INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN.

CHARLES F. READ AND H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS.

MONTROSE, PA.

Thursday Morning, June 7, 1855.

☞ The Hunker leaders allege that our county officers were elected by fraud. The charge is attempted to be substantiated in this way:—The Free-Soilers and Know-Nothings both voted for those candidates, but the Know-Nothings are pro-Slavery, therefore somebody must have been cheated. One fact is well known and indisputable, namely, that all the men that were elected by the fusion to county offices, are strong Free-Soilers. Who then were cheated? Why, the wicked pro-Slavery Know-Nothings, of course if anybody. And why is it worse for us to delude them into the support of Free-Soil candidates, than for the leaders of the Sham Democracy to delude honest anti-Slavery men into voting pro-Slavery? Reprisals are allowable in war.

But the truth is that the Know-Nothings of this county, like the great body of the Order throughout the North, are anti-Slavery, and always will be, and will vote accordingly.—This fact satisfactorily explains the election of our Free-Soil candidates. A despicable attempt at fraud was made by the *regulars* who attempted to run Bigler as a Free-Soil man here, while in other parts of the State, and throughout the whole country he was recognized as the Administration Nebraska candidate. But fortunately the fraud was exposed and defeated. The wires are now being laid again for running some *mum*, pro-Slavery candidate for the Presidency in 1856. But the mask will be stripped off, and the fraud exposed, despite all the wily schemes of Jesuitism.

The Sham Democracy need not flatter themselves that the Know-Nothings of the Free States, will unite with their own corrupt and slavery-ruled organization, against the Free-Soilers. The members of the order at the South are indeed pro-slavery, nearly as much so as the Democratic party, but at the North they are devotedly anti-Slavery, and are expected soon to place themselves openly on that platform, as they have done within a few weeks in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine.

☞ The following extract from an article in the Philadelphia Pennsylvanian, on the Virginia election, shows with what transports of joy the friends of our sham Democratic national administration hail this its first triumph, (except in Kansas,) since the passage of the Nebraska bill. The services of the administration in the cause of slavery extension—it having among other things labeled the Nebraska bill a Democratic measure, and used all the power and influence of the party machinery to force it through Congress—have indeed, as a natural consequence, lost it the North; but singularly enough, it seems to have been trembling with fear lest the South too should ungratefully desert it, and the news that a Slave State remains true to the pro-Slavery policy, is received with a shout of frantic exultation. No doubt the author of the following out-burst laments, like Daniel S. Dickinson, that he was not born in Virginia, and sighs, like John Mitchell, to be the patriarchal lord of a plantation well stocked with fat 'niggers.' Justice, Honor, Valor, Magnanimity, and Virtue, according to his estimate of those qualities, will probably hereafter be confined to the South—with slight irruptions on its western borders, and occasional stampedes on northern hunting grounds—as exclusively as its favorite institution. He gives vent to his feelings thus:

"Immortal Virginia—the Vestal Virgins were not purer in their lives, in the days of their greatest purity, than you in your political creed. Who dare now say that Treason can sever this noble Union, whether it comes from the mad fanaticism of Abolitionism, or the lawless violence of a misguided mob? To Virginia, her Sisters can appeal with safety, because Justice, Honor, Valor, and Magnanimity, are the jewels which adorn her coronet. Her position indeed is to be envied—but it is such envy as the good of every clime and creed alone can feel. Virginia has stricken the Monster of Know-Nothingism to the earth, and she is now wreathing in her virtuous bearing, and aid in consigning the carcass of the beast to the grave of all its putridity. Virginia is safe against every effort of the unholy combination. Look at the returns under our telegraphic head, and then thank heaven that Virtue still lives in our land."

☞ Don't fail to read the article in this paper, copied from the New York Tribune, entitled, "To Be or Not to Be." It very clearly defines the position and indicates the true policy of the Know-Nothings of the North. It must be remembered that the Tribune has been one of the most powerful opponents of the Order, and when it declares, "We know that the great mass of Northern Know-Nothings are sound on the Slavery question," no one will accuse it of insincerity or a desire to deceive.

Maine Know Nothing Convention.

BANGOR May 30.

