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Selected Poetry.

THE TEMPLE OF BEAUTY.

BY PETER FISHER REED.

I have found out the Temple of Beauty—
I have seen where fair innocence dwells
Where Virtue holds the sentinel's duty
O'er the passions enclosed in her cells;
And though I can compare with that palace
These beautiful innocence dwells.

I have found out the truth by a token—
A token that beams from thine eye,
When the love of thy bosom has woken
The thought that comes forth in a sigh—
And a breeze was ever yet spoken,
That with soft language can vie.

My Kismet the Temple of Beauty—
The shelterer virtue divine—
And I sacrifice love, as a duty,
To the sweetest of all my pleasures
To bow at such a shrine.

So fair as the flowers that blossom
In the reign of thy May Queen—
So soft as the beautiful bosom
That may in her marble of green;
So bright as the rose in its annals,
So sweet as the violet's green.

So fair as the reason that flowers
In their fragrance through air,
So pure as the dew that adorns
The petals of the lily and the rare,
So sweet as the music of hours
That these who are happy and fair.

So fair as the language the flowers have spoken,
So soft as the dew that adorns
The petals of the lily and the rare,
So sweet as the music of hours
That these who are happy and fair.

So fair as the summer that suddenly vanish,
So soft as the dew that adorns
The petals of the lily and the rare,
So sweet as the music of hours
That these who are happy and fair.

An Adventure with Padre Jarauta.

A FANTASY NARRATIVE.

When the following interesting description of
the life of Padre Jarauta, so celebrated in
the Mexican guerrilla warfare, from Capitan
Reed's new work, entitled "Rule Ran-
cho," I had been drawn forward until my feet projected
over the edge of the precipice, and close to the root
of the tree. I was now forced into a sitting posture,
so that I might look below. My limbs hung over
the precipice, and I could not resist doing exactly what
my tormentor wished. Under other circumstances the
right would have been to me appalling; but my
nerves were strung by the protracted agony I had
been forced to endure.

The precipice on whose verge I sat, formed a
side of one of those yawning gulfs common in Span-
ish America, and known by the name of barranca.
It seemed as if a mountain had been scooped out
and carried away. Not two hundred yards, hori-
zontally distant, was the twin jaw of the chasm,
like a burnt wall; yet the torrent that roared and
foamed between them was lost six hundred feet be-
low my position! I could have flung the stump of
a cigar upon the water; in fact an object dropping
nearly from where I sat, for it was a projecting
point, must have fallen plump into the stream!

As I looked down, several small birds, whose
species I did not stay to distinguish, were scream-
ing below, and an eagle, on his broad, bold wing,
came soaring over the abyss, and flapped up to my
very face.

"Well, Captain," broke in the very sharp voice
of Jarauta, "what do you think of it? A nice, soft
floor to dance upon, isn't it? Isn't it, Lopez?"

"Yes, Captain."

"All ready there! Sit! Some music; we
must have music; how can he dance without music!
Holla! Sanchez, where's your bugle?"

"Here, Captain."

"Strike up then—play Yankee Doodle, do you
hear?"

"Yes, Captain," answered the man; and the
next moment the well known strains of the Ameri-
can national air sounded upon my ear, producing a
strange, sad feeling I shall never forget.

"Now, Lopez," cried the Padre. "I was expect-
ing to be strong out, when I heard him again about
"Stay!" at the same time stopping the music.

"By heavens, Lopez, I have a better plan," he
cried; "why did I not think of it before! It's not
too late yet. Ha! ha! ha! Carramba! They
shall dance upon their heads! That's better, isn't
it, Lopez?"

"Yes, Captain."

A cheer from the Jarachos announced their ap-
proval of this change in the ceremony.

The Padre made a sign to Lopez, who approach-
ed him, appearing to receive some directions.

I did not at first comprehend the novelty that was
about to be introduced. I was not long in ignor-
ance. One of the Jarachos seizing me by the col-
lar, dragged me back from the ledge, and transfer-
red the noose from my neck to ankles. Horror! I
was to be hung head downwards, and thus left to
die by inches!

