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Original Poetry.

For the Bedford Gazette.

SOLIQUY AFTER A "SPREE."

The air is full of cobwebs—flimsy things
Of gossamer do float before mine eyes;
And seeming stars, quite multitudinous,
Do circle in small, bright gyrations—'tis
A very pretty sight, but somewhat strange—
And now, egad! 'tis less agreeable
Than those whose ways are pleasantness, and all
Whose paths are paths of sobriety. Ah! but
My brain grows dizzy, looking back from height
Of sobriety into the lowly depths
Of past inebriation—I'm swimming,
Not in a sea of glory, like old Wolsey,
But in the Maestroom of the drops of wine.
Let me lie down again—there, so 'ye gods!
And Bacchus, first! what great commotion's this?
My brain seems weary of its house, and knocks
Ostentatiously against its bony casement,
Singing to say, with Yorick's stalling,
"I can't get out! I can't get out!" O Moses!
Oh! for an ocean to quench my thirst, and ice
To lay upon my burning brow! Eheu!
O dreful fruit of base intemperance!
Curses on Noah for his invention!
Delicious, damning, blissful, cursed wine!
Why art thou like to woman's love, so sweet
In the beginning, and so bitter in
The end? Alas! the love of wine 'tis known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing!
For all of ours "upon that die is thrown."
And if we do get very drunk, "life hath
No more to bring, but" sickened stomachs
And aching heads!

I have been drunk with love,
And have been tipsy with the thirst of love—
Have been deliriously mad with joy
Of hope, and have been "mellow" with the fumes
Of wine; and, having grown sober from each
Of these intoxications, I've had time
To chew reflection's cud, and now I find
That inebriety in all things is
But vanity—a fulness, that will end
In emptiness of stomach and of soul.
But 'ereon! "hook and soda-water!"

THE PAUPER LIEUTENANT.

I did not like to see him there. He was too young and handsome a man. His phrenological developments were decidedly good. He had a fresh complexion, blue eyes, light, curly hair; but a lack of decision characterized his countenance—want of firmness was apparent in his manner.
He was reading a newspaper.
"That is not one of your paupers?" said I to the gentleman in charge.
"I am sorry to say that he is, sir," he replied.
"So young! so promising in appearance—I really cannot understand it," was my reply.
"Nor could any one not acquainted with his history," was the reply; "but let us resume our walk." By and by he'll know this way; he is not backward about it. I don't come what to make of the man, really."
"But, how old is he?"
"Twenty-nine years; he looks even younger. I fear he has lost all proper ambition, and, it may be, will end his life in the work-house."
We wandered along from one room to the other. The establishment was perfect; most of the paupers were old, infirm; many of them looked shame-faced on being noticed. Poor old men! I suppose they had no children to care for them.
"One of the officers was a model of a ship.—It was a splendid thing. From keel to mast-head there was no fault in her. The guns were beautifully carved. Officers stood on her quarter-deck, sailors in her rigging. Every coil of rope, every block, every shroud was exquisite in finish and proportion. The boats were secured, the sails all set. Truly, she was a regal object. Behind this vessel was a painting representing the distant port."
"My natural question was, 'Who did this?'"
"The poor fellow is dead," was the reply.—
"He was a genius and a scholar. The noblest looking man, sir, that you ever laid eyes on.—You have seen that fine stone mansion on Sedgwick street? Well, sir, he built that house ten years ago, and paid thirty thousand dollars for it, and yet, five years after, he was in the poor house."
"What did it, sir?"
"Rum."
"That was the brief reply. Expressive, was it not?"
"Yes, sir, rum. The last time he went out (his eyes were very much inflamed), the doctor of the institution handed him a dollar, saying, 'Bob, if you drink any more, you will lose your eyes.'"
"Bob looked at the dollar, then turned to the doctor with a most expressive glance, as he said:
"Then, farewell the eyes!"
"Horrible, wasn't it? In a month's time they were digging his grave. It was in the corner of the churchyard. Nobody followed the miserable body. It laid in a pine coffin,