The Know Nothing Convention of Maine adjourned to-day, without making a nomination for Governor. No general nomination will be made, but the members of the order be left to vote according to individual preference. Strong anti-slavery resolutions were adopted by the Convention; comprehensive grounds taken relative to the politics of the State, recognizing the Republican party, and recommending concurring nominations by the party wherever practicable. The Convention also appointed delegates to the National Convention, to meet in Philadelphia. The proceedings were harmonious, and marked with much unanimity.

The Next Canal Commissioner.

The indications are, that the Camronians will not simply content themselves with an effort to manage the American organization, and nomination for next fall's election, to their own liking, but also make a determined effort to control the nominations and action of the Democratic party. Wm. S. Campbell, of Pittsburg, it is said, is their choice for Canal Commissioner, and a strenuous effort is being made to saddle him upon the Democracy. We doubt, however, whether these political camp-followers will be any more successful with the Democracy than they have heretofore been or are likely to be hereafter with the Americans.—*Daily News.*

☞ The Governor-General of Cuba has raised the siege of the Island, and revoked the embargo which was proclaimed on the 10th of February.

For the Republican.

The Democracy in Secret Council.

PLANS EXPOSED.

Most of our readers are aware that the Democratic party of this county is governed by a few men who have been rewarded by the best offices in the county. Before they were driven out of the Fire-Proof, they held their secret caucuses there; and such promises were made politicians as would secure their services. They were then known as the 'Fire-Proof Clique.' Our suspicions were excited one day last week, by seeing the old '*clique*' in town, holding private confabs with our Democratic brethren, in knots of two or three. We dispatched a reporter to watch the proceedings. Any inaccuracies in the report which he has furnished us, will be attributed to the disadvantages under which he labored. The speeches reached his ear through the *key-hole*, and were written out by the light of a camphene lamp which glimmered through a window on the opposite side of the street.

At a late hour, a youth just come into the ranks, went around town to *drum up* the faithful. As they all commenced making off in one direction, we concluded to follow up the trail, and fortunately we soon '*holed*' them in a back room. I placed my ear to the key-hole and heard a suppressed whispering. The key-hole offered but a limited view of the room, but I could recognize many of the faithful by their voices only. Twenty minutes past eleven, Ebenezer Brag arose, stepped out into the line of my vision, stroked his whiskers proudly, kicked a few kinks out of legs, and proceeded to say:

"Fellow Democrats: In the language of our dear brother Boyle, I wish to inform you of another desperate move made in politics this week, in this place.' You are well aware that I have routed the Know-Nothings. There is not a man left of that hellish crew. They live only in darkness. They can't endure the light. Before the bright rays which emanate from my transcendent intellect they flee away and die. Before the flood of intense light which I shed in upon their midnight conclaves, they dwindled down and ceased to exist. But, gentlemen, I am under the painful necessity of informing you that the Whig party is still alive. I have utterly destroyed it time and again. I have cut off seven, and not only seven, but seven times seven of its hydra heads; and now I behold another horrid front growing up before me. It presents an appearance more formidable than all the others, and dares boldly to confront the hitherto invincible Democracy. Brothers, it comes, I doubt not, to prevent us from asserting and regaining our *inalienable rights*—the possession of all the offices of profit in the gift of the people. That terrible monster, the Know-Somethings, must be destroyed, or we shall never, never, gentlemen, we shall never get possession of the new Court House. I ask your candid advice, what *shall* we do?' So saying, Ebenezer shut his legs up like a jack knife, and took a comfortless seat on the top of a cold stove, the only vacant seat in the room. Thereupon Old Judge Nebraska arose and petulantly delivered himself of the following:

"See here, Captain Brag, I can tell you just what to do. Be honest and consistent; come out and give a fair expression of the sentiments of the leading Democrats of the county. You have been blowing hot and blowing cold long enough. You have played on both sides of this Nebraska question until we are fairly disgusted with your paper. One week your paper is stuck full of abolition nonsense, and the next week you are in favor of 'Popular Sovereignty.' Now, it's of no use. It is an insult to the good sense of the people, to suppose they can't see through your shallow truckling. If you had taken a fair and honorable course last fall, we should not have got so horribly beaten; and if we had, we should not feel quite so ashamed of it. I do not mind getting beat when I am fighting honestly for my principles. You know as well as I do that popular sovereignty is the Democratic doctrine. If you had sustained the doctrine like a man, we should not be divided as we are now. It is nothing but cursed free-soil editorials that has nursed the Know Somethings into existence. Instead of uniting us, you are preaching two doctrines, and making two parties of us. If we are whipped this fall the fault is yours, so help me Moses. And then you are trying to kill Wilmot, and at the same time sustaining his principles. His principles are all that ever gave him any strength in the county, and you, like a fool, are making a bottom for him to stand on. If you want to kill him, kill his principles and he will die a natural death. I never saw such a dumb-head attempt to lead a party."