"That will be much prettier, won't it, Lopez?"

"Yes, Captain."

"The gentleman will have time to make him-
self ready for heaven before he dies; won't he, Lo-
pez?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Take out the gag! let him have his tongue
free—he'll need that to pray with—won't he, Lo-
pez?"

"Yes, Captain."

One of the Jarachos jerked the bayonet roughly
from my mouth, almost dislocating my jaw. The

the Jarachos commenced reaving their tassels. Ex-
pert in the handling of ropes, as the Mexicans are,
they were not long in completing the preparations,
and we soon beheld our gallows. What they can
accomplish with ropes and cords is almost incredi-
ble. I had a Mexican servant, a mere lad, who
could lash my chest quicker and firmer, and more
sure not to come undone, than could be accom-
plished by any two of our soldiers. I have seen them
tie up the *bois de cache* in ropes, and thus carry it
upon the backs of donkeys; and I was almost
tempted to believe them capable of the feat, hith-
erto deemed impossible, of tying up sand in a rope.

"According to rank, Lopez," cried Jarauta, see-
ing that all was ready, "the Captain first—do you
hear?"

"Yes, Captain," answered the imperturbable
brigand who superintended the operations.

"I shall keep you to the last, monsieur," said
the priest, addressing Rold; "you will have the
pleasure of bringing up the rear in passing through
Purgatory. Ha—ha—ha! won't he, Lopez?"

"Yes, Captain."

"May be some of you would like a priest, gen-
tlemen?" This, Jarauta uttered with an ironical
grin that was revolting to behold. "If you would,"
he continued, "say so. I sometimes officiate in
that capacity, myself. Don't I, Lopez?"

A diabolical laugh burst from the Jarachos, who
had dismounted, and were standing out upon the
cliff, the better to witness the spectacle of our hang-
ing.

"Well, Lopez, does any one of them say yes?"

"No, Captain."

"Ask the fishman there; ask him—he ought
to be a good catholic."

The question was put to Chane; in mockery of
course; for it was impossible for him to answer it;
and yet he did answer it, for his look spoke a curse
as plainly as if it had been uttered through a tramp-
et. The Jarachos did not heed that, but only laugh-
ed the louder.

"Well, Lopez, what says St. Patrick? yes or
no?"

"No, Captain."

And a fresh peal of ruffian laughter rang out—
The rope was placed around my neck in a running
noose. The other end had been passed over the
tree, and lay coiled near the edge of the cliff. Lo-
pez held it in his hand a short distance above the
coil, in order to direct its movements.

"All ready here, Lopez," cried the leader.

"Yes, Captain."

"Saying off the Captain, then—no, not yet; let
him look at the floor on which he is going to dance;
that is his cue."

I had been drawn forward until my feet projected
over the edge of the precipice, and close to the root
of the tree. I was now forced into a sitting posture,
so that I might look below. My limbs hung over
the precipice, and I could not resist doing exactly what
my tormentor wished. Under other circumstances the
right would have been to me appalling; but my
nerves were strung by the protracted agony I had
been forced to endure.

power of speech was gone. I could not, if I had
wished it, uttered an intelligible word.

"Give him his hands too; he'll need them to
keep off the *Zapalotes*, (black vulture of Mexico)
won't he, Lopez?"

"Yes, Captain."

The thong that boned my wrist was cut, leaving
my hands free. I was on my back, my feet to-
wards the precipice. A little to my right stood Lo-
pez, holding the rope that was about to launch me
into eternity.

"Now the music—take the music for your cue,
Lopez, then jerk him up!" cried the sharp voice
of the fender.

I shut my eyes—waiting for the pull. It was
but a moment, but it seemed a life time. There
was a dead silence—a stillness like that which pre-
cedes the bursting of a rock, or the firing of a ju-
stices gun. Then I heard the first note of the bugle,
and along with it the crack of a rifle! A man
staggered over me, besprinkling my face with
blood, and falling forwards disappeared!

