spirit of perfect candor, to high-toned, honorable, and independent men. Answer for them: It cannot be! They must either bid adieu to their independence, or burst the shackles that bind them. But alas, none who enter there, return as they had entered. They were taught the duty, if essential to the interests of their order, to trample on the sacred feelings, and nearest social ties; betray the trusts of confidence, and sacrifice the matured and valued friendship of years. Yes, it invades the sanctities of social life, and fosters the detestable vices of equivocation and deception. This is no fancy sketch. I have witnessed the sudden decay of old friendships, and the pitiable practice of deceit, with the tried and trusted intimacies of a lifetime—all, all, the fruits of this secret order. Can any one, then, doubt that its tendencies are to debauch the public morals, lower the standard of public and private virtue, destroy all confidence between man and man, and sap the very foundations on which rests the fabric of society.

My fourth objection is, the senseless hue and cry they have suddenly raised against the luckless wights of foreign birth who have been tempted to our shores in the confidence that here is the best "land of the free" whether they had been invited as the great asylum of the oppressed of every clime, they would enjoy the privileges of citizenship, and equal rights with American freemen. This alarm about the dangers resulting from foreign immigration is too sudden to be real and sincere. If the evil actually existed, I would go as far as the farthest in correcting it. But had I the time, I could, I think, demonstrate that the remedies proposed are worse than the evil. So far as I am concerned, I have not, nor could ever have, any dread of foreigners. It is all claptrap conceived and agitated by demagogues to win favor with certain classes.

From the death struggles of the Revolution down to the brilliant achievements of our arms on the crimsoned fields of Mexico, on every field of valor these now despised foreigners have rallied around the banner of our Union, and contributed largely to the common glory of our country; and the idea that any man or set of men in whose human heart dwells the innate love of liberty, should be hostile to those institutions which confer such a boon, is too absurd to need refutation. The instincts of man are every where the same, and his love of freedom is all-prevailing as the air he breathes. It is idle to suppose that the friendless wanderer from his

fatherland, in search of refuge from the hand of tyranny and oppression should ever conceive a dislike to free institutions. On the contrary it is but natural that he should cling to them with intense devotion—than those who have known no other lot than the home of freedom.

If I feared that to abuse your patience, I could fill this sheet with a long roll of illustrious names, and a lengthy catalogue of noble deeds of patriotic devotion to our Republic on the part of those whose birth-place was abroad. The theme is too full to enter upon.

Lastly, I object most strongly to that odious but prominent feature in the creed of this party,—the proscription of Catholics on account of their religion. This is an objection which every liberal and enlightened man must have, whether religious or irreligious. Indeed it must be objectionable to every one who has ever felt one touch of Christian charity. I hold that no man has a right to thrust himself between another and his God. Freedom of conscience is a personal right which comes from on High.

The idea is not without force, that in matters of religion, every man may have his hands full in attending to his own soul, without disturbing himself about the consciences of others. This was the idea that led the good and wise founders of the Republic, men of a purer day, to incorporate into our system, State and Federal, the glorious feature of religious toleration. Had Mr. Jefferson never penned another line, the authorship of the act of religious toleration alone would have made his name immortal. I am by birth and conviction, a Protestant, and had imbibed the prejudices of early Protestant association and education; but I am aware that Catholics believe as we do, in the same great mystic Trinity, and worship, only with different forms and ceremonies, at the same great Altar, with equal sincerity, purity, and piety. Why then should they not be left undisturbed in the practice of their religion according to the dictates of their own conscience?

But the insane cry is, they must be proscribed,—excluded from all office of trust or emolument, because they recognize the civil as well as the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Pope,—that their civil and spiritual obligations are inconsistent, and hence their presence is dangerous to our Republican system. This idea has obtained great currency through the knavery of some, and the ignorant credulity of others. Is it true? No. It is about as near the truth as the orb of Jupiter is to that of our earth.—The Roman Pontiff is the temporal Prince of the states of the Church, a little patch of territory near the centre of Italy. He is the civil ruler there, like any other potentate in the petty States of Europe. As Bishop of Rome, not as a Temporal Prince, he is the ecclesiastical head of the whole Catholic Church. But he has no more to do with the civil or political rights and privileges of the Catholic citizens of other countries, nor exerts more authority beyond his tiny empire, than the King of Siam, or the Supreme Ruler of the Sandwich Islands.—Nor do Catholics recognize his civil authority here, any more than the Episcopalians of Virginia recognize that of Bishop Ahrade.

These are truths that cannot be controverted. But if higher authority be required, those who still doubt, have only to refer to the authoritative statements which from time to time, have appeared under the sanction and endorsement of the highest dignitaries of the Church; among whom may be named Bishop Kenrick of Baltimore, and Bishop McGill of Virginia.

Those who lay claim to historical information, if they be not satisfied, I would refer to the parliamentary History of England, which contains the authoritative declarations of the first theologians of that age, and of all the highest Catholic Universities in the world, elicited during the discussion of Catholic emancipation. These, the enquirer after truth may read with profit, along with those intellectual efforts called forth on the occasion, that grace the brightest pages of England's political annals. Let him read these, and feel ashamed to have betrayed his ignorance of the great events of modern times.

But gentlemen, these facts are well known to the better informed, and the leaders of this secret movement. They know full well that there is no class of citizens more loyal to our institutions than the Catholics, or who fulfill more faithfully all the duties of the citizen.—Nor have they forgotten how freely were Catholic blood and treasure expended in our early struggles for independence. They remember too well the heroic deeds on land and on sea, that have canonized the name of so many Catholic patriots native and foreign. Neither have they forgotten that it was in a Catholic Church in the city of Philadelphia, that the father of his country and his Ministers met to acknowledge the blessings of God, and to hear from a Catholic Minister, thanksgiving for the liberal aid we had received from Catholic France.