Mr. Merchant, who was not appointed Post Master, arose. I could not see him, but I knew his voice, and heard him make this plain speech: "I don't want to blame Captain Brag, but, by thunder, I believe the Judge is right. Popular sovereignty is the Democratic doctrine, and it is the right doctrine too, and I believe in sticking to it, by thunder. All of the leading Democrats are in favor of it.—Look at them here in Montrose, in Friendsville, New Milford, Great Bend, Susquehanna, Liberty, Dimock, Springville, in fact all over the county, we are all in favor of the Nebraska Bill. The officers of the last Democratic meeting, the most of them, were in favor of the bill, and the speakers too, and what is the use of denying it? The people can see for themselves. You can't deceive them. I believe in standing by the Democratic principles, then if we get beat, we will bear it like men, and no grunting either, by thunder."

Ebenezer, evidently wishing to rise from the cold stove, got up to explain. "My friends, you must remember that it is sheer nonsense for us to think of carrying an election in this county, unless we keep the Free-Soilers with us. I am as anxious to sustain the Democratic principles as you are, but I do not want to destroy the party to sustain a naked principle. From the party we have derived substantial advantages. For thirty year it has bestowed its lucrative offices upon us. Shall we destroy the party which pays so well, merely to sustain a principle which can profit us nothing? We must not be so insane. The true policy is to keep the party together, and this is the policy I have always acted upon. The free-soil articles that I wrote last fall satisfied the Free-Soilers, and my opposition to the re-enactment of the Missouri Compromise, enough to satisfy you Nebraska men. That course would please the South, because all that wants is more Slave territory. If we give them all the territory they have gained by the Nebraska bill, what will they care for the hue and cry we raise about outrage upon Northern rights, and all that kind of gas. The South understands well enough that it is necessary for us to get off something of that kind, in order to keep the Free-Soilers with us. As long as the Free-Soilers are satisfied with empty words, what need we care, if they vote right? We give them words, and in exchange get votes, and I think it is a pretty d——n good bargain. What say you, brother Pale-Face?'

In answer, I heard a distinct "a-hem!" and the steps of some one making lengthy strides toward the table. I put my eye to the key-hole, and saw a head so far in advance of the body that the face only came in the line of my limited vision. He stood with his hands clasped before him, and I heard distinctly, first his heels and then his toes, strike the floor as he balanced himself alternately upon his toes and then his heels. Says he, "Gentlemen," and his heels struck the floor again, and as he raised up on his toes his shoes squeaked, and he ejaculated, "Gentlemen, Captain Brag is a smart man. He is the smartest man in this county. Captain Brag is right; I believe as he does. Keep the party together and let the principles go to the devil. What is the use of principles without a party?—Everbody thinks just as he is a mind to now. Besides that, it don't make any difference to us whether the people of the territories make their own laws or whether Congress legislates for them, according to the Constitution. That is a matter that concerns them. We have got enough to do to attend to the party. If we can keep the party together we shall do well enough. Somebody insinuated here to-night that my friend Captain Brag was to blame for letting the party get beat last fall. Now, I don't think so. Captain Brag is a smart man—smartest man in this county, and 'twant his fault at all. It was the Know-Nothings that raised the deuce with our ducks."