Then came the pluck upon my ankles, and I was
jerked, head downwards, into the empty air. I felt
my feet touching the branches above, and throwing
up my arms, I grasped one and swung my body
upwards. After two or three efforts I lay along the
main trunk, which I embraced with the hug of
despair. I looked downward. A man was hang-
ing below—far below—at the end of the lazar! It
was Lopez! I knew his scarlet magna at a glance.
He was hanging by the thigh in the snarl of the
rope.

His hat had fallen off. I could see the red blood
running over his face, and dripping from his long
snaky locks! He hung head down. I could see
that he was dead!

The hard thong was cutting my ankles—and, oh
heaven, under our united weight the roots were
cracking.

Appalling thought! *The tree will give way!* I
held fast with one arm; I drew forth my knife—
fortunately I still had one—with the other, I open-
ed the blade with my teeth; and, stretching back-
ward and downward, I drew it across the thong—
it parted with a "snig," and the red object left me
like a flash of light. There was a plunge upon the
black water below—a plunge and a few white bub-
bles, but the body of the Jaracha, with its scarlet
trappings never came up after that plunge.

During all this time, shots were ringing over me.
I could hear the shouts and cheering of men, the
tramping of heavy boots and the clashing of sab-
res. I knew that a skirmish was going on above
me; but I could see nothing. I was below the
level of the cliff.

I lay in terrible suspense, listening, if I dare
not change my posture. I dared not move. The
weight of the Jaracha's body had hitherto held my
feet secured in the notch; but that was gone, and
my ankles were still held. A moment, and my
legs may fall off the limb, and drag me downward.
I was faint too, from the protracted struggle for
life and death, and I hugged the tree, and held on like
a wouled squirrel.

The shots seemed less frequent; the shouts ap-
peared to recede from the cliffs. Then I heard a
cheer, an Anglo-Saxon cheer, an American cheer—
and the next moment a well known voice rang in
my ears:

"By the livin' catamount! he's yer yit, whoo-
ray, whoop! Never say die! Hole on Cap'n
tooth an' toe nail, boys! cluch on a weed o'er!
hook, my clews, Nat! now—pull—allogther!
hooray!"

I felt a strong hand grasp the collar of my coat,
and I was raised from my perch, and landed down
upon the top of the cliff.

I looked around upon my deliverer. Lincoln
was dancing like a lutanist, uttering his wild
Indian yells. A dozen men, in the dark green uni-
form of the "mountain rifles," stood looking on
and laughing at this grotesque exhibition. Close
by, another party were guarding some prisoners;
while a hundred others were seen in scattering
groups, along the ridges, returning from the
Jarachos, whom they had completely routed.

EFFECTS OF THE CLIMATE.—In the tropical re-
gions the power of life in nature is carried to its
highest degree; thus with the tropical man, the
life of the body over-masters that of the soul; the
physical instincts of our nature eclipse those of the
higher faculties; passion predominates over intel-
lect and reason; the passive faculties are nature
too rich, too prodigal of her gifts, does not compel
man to wrest from her his daily bread by his daily
toil. A regular climate, and the absence of a dor-
mant season, render far-fought of idle use to him.
Nothing invites him to that struggle of intelligence
against nature which raises the power of man to
his highest pitch. Thus he never dreams of re-
sisting physical nature; he is conquered by her,
he submits to the yoke, and becomes again the an-
imal man, in proportion as he abandons himself to
external influences, forgetful of his high moral des-
tination. In the temperate climates, all is activity
and movement. The alterations of heat and more
embracing air, incite man to a constant struggle to
forthrightly, and to the vigorous employment of all
his faculties. A more economical nature yields
nothing, except to the sweat of his brow; every
gift on his part is a recompense for effort of his.
Nature here, even while challenging man to the
conflict, gives him the hope of victory; and if she
does not show herself prodigal, she grants to his
active and intelligent labor more than his neces-
sities require; while she calls out his energy, she
thus gives him ease and leisure, which permit him
to cultivate all the lofty faculties of his higher na-
ture. Here, physical nature is not a tyrant, but a
useful helper; the active faculties, the understand-
ing, and the reason, rule over the instincts and the
passive faculties; the soul over the body; man
over nature.—*Guyot's Earth and Man.*

A recent philosopher alleges that the five
great evils of life are—standing collars, tight boots,
rum, and—the broomstick.