and we only said, as we heard of it—"Poor old Bob!" That's all the epitaph a drunkard gets, sir."
Fifteen minutes after I was hunting up the personage who had interested me so much. I found him in the garden, hoeing potatoes.
We talked together on agriculture. His fine language astonished me. I felt that he had an intimate acquaintance with books, with men, with nature.
We walked along, he showing me the products of the soil. Presently we came to an arbor overhung with grapes, and sat down together.
"Pardon me," said I, "if I take the liberty of asking, what brought you here at so youthful an age?" His eyes dropped, he raised them again as he answered—
"Rum!"
"That brief word! In my mind it is associated with all the horrors of hell."
Presently he continued—
"I have disgraced an honorable name, sir—I am bringing my family to shame, and yet I have not the nerve to be a better man."
I was indignant at this confession. He saw it and continued—
"Do not blame me, sir, you have not had my trial. I have fallen from a high place. Eighteen months ago I was a lieutenant in the Navy, sir."
"Is it possible? I was startled, shocked."
"Yes, sir, possible; a reality, sir." His lip quivered a little as he added—"I have a brother in the pulpit, sir; a fine preacher, a man loved and respected. How do you suppose he feels? I have a rich brother in New York. They have both tried their best to save me."
"It was ruined in my youth. There is a large oil store on the corner of M and L streets. You have doubtless seen it. Before his death, my father carried on that business. I went there regularly after it was closed for the day, stealing from my home, often from my bed, for the purpose of carousing with three young fellows of my own age. We told stories, we drank wine together till midnight, then with the false key I had made, I would steal into my home and sleep off the effects of my carouse. I began that, sir, when I was but ten years of age. Do you wonder at my being a drunkard? Of these boys, I alone am living. One of them shot himself, another was drowned, drunk, and the third was hung for murder only two months ago.—The fourth you see is not much better off," he added, with a sickly smile.
"My habits began to be known at last to my parents. It came near killing them. Before I was eighteen I had been brought home drunk nearly a score of times. Sir, I fought with my habit, but it mastered me. The fiend had me by the throat."
"Strange to say, once, when in liquor, I performed a daring feat. I caught a runaway horse, and, by sheer strength, succeeded in arresting his mad course. Would that some power could have held me so. I was much applauded for my heroism. But better than all the praise I heard were the sweet smiles upon the white face of the girl I had saved from a horrible death. She was driving alone in the city, as had been her wont for months. I claimed the privilege of driving her home, as she was most thoroughly frightened. You smile, sir; but, sir, the exertion, her grateful thanks, my own impulses of gratitude, had sobered me. I sprang into the vehicle, and in a short time we stopped at her father's door.—She invited me in. I thought I would at least describe the accident, and make some apology for my unexpected appearance."
"I told the story of the narrow escape to an old man whose brow and hair were whitened with the frosts of eighty winters. It was the aged grandfather. Childish in his joy, he tottered towards me, and throwing his trembling arms about my neck, he kissed me on the cheek."
"Many times I have felt that kiss, sir. I was unworthy of so pure an ovation, from such a holy man. I felt myself unworthy of that dear angel's gratitude, as the sweet Annette came in a few moments after, still trembling, still pale with her misty blue eyes and gentle lips thanked me again and again. In that house, that day, I was feasted like a prince. There were cousins and aunts there visiting for the summer, and among them I was a lion."
"I was a good-looking fellow then, sir, and just on the eve of entering college."
"Young as I was, if ever man fell in love, I did there and then. Poor child! how she loved me—and I clouded her life."
"Well, sir, you wait for my story, I see.—After this my calls upon Annette were frequent. I lost my relish for vulgar dissipation, and preferred her society to that of my former congenial mates. If I drank—and I did—it was secretly, and I always slept it off. My friends and those of Annette's proposed a match;—we were intended to study for the law, and was deemed a desirable match."
"I believe I worshipped Annette. She was scarcely more than a child, but such a glorious, gifted creature. She was sixteen, I twenty; four years between us. We were engaged in twelvemonth from that time, while I was going through college."
"For a year I had successfully resisted my old disease. I called it a disease; I do now.—Remember, I did not let the cursed draught alone, as I should. I only kept the appetite in unwholesome subjection. I laid the knife, but not to the right place, and therefore came disgrace and downfall."
"One night the students had a frolic. I was the foremost reveler. They tempted me with devilish pernicity to drink to excess. I did so; grew quarrelsome and raised a row. In the melee two of the students were injured, and I made so much noise that we were discovered in our revels. The blows that were given were proved upon me falsely; I never remembered that I gave them. I was convicted, expelled and published."