Esquire Small threw himself back in his chair, placed his feet on the top of the table, put his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, and, looking around with an air of perfect confidence in his own sagacity, proceeded to say: "Mr. Shanghai, you are correct. My friend Captain Brag was not to blame for our defeat last fall. He was on the right side and advocated the right principles. He advocated those principles better than any body else could do it, because every body else lacked the ability. Captain Brag is an Anti-Nebraska Democrat. I have had frequent conversations with him upon that subject, and have had ample opportunity to ascertain his real sentiments. He is very strong Free Soil. So is his friend Governor Bigler. I knew he was opposed to the Nebraska bill from the fact that I saw a letter of his in which he stated that if he had drawn up that bill he would not have repealed the Missouri Compromise. I voted with the Democratic party last fall, knowing it to be the only Anti-Slavery party in the country. I have always been Free-Soil in sentiment and always refused to act with any party that was not out-spoken against slavery. I was an Abolitionist until the Democratic party endorsed the Fugitive Slave bill and Compromise measures; then I began seriously to think of abandoning the Abolitionists, but did not join the Democratic party until it repealed the Missouri Compromise. Now I am in the party, you see, where I can carry out my Free-Soil principles. I don't suppose there was a Democrat in this county last fall who was not opposed to the Nebraska bill. Indeed, I am confident there was none, judging from certain information I received from my reliable friend Captain Brag. The party was a perfect unit upon that point, and would have carried the elections by an overwhelming majority if it had not been for the Know-Nothings. They are now completely broken up, and are fast dying out.—Before election they will be all gone, and an easy victory is ours. Gentlemen, don't trouble yourselves about the future—leave that to Captain Brag."

Captain Brag, feeling the uncomfortableness of a cold stove for a seat, arose again to edify the faithful. "I am glad my motives are appreciated. I have only the good of the party at heart. Keep the party together, and we are safe; divide, and all is lost. I will indicate to you the course I have pursued since election. I have redoubled my efforts in the cause of freedom. I have written whole pages of newspaper, on the Free-Soil question. I have showed more indignation at the outrages upon the rights of the North than any Free-Soiler is able to do. By this means I have regained the good will of the Anti-Nebraska Democrats. They are all with me now. They have abandoned the Know-Nothing Lodges and are fighting with me under the banner of freedom. On the other hand, I have made a dead strike at Wilmot. He is the leader of the Anti-Nebraska faction in this county; without him they can do nothing. My effort has been to destroy their confidence in him.—Destroy him, and the Free-Soilers are left as sheep without a shepherd, and will soon return to the Democratic party. My efforts to destroy Wilmot's influence have been remarkably successful. No one speaks of him now without a sneer. The people, always following some leader, now look up to me for direction. I am now the most prominent Free-Soiler in the county, and they will all follow my lead. As soon as I had Wilmot effectually disposed of, and placed in a position where he could do us no harm, I commenced again on the Nebraska side of the question. A week or two ago, I wrote an article stating that the North would soon 'FORGET ITS HOSTILITY TO THE ADMINISTRATION'—that people would soon become accustomed to the sovereignty of the Bowie knife and Revolver, and finally '*Popular Sovereignty would soon become the settled policy of the country.*' By such articles I intend gradually to quiet down the popular indignation upon the acts of the Administration, and by fall bring the people all round to the party again. I hope my friends, the Judge and the Merchant, will see the policy of this course, and since the two most formidable foes, the Know-Nothings and Wilmot, are disposed of, I hope they will unite with us and help devise some means to get rid of the Know-Somethings.

I heard a voice in a part of the room where I could not see, which I took to be the voice of a fat landlord. He said to Captain Bragg, "It is no use for you to flatter yourself that you have used up the Know-Nothings. It is no such thing. They are stronger to-day than they were last fall. There is not a man among them but what is firm in his opposition to the influence of the Catholic Church upon the politics of the country. As for that matter, who is not opposed to it? The principle is a good one, and say what you will, it is deeply rooted in the hearts of the people. The Know-Nothings are not all dead. My bar-room is a good place to watch the movements of men from different parts of the county. If there was much trouble among them, they would not feel so mighty good when they meet each other. They are the happiest set of fellows I ever saw. You better believe you will hear from them again about next October."