Political.

The Whigs and the Adopted Citizens.

"That the liberal principles embodied by Jefferson
in the Declaration of Independence, and sanctioned
in the constitution, which makes ours the land of
liberty and the asylum of the oppressed of every na-
tion, have ever been cardinal principles in the de-
mocratic faith; and every attempt to abridge the
privilege of becoming citizens and the owners of
soil among us ought to be resisted with the same
spirit which swept the alien and sedition laws from
our statute-books."

This is the language of four Democratic Nation-
al Conventions against the schemes of native Ameri-
cans. It was adopted by the great convention
which nominated Gen. Pierce. It stands out as the
boldest defiance of the foes of the adopted citizens
that ever has been made. In the face of prejudice
and passion—in the face of the violent and bloody
persecution of the foreigners—it has been re-adopted
and adhered to; and it has been carried out
with the same heroic firmness from the beginning to
the present day. No such declaration has ever
proceeded from the whig party, because the whig
party has relied upon and received the votes of the
native-Americans. In 1844 and 1848, the whole
body of the native-Americans voted against the
democratic party; and the cowardly silence of the
whigs in their last convention, so consistent with
their policy before, was intended to prepare the
way for another nativist demonstration in favor
of the whig party at the coming election. As if to
make the intention of that convention more clear
and decided, a strong resolution was adopted, in
which the cause of the struggling nations against
the prospect of Europe was deliberately discouraged.
It is not, then, a manifestation of extraordinary ef-
fort in this party now to pretend to favor the
cause of the adopted citizen after being recently and
doubtly committed against it? It would be the
most unaccountable infatuation if this impotent and
disgraceful pretense had influence over the single
vote of a single adopted citizen. It requires the
most reckless disregard of consistency and of truth
in any whig to attempt to argue, in the teeth of
such a course of conduct as has been adopted by the
whig party, that the whigs are in favor of liberal
naturalization laws; but this task, degrading and
difficult as it is, is cheerfully undertaken by profligate
presses like the New York Tribune, and by
abandoned mercenaries like W. E. Robinson, of the
same city.

In 1844, after the riots in Pennsylvania, the
whigs obtained the vote of every political native
American for Mr. Clay. This is history. The ad-
opted citizens, terrified at the crusade against them,
and alarmed for their lives and their property—
it is well known that two riots followed each other
in rapid and startling succession—sought shel-
ter in the ranks of the democratic party.—
There they were safe. That great party, composed
of men of all creeds and of all persuasions, was
united upon that high principle only less sacred than
religion itself—the principle of religious toleration
and freedom of conscience. It welcomed the per-
secuted to its arms. It defends them against their
foes, becoming a rampart around them, and beating
back the combinations headed them by some men
who falsely professed to be in favor of the adopted
citizens. While the L. C. Levin, and the W. S.
Archers, and the J. W. Ashmeads, and the J. W.
Webbs, opposed and assailed them, the Frank-
lin Pierces and the William R. Kings stood by
them and advocated their just rights. All this is
history.

But what more? The adopted citizens in 1844
voted for Mr. Polk; and after the election in which
he triumphed by their aid, the whig leaders and
the whig press for Scott, openly advocated the
FORMATION OF A NATIONAL NATIVE-AMERICAN PARTY,
and poured out the vitals of their wrath upon the
foreigners and upon the adopted citizens. There
were then no Robinsons, as there are now, to stand
up and charge the democracy with being false to
those whom it has always defended, because that
infamous accusation was not then necessary to
whig designs. This, too, is history.