"The disgrace was overwhelming. I tried to kill myself when I heard that Annette's friends had cast me off forever. A note was put in my hands one day just as I had determined on the means to rid myself of existence. It read thus:—
"Dear Richard!—I am sorry for you; I do not believe all they say, and surely a man is not to be cast off for one false step. Come to aunt Martha's this afternoon. They have forbidden me to receive you at the house, but I will see you there."
Yours, as ever,
ANNETTE."
"O! sir, that made my heart leap into my throat with joy and grief. She did not know that this was far from my first 'false step.'"
"Dear angel, she had faith in me and wanted to comfort me. Besides, she was young, impulsive, loving. At three in the afternoon I went to the place she had designated. It was a poor, plain house, for her aunt Martha was far from rich, and, as I sat in the little parlor, Annette came in and made all light."
"Her low 'dear Richard!' was the sweetest music I ever heard. Then as I caught her to my bosom, she pressed back my hair with her loving fingers, and said with a smile that seemed angelic, 'They can't make me think you wicked, dear Richard, while I look on that face!'"
"Her voice inspired me; her perfect faith, for a time, elevated my manhood. I silently vowed that such a thing should never happen again—that I would not do, but make myself worthy of her."
"You do not believe all they say of me, then?" I asked.
"No, Dick; 'the beautiful eyes were raised lovingly to mine. 'No, Dick, and I wouldn't believe though they had made you appear guiltier than you are. You know, Dick,' she added, as if to apologize, or, to soften the apparent reproach, 'it is very, very wicked to drink at all.'"
"But I did not injure the students," I said, evasively. "I distinctly saw Hal Burt and Joe White strike at them; I am sure I did not touch them. It is all done through jealousy."
"I knew it; I told them so at home," said Annette, triumphantly. "Said I, Dick is smart, and the foremost of his class, and they hate him for it. They will injure his good name if they can, but never in my estimation."
"God bless you, my love," was all I could say. There were tears in my eyes and promises in my heart! O! she was so beautiful! so good, that afternoon! I can see the dear eyes that I have made shed many bitter tears, looking up at me now with that same soft, loving, pleading, and trusting expression upon their red lips."