But still the cry of Papal influence is rung in the ears of the ignorant and the bigoted, with no other purpose than that of making capital. They hope to obtain the ascendancy, and control the political power of the country, by playing all arts, and practising all devices to draw the good as well as the bad, within the meshes of their order. Thus many honest upright members of the Protestant denominations have been seduced into membership, or won over to the ranks of outside sympathizers and abettors, by having their religious prejudices adroitly played upon and aroused. To such as these I would commend the Latin Maxim, "I fear the Greeks though bearing presents." For should this order succeed in its crusade against Catholicity, it would seek with inflamed spirit of intolerance, victims of proscription in some other religious sects. Nor should they forget that before our act of religious toleration, it was a common occurrence in Virginia, for Baptist Ministers to preach to their followers from the iron-barred windows of our county jails.—Such events stain even the early annals of our own country. The spirit that animates this new revolutionary order, is the same, curbed by the

present, by legal and constitutional restraints, that once proscribed and imprisoned the Baptists of Virginia.

But gentlemen, I will pursue this subject no farther. My feelings have betrayed me into a much lengthier response than I had intended. Trusting its perusal may not weary your patience.

I remain with great respect and regard,
Your obedient servant,
RICE W. PAYNE.

To Messrs. LEWIS EDMONDS,
THOS. M. SHEARMAN,
WM. G. BYRD, and
W. KENDALL, } Committee.

WHISLING TO KEEP THEIR COURAGE UP.

"It makes very little difference who they (the Democrats) nominate, the Americans are determined to rule America, and have made up their minds to elect the next President."

Know-Nothing papers.

An article on the Presidency, containing the above extract, is at present being copied very generally by the Know-Nothing papers all over the country. Know-Nothing editors, if they have no other qualities, are at least good at "brag," and like the boy going through the woods, keep up a constant whistling to keep their courage up. But their deceptive practices and vain boasts cannot avail them, for the people, now that they have had a trial of this hydra-party in most of the States, are ready to crush the monster, and smother in the dust the diseased politicians who still adhere to the wretched principles Know-Nothingism inculcates. It is very true that "Americans are determined to rule America." They always have, and always will rule the destinies of this nation. But it is not the bastard Americans of the present day—not your miserable Know-Nothing demagogues—the BENTLINS, RIVERS, HISSes, and their desperate associates in crime, deception, and fraud, who will be permitted to rule. The people have made up their minds that these men shall not rule in free America.

"It makes very little difference who the Democrats may nominate," say our boasting Know Nothing opponents. True—for let the Democratic nominee be James Buchanan, President Pierce, or any other good and true national man, his election is sure—positively certain. He will sweep the Union, north, east, west and south, leaving the Know Nothing and Black Republican opponent so deep in the "slough of despond," that the land of resurrection can never reach him. It is utterly impossible for the discordant material composing the Know Nothing party to even make a respectable show of opposition to the Democratic party—the only national party now in existence.—As an evidence of a want of harmony in that faction, we may point to the long struggle in Congress to elect a Speaker, and the bitter animosity that existed, and still exists, between the South-Americans and North-Americans. This restless war occupied two months of the session of Congress, and cost the people between two and three hundred thousand dollars. The contest ended in the election of Banks, an avowed Abolitionist, and the South-Americans were floored. Indeed, Know Nothingism in the Northern States is at this time nothing more than Abolitionism, and hence it is that we find the Know Nothing members of our State Legislature making a public appeal to the Black Republicans to join hands with them in one grand effort to defeat the Democracy.—They tried that game last fall in this State, in the attempt to unite on a candidate for Canal Commissioner, but "the bargain and sale" was repudiated by the people, and Nicholson was defeated, and Arnold Plumer, a true Democrat, and ardent supporter of the National Administration, was elected. So will it be again.

The attempt to unite the Abolitionists, Know Nothings and old line Whigs, may be suggested by wily demagogues who gamble in politics, but the thing is impracticable. In the North, it is true, the Know Nothings and Abolitionists may pull together, with the understanding that the spoils are to be equally divided, but the old line Whigs, who venerate the laws and the Constitution, and who cannot forget the teachings of their late leaders, Clay and Webster, will recoil at the base proposition, and pass from them, as they would a purified carcass, the foul mass of corruption that the Know Nothings and Abolitionists desire to present to them. The old line Whigs, we say, can never amalgamate with Abolitionism and Know Nothingism, and will, in self-defence, join the Democracy, to put down the factions and isms that now disturb the peace of the country.

It is evident, then, that "it makes very little difference who the Democrats may nominate" for the Presidency, for his triumphant election is a "fixed fact." The factions may rave and show their teeth, but they cannot avert the result. The people have sworn in their hearts that all enemies to the Constitution must and shall be put down, and kept down, and they will carry out this determination at the polls.

How to OPEN BIVALVES.—"Talk of opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "why nothing is easier, if you only know how."

"And how's that?" inquired Starlight.

"Scotch snuff," answered old Hurricane, very sentimentally. "Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it ever so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their lids off."

"I know a genius," observed Meister Karl, "who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre and begins spinning a yarn. Sometimes it's an adventure in Mexico, sometimes a legend of his loves, sometimes a marvellous stock operation in Wall Street. As he proceeds, the natives get interested; one by one they gap with astonishment at the tremendous and direful whoppers which are poured forth; and as they gaze, my friend whips them out, peppers them and swallows them."

"That'll do," said Starlight, with a long sigh.