What followed the election of General Taylor in
1848? The appointment of hundreds of native-
Americans to office. He was the native-American
candidate, long before he became the whig candi-
date, and he rewarded his friends. Contemporaries
with his election was the triumph of all the
native-Americans and whig candidates in Philadel-
phia—the scene of the Philadelphia riots—and the
defeat of the democracy, with the rights of con-
science and of religious toleration inscribed upon
their banners. "And this, also, is history."

There is one great fact which remains to be re-
called to national recollection; and that is the posi-
tion General Scott during all these native-American
movements. Where was he when the poor Irish-
men, and their wives and children, fled before na-
tive-American mobs, and by the light of their burn-
ing churches and blazing roofs of their humble
homes, became targets to the muskets of their
frenzied foes? Where then was Gen. Scott? He
was APPLAUDING THE RIOTS; and he rejoiced over
the consequences they had produced. In 1835 he
began to organize a party, because the adopted citi-
zens of New York dared to vote the democratic
ticket. And in 1844 he rejoiced over the prospect
of nativist success, in his letter to George W. Reed,
now extant, and never yet apologized for himself.
In 1848 this letter was exhibited in Philadelphia to
help his reputation by the whigs, but Gen. Taylor
had anticipated him.

If the poor Hungarians were called upon to vote
for Joseph of Hapsburg—if the people of Erin were
called upon to vote for another Castlereagh—if the
French were invoked to the support of Wellington
—and all this on the ground of certain blessings
conferred by their foes—it would not be a more
monstrous idea than to expect the adopted citizens
to vote for the candidate for President of the whig
party—and that candidate Gen. Scott.

It is a foundation stone of the federal faith that
the people of this country are equal. They admit
this to each other in secret, and they prove it to the

world by their actions in public. Upon this they
build the hope of being able to rally the Catholics
and the adopted citizens to the standard borne by
W. H. Seaward, who declared to Governor Smith
in the executive chamber of Virginia, that he would
exchange cargoes of southern free negroes for many
cargoes of white emigrants from Ireland and
Germany; and that society, and New York espe-
cially, would profit by the exchange. But ignorant
as the whig leaders believe the people, including
the adopted citizens, to be, there is quite enough
popular intelligence to denounce, to expose, and to
exterminate the shameful and shameless efforts made
those same leaders to consolidate the opted citi-
zens upon Gen. Scott.

The adopted citizens have hearts to feel, and
memories to retain, the historical devotion of the
democratic party to their past rights in the face of
host of foes; and the expectation, therefore, that
they will desert this party is not only an insult, but
it is unnatural and abhorrent. There is not a patri-
ot that Ireland ever venerated—there is not a hero
that Germany ever adored—there has not been a
martyr to human freedom on any spot of God's
globe—who, if alive now, would not point to the
democracy of this land as the boldest, and truest,
and firmest advocate of the rights of the oppressed.
Meagher, O'Brien, Mitchell, in their hearts know
this, and doubtless do not hesitate to avow it. The
liberals of every part of the world feel it, and con-
fess to it. Shall those, then, who live here and
recall these examples to guide their own lives—shall
these be counted upon as the foes of their only
friends, as the allies of their worst opponents? Is
it to calculate that they would forget all the past, to
be cheated in the present, and to be followed by
remorse and tribulation in the future. They might
as well be asked to forget "fatherland" and fire-
side—the homes and the hearts they left beyond
the main—as to forget the brave old democra-
tic party.

A Desperate Expedient.