"We parted. I go to my disgraced home to meet cold, averted looks; she to be sheltered, petted and loved by all who knew her.—My father, with incredible exertion, procured me a situation in the service. It was the worst thing that could have been done for me, though as there was soon to be fighting, promotion—if I lived—was possible, nay, almost certain.—But temptation was on that vessel, on deck and in her cabin. I took leave of Annette and went to sea. Once on the ocean, I forgot prudence, love, Annette, all things pure and good, in my devotion to the cup. There was wine at table. A dashing young officer who took to me supplied himself with champagne and various liquors. I was always, to a certain extent, drunk. Our destination was Mexico.—There, for the exhibition of drunken valor, I was appointed second lieutenant—before, I had been third. Ah! sir, I lived a gay life. I dare not tell, nor even think of my excesses—they were horrible. Once again I was promoted, and came home with the honors of a first lieutenant's thick upon me. Then I was lionized.—Annette's friends forgot my weakness. The glitter of my epaulettes blinded their vision. They could not see the drunkard in a uniform. I went to Annette's home as I listed.
"One night I called upon her. I had been drinking freely, and was not sensible of my situation, or I would have shot myself before I had ventured in her presence. She never looked more beautiful. What I said or did that night I never knew distinctly. I remember her wild look of delight—her hands, pushing me fancifully from her—her springing away and my chasing her—her cries of delight—finally, her locking herself in her room, which I made fruitless attempts to enter, then my leaving the house with all the doors open, and then comes a blank."
"The next morning dawned upon me in the chamber of a friend. As I looked up with aching brain, a noble face bent over me—the face of one who had been a fellow collegian, and who was then studying for the ministry."
"I asked feebly, where I was.
"Horace and I found you prostrate in the street, a few rods from here. You were utterly helpless. We lifted you against your will, and imprecating struggles; you cursed us with every breath, but we finally brought you here, and here you have slept till now. It wants a quarter of eleven. I closed the blinds that you might sleep it off."
"I did not ask what he meant by it. I was ashamed, too much ashamed to look at him."
"I hinted at the effects of a southern fever, but from under my nearly closed lids I saw something like a sneer on his face."
"He sat down by my bedside, and he plead with me for an hour. For God's sake he besought me to break from this ruinous habit.—He held up the very flames of hell till I shuddered. Then he spoke of Annette, and I knew by the tremor of his lips, the hushiness of his voice, that he, too, loved my darling. I had suspected it before, but now I was certain, and it roused the wildest feelings of jealousy. Madly I boasted of her unconquerable attachment; fool that I was! With a coarse, unskillful hand I bared his own heart to his view till he shrank from me in agony. Then I arose—forgetting all gratitude for his great favor in bearing me, senseless, disgusting as I was, from the clutches of the police or watchman, saving me the