Next got up a smart young man, and with the swagger of a b'hoy, goes on: "And let me advise you, Captain Brag, that old Davy hain't caved in yet. *He's* some punkins. *He* carries the crowd with him. *He* is enough for all on ye now—yes siree *he* is enough for *all* on ye. You can't do nothin' with him, nuther—Captain Brag, you can't do *nothin'* with him. Why, he has got the hearts of the people, and they are going to stand by him, *they* are. You may fife around as much as you please, but old Davy will come out right every time. It strikes me you waked up the wrong passenger when you come out on him. You'd better let him alone. Them's my sentiments, Captain Brag. I don't care a d—n for that old Anti of his—Anti-Nebraska—I don't care the first d—n for that; but you ain't going to throw old Davy, you ain't now, sure as you are alive, you ain't. Come, gentlemen, it is getting pretty late—let's go and take something."

At that they all arose, and after some little conversation which I could not hear, agreed to meet "*this day week*," and departed.—After they had all gone, Captain Brag sat a long time in deep thought. At length he suddenly started up, and says he to himself, "I have it. That is a capital idea. It will be the making of me. I am bound to rise. Look out, General Cameron, your lobby member will be United States Senator himself, if you don't look sharp. I am after that berth myself, I am. '*Northward*'—that's the word—'*Northward.*' 'I am opposed to the extension of Slavery *Northward.*' Another compromise! Clay rose to power and honor on compromises, and why should not I? '*Northward!*' Glory enough for Captain Brag now. I am bound to rise. '*Slavery should not expand Northward!*' That is a glorious thought. Let me put that right down on paper to-night, and I will have it in my editorial article to-morrow, (May 31st.) "*Slavery limits should not extend* NORTHWARD!" Glorious! South will go that, I know they will. All right there; but let me see, that will not catch the Free-Soilers.—Something that looks a little stronger must be got off for them. '*An earnest conflict with the slave power in its outreaching insolence.*' That will bring them all in. I have united North and South. I am bound to rise. '*Slavery should not expand* NORTHWARD!' To-night, a week, we shall meet to consult again, and then I will lay my plan before the 'clique.'"

Captain Brag left, and I resolved that when that clique meets again I will have an eye to the key-hole.

For the Republican.

Know-Something Platform.

MESSRS EDITORS.—There is so much discussion and dispute in our neighborhood, as to the character and objects of the Know-Somethings, that I have taken some pains to procure a copy of their platform, which I send you for publication as, follows:

1st. Opposition to Roman Catholic and Jesuit *political* influence, and to men who give or offer Roman Catholics office, to influence their votes as a means of political advancement of themselves or others.

2d. PRINCIPLES AND CHARACTER—*not birth place*—are the true standards of qualification for citizenship.

3rd. No person should be permitted to hold Office in a Free Country who acknowledges the Temporal Supremacy of the Pope and Rome.

4th. Opposition to all Legislation that compels the Freemen of the North, at the dictation of the Southern Oligarchy, to hunt down and return Fugitive Slaves; and a repeal of all Laws that take such Fugitives by force, without trial by Jury, from any State or Country, claiming to be free, or that compels the Citizen or Government troops to aid in such a transaction; or that taxes the citizens of the Free States to help to pay the expenses thereof.

5th. No more Slave States, Territories, or Governments, should be admitted to a union with the Federal Government, and there should be "neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of crime, in any territory of the United States."

6th. Opposition to the sale of Alcoholic Drinks, as a beverage, and an active advocacy of a law, in this State or Country, similar in its provisions to the Maine Law; or one which by penal enactments shall abate Dram Shops as a nuisance.

7th. The People being the legitimate source of political power, all Offices, National as well as State, so far as practicable, should be filled by a direct vote of the electors.

8th. Opposition to political aspirants and demagogues, as nominees for civil office, and in favor of the selection of men of honesty, capability, and patriotism.

9th. A strict adherence to and warm support of those Candidates for civil office, who themselves adhere to, sustain, and vote for the above principles.

The Montrose Democrat of last week says that, 'if liberal and correct principles are to be sustained, discussion and sunlight will do them no harm;' and as I am of the same opinion I would ask the editor of that paper to point out such parts of the platform as he deems objectionable, and also those, if any, that he approves of. I consider it a pretty good one, but am willing to see it improved.