It is not difficult to comprehend why the whig
candidate has so suddenly set out upon a western
tour. He has been before the country for three
months. His military achievements have been re-
cited in all the aggregation of a pompous rhetoric,
and his deeds of daring described with the exciting
accompaniment of pictorial illustration. Still there
has been no indication of that popular enthusiasm,
upon the possibility of creating which the chances
of his election depend. They who have him in
charge see the necessity of reviving his sinking
cause by some desperate expedient. For this pur-
pose they projected for him a grand political tour,
extending through Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio,
Indiana, and Kentucky, having that, by personal
contact with the people, he might excite the requisite
enthusiasm. For the whig cause this is a most
unfortunate expedient. Nothing was wanting to
secure the election of General Pierce but this very
measure. We wish it were possible for General
Scott to show himself to every voter in the country,
that they might behold with their own eyes that
compound of vanity and haughtiness, of which no
description can give an adequate conception. The
modest and deferential bearing of General Pierce,
propitiate all who come within the sphere of his
associations; while the infinite self-importance of
the whig candidate drives the people from him—
Globe.

THE ASSAULTS OF GEN. PIERCE.—The men who
assail Gen. Pierce for his bearing in Mexico are
not those who served during the war, but the val-
iant Bobadils and puissant Falstaffs who remained
at home. Mark them well; and in nine cases out
of ten those who insinuate that Gen. Pierce did
not behave, as Gen. Scott said "gallantly" in Mex-
ico are the politicians who stand in the ranks of
private life to aid and comfort the common foe. The
men who fought in our late war all without excep-
tion, bear the warmest testimony to the distinguish-
ed position of Gen. Pierce as a soldier and a man
Washington.

There is no more ridiculous animal than an
alchemist in his retirement. His mind is incapable
of rupture or elevation. He can only consider him-
self as an insignificant figure in a landscape and
wandering up and down in a field or a meadow,
under the same terms as the meanest animals about
him, and as subject to as total a mortality as they;
with this aggravation, that he is the only one
amongst them who dies under the apprehension of
it.

COMING OUT FROM A WHIG CAMP.—The Whig
Generals follow the Whig regiments, on their
march from the Federal Camp. The Hon. Daniel
Jenifer, of Maryland, in a public card announces
his determination not to support Gen. Scott for the
Presidency. Mr. Jenifer was a distinguished whig
member of Congress from Maryland for a number
of years, and was our late minister to Austria.—
This recantation is a highly significant event.

GRAHAM OPPOSED TO POPULAR SUFFRAGE.—The
North Carolina Standard says:
"We shall, in reply to inquiries from other
States, produce the proof from the record that Mr.
Graham voted in 1834, while a member of our
State Assembly, against giving to the people the
right to elect their Governor."

WEBSTER NATIONAL CONVENTION.—A Webster
National Convention is to meet in the city of New
York, on the 27th of September, to place this great
statesman formally before the people. The call is
signed by Gen. F. Curtis, of Massachusetts, Mer-
edith P. Gerry, of Tennessee, and thousands of the
most substantial and influential men of the Whig
party. How on the boat. Scott leads the column?

The Boston Post recommends tobacco chewers
who ride on the top of an omnibus to "Spit on the
platform," thereby save the dresses of the inside
passengers.

Woodward and Hopkins.

A desperate effort is being made by the whigs to
diminish the vote of those gentlemen by personal
attacks upon them. The miserable and often ex-
ploited slander of Nativism, re-vamped against
Judge Woodward, is circulated with unbecom-
ing industry, with a variety of groundless additions
to soil each locality it is intended for; and it is also
attempted to connect Col. Hopkins with the exist-
ing difficulty between the Canal Commissioners
and the Pennsylvania railroad company. Will not
all democratic readers perceive what is the object
of these cunningly devised tricks? If either Wood-
ward or Hopkins can be defeated in October, what
chance will there be to carry Pierce and King in
November? Just in proportion as the vote of ei-
ther of them can be reduced, just so much better
chance will the whigs have for carrying the State
for Scott. Every democrat, therefore, who casts
his vote against either of them directly opposes
Pierce and King and the party whose candidates
they are.