shame of opening my eyes in a station-house, and having my name bruited about in the public prints."
"I went to her dwelling of Annette. I was ushered into a side parlor, where she lay upon a lounge, her cheeks as colorless as the dead, her large eyes shining fitfully, and looking as if they had ever been closed in sleep."
"As I bent over her, she said, softly:
"Please don't come so near me, Mr. Islington; I am ill."
"I started at that as if I had been shot. 'Mr. Islington!'"
"I repeated my own name, looking at her with a wonderful glance."
"Oh! if I could believe it was not you, but some other," she said, sighing in a weary way, and shutting her eyes tightly, though not so as to prevent the tears that would ooze through."
"What do you mean?" I asked; and my look of extreme incredulity must have astonished her."
"O Richard, Richard, you don't know what you said last night," she cried, convulsively, passionately. "You don't—you can't know what you did. O, Richard, the very recollection crazes me. Don't, don't, come near me; indeed, I can't bear it. The recollections—oh! terribly, terribly!"
"For God's sake, Annette, what did I say? Tell me, that I may ask your pardon on my knees, and then I will leave you forever."
"O Richard, Richard," she moaned. Then she caught my hand with impulsive tenderness; drew me towards her, laid her head on my arm, as she said, in a tone that haunts me yet:
"I will tell you a little, and then you must go. It will be best for both of us, Richard—for both. It may break my heart; but it would be broken some time, you know. Richard, I cannot say in words what you said to me, now, it would kill me to hear them. Oh! I never thought this would happen—after all I have said—all I have felt for you. Richard, you revealed some horrible things to me. Oh! were you so wicked in that foreign country? Did you love and deceive that poor Spanish girl? O, God help you, poor Richard! God help you if you did."
"I sat stupefied—pale with horror. She looked once in my face, and shuddered as she said, brokenly—"I could forgive you all but that."
"I felt like a condemned criminal. For a while I sat there struggling for voice, and then I told her that, however wicked I had been, I had never deceived woman."
"And she said," she said, sinking from my arm, "I cannot forget last night. I don't get down to me in that way. I know now—I know then that you were not yourself, and for that reason, because you will not conquer that fatal habit, you must part. Don't say another word of my dear, weak and yielding as I seem, I can be firm. Remember that your own hand has thrown the cup from your lips. I have tried to believe—her voice grew broken and sobbing—"I have tried so hard to believe that you were everything good and worthy—You don't know how I have idolized you, looking on you as the saviour of my life. That is what I have said so often when they reasoned with me—'Father, he saved the life of your child. How can I help loving him! O, yes, they all know it; everybody knew how I loved you. I never took pains to conceal it, but now—now—I must.'"
"I walked the floor in anguish of body and of spirit. Then I went to her and said:
"Annette, you love that cutting George Herick better than you do me. Don't disseminate—I know it all—I know what he thinks of you, the hypocrite!"
"I had lashed myself into a fury that was not to be calmed by her gentle repetition of my name—her pleading looks."
"Yes it must be so. If you loved me, you would overlook what happened when I was not myself. Little things like that would not cause you to dismiss me."
"Little things!" she repeated, with a reproachful look. "Richard, if you knew what you said last night, how you insulted me, you would never look me in the face again."
"Farewell, then, forever," I almost howled; and seized my hat to go I knew not where."
"Richard just one word more."
"If death had been the penalty, I could not have resisted that plaintive appeal."
"She held forth her arms, pulled me down again beside her, and sobbed upon my neck as if her heart would burst. Again and again she essayed to speak, and again fresh tears and choking sobs followed. I was almost dying with shame, and the hot tears pressed to my burning eyeballs, but I bit my lips and kept them back. My whole frame was shaken, but not alone with her anguish. There was a scene held up before my soul—a black disgraceful scene."
"Only to say, dear Dick," she gasped forth at last, "that, if I live, I shall never, never marry anybody else; and if, at any time, I marry that you have thoroughly reformed, oh! then, if you will take me, and love me still, I will be yours; yours through all time, through all eternity."
"Kissing her many times, and desperate, mad-dened, hating myself and cursing mankind, I left her, for what? His manner startled me; his voice was hoarse and fierce."
"To come to be a beggar and a pauper, at the age of twenty nine, through the love of rum!"
"Another movement and I was alone. A fearful page in the book of a man's history had been untold to me. I shuddered as I left the arbor. He who had talked with me was nowhere to be seen."
"Three years after that I was traveling in a stage coach, when an accident happened of a somewhat serious nature. The coachman was dragged from his seat and trampled upon by the horses, till his body was in a shocking condition. He was carried to the nearest house,

I was somewhat injured, and not thinking it advisable to go on, applied for shelter at a pretty cottage pointed out to me. The door was opened by the same young man who had told me his dismal story in the N— poor house.— At first sight we recognized each other. He led me in, saying joyfully:
"I have conquered!"
"I forgot my pain in the joy of hearing such news, and willingly heard what seemed like a continuation that had not had a three years' interval since I had listened before."
"You remember the day we talked together," he said. "Well, I have little to say, but it seems wonderful; too wonderful for me to believe. After you had gone, I went to work; but as I struck the earth, a strange unearthly feeling came over me. I seemed for the first time to open my eyes and look about me."
"Good God!" said I, as I thought on my situation; "Lieutenant Islington—Lieutenant Islington a pauper in the old N— workhouse hoeing potatoes? It won't do!"
"Sir, I threw my hoe as far as I could hurl it with this right arm, and turned about, and walked out of that place, redeemed my name, my character, and my Annette; and now I own this house and land, and am a happy man, thank God!"
"Great tears were rolling down his cheeks. I will not say anything about my own. The reader can judge whether I was unmoved.—Then he told me the story of his finding Annette an orphan and poor, earning a livelihood by her needle; of his waiting and working nearly three years, and now they were just married."
"At that moment a blooming creature entered."
"My Annette," said the proud husband presenting her. "She has come in from a sick neighbor."
"Your wife is a lovely creature. No wonder you thank God," said I, aside, just as I retired to rest."
He smiled. I could not blame him that the smile was an exultant one. He had conquered himself. God had written him "Greater than those who take a kingdom!"
"COST OF A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT.—In an English journal we find it stated that it is no slight matter, that of fighting one's way up to the unparliamentary seats of the English Parliament. Mr. THOMPSON, for instance, told me, says a correspondent of the London Times, that his unsuccessful contest for the comparatively small borough of Oxford, cost him over £1,000 sterling, one item of which—for the hire of "cabs and flys"—amounted to £175, or nearly \$900.—costly. One friend of mine who supports a course succession for a county representation, losing the first and winning the second contest, spent upon the two more than £12,000 or \$60,000. Seats in the United States Congress seldom cost so much as this, though the expense occasionally runs to a high figure."
"DEAD HEADS ON THE PRESS.—Our railroad friends have recently cut off many "dead heads" on their roads, complaining that the number was too great. What would they say if they were worried as we often are.
The press endures the infliction of dead-headism from the pulpit, the bar and the stage; from corporations, societies and individuals. It is expected to yield to its interest; it is required to give strength to weak institutions; eyes to the blind, clothes to the naked, and bread to the hungry; it is asked to cover up infirmities, hide weakness, and wink at impropriety; it is expected to herald quacks, bolster up dull authors, and flatter the vain; it is, in short, to be all things to all men; and if it looks for pay or reward, it is denominated as mean and sordid.—There is no interest under the whole heavens that is expected to give so much to society with out pay or thanks as the press.—Patriot & Union."
"CHANGE IT.—Dr. Thompson, 'mine host' of the Atlantic Hotel, is a jolly, free-hearted landlord; but his wit is often blunt, pointed and misses fire. He had furnished a hurried breakfast for some southern passengers by the cars— bustling about with all sorts of helter skelter sayings.
"Gentlemen, here's your breakfast. I've seen worse."
"I never did see much worse," says one of the passengers.
The doctor was taken down. As they rose to pass out, they asked what was to pay.
"Fifty cents down, or a dollar when we charge it," said the Doctor.
"Well, charge it then," said our grumbling passenger.
"I'm sold!" said the doctor. Go on, gentlemen, I'll charge it!"
"Watermillions! Here they are—fine large, ripe watermillions—two for a flip apiece," sang out an enterprising countryman in front of our window.
"Two for a flip apiece," drawled uncle Fossil, as he selected eight melons. "Cheap enough sartainly," and he passed up a half dollar.
"All right!" said the countryman, as he pocketed the coin and drove off.
"Two for a flip apiece," soliloquised old Fossil, wondering how eight melons at that rate, could absorb the half dollar.
"The following conversation is said to have taken place between a New Haven merchant and one of his customers.
"Sir—Your account has been standing for two years, I must have it settled immediately."
"To which in reply—
"Sir—Things usually do settle by standing. I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you let it run a little while!"
Peter Sharp says that his wife is equal to five "fills"—beautiful, youth-ful, aw-ful, and arm-ful.