The charge of Nativism against Judge Wood-
ward has too often been proved false; malicious
and libelous to require further reference to it from
them. It is a groundless, contemptible, expedi-
ent charge, and no honest man will again, if any
ever have, utter it against him. The man who
utters it, lies, shamefully lies, and if he has a con-
science must lie in the face of its admonition that
he is slandering an honest man who never injured
him, is warm-hearted and liberal-minded man
whose every inclination is to serve his fellow men
to the extent of his capacity, a man of exalted tal-
ents, admitted worth, and unimpeachable integrity,
who would adorn any public station, a man whose
great powers of mind, admitted genius and purity
of character whose life lasts will make him the pride
and boast not only of hosts of devoted friends but
of the entire State. Such a man can never be kept
down by slander and detraction, but whether in or
out of office he must ever exercise a powerful and com-
manding influence.

No tangible objection has been raised to Col.
Hopkins. His honesty and capacity to fill with ef-
ficiency and profit to the State the office for which
he is nominated, is not questioned by his opponents.
But they hope to divert democratic votes from him
along the line of the Pennsylvania railroad, by iden-
tifying him with the existing difficulty between that
company and the Canal Commissioners. It is not
pretended that he has had any connection with that
transaction, or that he has expressed or entertained
any opinion about it, but JAMES HOFFMAN, his oppo-
nent, has pledged himself to the railroad, and it
is therefore attempted to induce the friends of the
company to vote against Col. Hopkins.

We appeal to every democrat not to permit his
vote to be caught with such bait. The object is not
to effect a mere pretense, but to defeat Wood-
ward and Hopkins, or one or the other of them, so
as to add to Scott's chances of carrying the State.
This object must be evident to every man who re-
flects on the subject, and we therefore appeal to
every democrat to vote for the nominees of his party,
and to treat with contempt the petty subterfuges
by which it is attempted to array him in opposition
to his regular nominees. It is all sheer lumbag,
and has no other purpose than to give the vote of
the State to Gen. Scott. Democrats be on your
guard—whiggery is an adept at tiddy, hambug
and chicanery.—K. Globe.

Whiggery seems to be a galloping con-
sumption; it is spreading over every where, and every
indication is that it will not carry a single
State, by a popular majority, in November. Every
election held since Scott's nomination, they
have lost heavily. That nomination has proved a
dead weight to an already desperate cause. It has
been the cause of immense loss to them even in
the two most reliable whig States in the Union—

In North Carolina it snubbed them to a minority
of 6000, and in Vermont it has caused them a net loss
of 1700. defeated their very popular candidate for
Governor where they last year, elected an unpopular
one by over 1200 clear majority! Such has
been the effect of Scott's nomination in the whig
strongholds; while in the Democratic States where
elections have been held since our nominations,
the result has invariably been a great increase of
the Democratic vote in every case. These results
are pretty sure indications of what is to be seen in
November. They are good and reliable indications
of public feeling and show how the signal triumph
of the Democrat. We want no better evidence
either of Scott's lack of popularity or of the popu-
larity of our own excellent candidate, than these
results afford. They point so plainly to the inevi-
table result of the election, that the most stupid can-
not fail to see it. The triumph of the Democracy
is a fixed fact.

THE WHIG REVIEW'S OPINION.—The Whig Re-
viewer, the national organ, not longer ago than 1851,
thus expressed its opinion upon Gen. Scott's fitness
for the Presidency:
"We much question Gen. Scott's qualifications
for the position to which some of his admirers
would elevate him. The exigencies of the times
require able hands and wide views, and more of a
statesman."
If his qualifications were questionable only one
year since, we hardly think he is as improved a
man since.

SPLENDID REIMS.—Colonel Weller, Senator from
California, in his speech at Faneuil Hall said that
many imagined they were to be ruined by the
Democratic tariff; that he had been present among
the ruins, the manufacturing establishments, and
they were the most splendid ruins he ever saw.

The census of Chicago, has just been com-
pleted; and the total number of its inhabitants are
32,733.

The N. Y. Express doesn't like the looks
of the Webster movement. It used to did it