POLITICAL.

DEFEAT, NOT DESTRUCTION.

The defeat of the Democratic Party in Pennsylvania, although not entirely unexpected, is yet more thorough than even the most sanguine of the opposition could have anticipated. It avails but little to speculate concerning the causes which led to this disastrous result. The depression of the times, as we before stated was no doubt the most powerful of the various influences that conspired to cause our defeat.— After the vessel is totally wrecked it is a poor consolation to gaze in melancholy abstraction upon the rocks whereon it was dashed to pieces; but we may put them down in our political charts to be avoided hereafter. Defeat always conveys a lesson, which if properly interpreted, may be turned to great advantage in the future. The Democratic Party is not entirely unaccustomed to defeat. It has endured more than one, fully as disastrous as this appears to be, and recovered with renewed vigor. The campaigns succeeding these overthrows have always been the most brilliant and glorious, because they taught the party the necessity of a thorough organization, the nomination of good candidates, and the suppression of minor and distracting issues. The defeat of the Democracy and the triumph of the Opposition in 1854, when Gov. Pollock swept the State by a majority of nearly forty thousand, promised much worse for the future of the Democratic Party than the result of this election. The Missouri Compromise act had been repealed, and the Democratic Party adopted the principle of popular government for the Territories. This policy was misunderstood and unpopular. Thousands of Democrats deserted the party and joined the Know Nothings, then in the zenith of their mysterious power. These two influences depleted the ranks of the Democracy so thoroughly, that the Opposition predicted that the day of Democratic supremacy had forever passed, and that the party had fought its last battle. Who could have anticipated, in that hour of gloom and defeat, that in one year the Democratic Party would put the Opposition to rout! And yet so it was. A twelve month of the Opposition rule constrained those Democrats who had wandered off, to return to their first love; and one year from the gloomy election day of 1854, which witnessed the most thorough Democratic defeat on record, witnessed another glorious victory added to the long list of its conquests. The election of PLUMER, Canal Commissioner, in 1855, set Pennsylvania all right again, and paved the way for the election of a President in 1856, Fall, will forfeit the choice of another next year's President in 1860.
In the days of the old Whig party, when the opposition was thoroughly united in party name and party principles, they never could retain power more than one year. A victory at one election was sure to be followed by a defeat at the next. Still this grasp of power has been rendered still more feeble and uncertain by the parties and factions into which the Opposition has been divided. They may both unite in claiming a victory over the National Administration, but when they come to settle what positive code of principles has been successful in this election, internal dissensions will be the result. Is this election a verdict in favor of the principles of popular sovereignty? Ask Wilmot and those Republicans who have fought this principle to the death, if such is their understanding. Is it a victory of the Wilmot proviso principle? Ask the Americans who favor popular sovereignty. Both sides will tell you in general terms that the result of the election is a rebuke to the Administration, but they cannot agree as to what principles have triumphed.
We are not dismayed at this defeat, and feel satisfied, that as far as the future is concerned, it is a barren victory to the opposition. The recuperative energy of the Democratic party is great, and in one year, from this time, it will be as powerful as ever. The people have no real sympathy with the Republican or American parties, and will return to the Democracy as soon as the temporary causes of alienation have passed away. The opposition have found on former occasions that our defeat is not annihilation, and they will learn the lesson again.— Harrisburg Union.
Prospects of the Democracy.
In the course of an able article on the "Congressional Elections of the North," the Richmond South says:—But, let the present state of things be what it may, the prospects of the Democratic party of the Union will not greatly suffer in any event. These elections over the Kansas difficulty will be at an end. There will be no discordant element in the way of the perfect co-operation of all sections of the party, in the next Presidential election. On the other hand, the disorganization of the Opposition will become every day more intense and impracticable; the chances of an effective coalition diminish in proportion to the increase of candidates and the multiplication of irreconcilable issues. The most determined of the Black Republicans will adhere to the anti-slavery article of their creed, to the bitter end; but the occasion for its immediate application is past and the excitement subsided, the conservative portion of the party will begin to reflect upon the ultimate consequence of such a purely sectional movement. Black Republicanism will appear in the next Presidential canvass, as fiercely sectional as ever, but with such diminished proportions as to render it powerless for mischief. The 'Americans' will doubtless preserve their organization, unless, meantime, they become merged in the controlling element of the Opposition. In either event, the position and prospects of the Democracy will be the same. We shall be victorious in 1860, whatever the character of the Opposition; and, for our part, we care not how soon they combine their scattered forces.