Perhaps it may ultimately be made almost equal to the Democratic platform, which since the *Democrat's* candidates for the Presidency, Buchanan and Benton, have declared in favor of slavery-extension South and West, I understand to be reduced in Susquehanna County, to this: "No extension of Slavery Northward.

old-liners of the North on that important point, and not give it without a desperate struggle; for if their party should regain the entire control of the government, and their Southern brethren should overrule them on that point, we might have the land of Penn converted into a Slave State in spite of our teeth. *We* shall fight against the extension of Slavery, in any direction, but when it comes to extending it Northward, we shall count on the aid of the Democracy.

P. Q.

Susquehanna Depot, June 2, 1855.

Letter From the Mediterranean.

Our readers will remember that in December last, Rev. J. Lorenzo Lyons, a son of one of our citizens, left home, on his way to Syria, where he was appointed a Missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions.—His friends have kindly consented to furnish us from time to time, such of his private letters as may prove to be of general interest, and we doubt not there are many readers of the Republican, who will read these letters from a far distant land, with both pleasure and profit.

The letter which we publish this week, is the first received after his departure, and next week we shall continue the series, with a letter from Smyrna.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA, near the Island of Malta. January 30, 1855.

You are no doubt becoming anxious to hear from me, and I have sometimes feared that your anxiety might amount to disquietude. Yet when I reflected that you had been willing to give me up to the service of God, among the heathen, I felt assured that with equal readiness you could trust me in the hands of that same covenant keeping God, while tost upon the deep. I should have written you long ago, had there been opportunity, but Malta is our first landing place on the voyage, and though we have seen a large number of vessels since leaving Boston, they were either out of hailing distance, or going in the wrong direction, and thus for forty days I have been entirely shut out from all communication with home, and shut out not only from home, but from all the world beside. Forty days without an item of news! what a recluse life, is this life on the sea. I dont know whether Sevastopol has been taken or not, or whether Cuba has been annexed, or whether the Dutch have been expelled from Holland, or New-York destroyed by an earthquake! The sun rises and sets, the tides ebb and flow, and the earth turns over once in about 24 hours, and that is nearly the extent of my knowledge of passing events. It will probably be still three weeks before this letter reaches you, and by that time I expect to be in Smyrna, when I hope to receive tidings from home.—How welcome will letters from home be now. I always valued them highly, but now their value will be increased an hundred fold. Everything pertaining to home, everything concerning my beloved friends there, will become invested with new interest, now that I am so far away.

But I must hasten to give you some account of our voyage. We left Boston on Thursday afternoon the 21st of December. In the morning Judge Jessup came on board to see us. This was a pleasure we had not expected. I was very glad he called, not only on my own account, but on yours also, as I knew he would be able to furnish you from actual survey a much more satisfactory description of our cabin accommodations &c., than I could give you by letter. Mr. Jessup left us about 11 o'clock and soon after we were towed out into the harbor. At 3 o'clock, with all sails set, we moved out toward the open sea, and a few minutes past 4, I saw the sun go down behind the hills of my loved native land. Shall I ever see the sun set upon those hills again? shall I ever again look upon the faces of the dear friends I leave behind me? Such were the thoughts that agitated my mind as I descended to the little cabin that was to be my home thro' many a league upon the wide waste of waters. Still I felt that your God was my God; and that though far sundered, we could yet be as near to one another in spirit, as when, in days past, we mingled our prayers around the family altar. On the the morning of the 22nd we were out of sight of land, and all the passengers sea sick except a Mr. Z. who being more accustomed to "a life on the ocean wave," than the rest of us, was exempt from the terrible malady with which we were afflicted.—Mr Plumer and myself entirely recovered from our sickness in the course of 36 hours and I have not been troubled since except with occasional dizziness in tempestuous weather. C. was confined to her berth about a week, and Mrs. Plumer was sick nearly all the way across the Atlantic. For the first week out we had favorable winds, and at the end of the 6th day we were 1260 miles from Boston, more than one third the distance across the ocean. Then came a calm of one or two days, which was succeeded by a long series of contrary winds and heavy sea, so that for nearly two weeks our little bark kept beating about in a zigzag course, going hundreds of miles, now North and now South, but making very little progress to the Eastward. Then came several days of delightful summer weather, and propitious breezes, and at length on the 20th of January we entered the Straits of Gibraltar, having been—with the exception of a dim distant view of two of the Azores Islands—out of sight of land for 28 days. We had a rough passage upon the whole, across the Atlantic. For though we encountered no terrible gales, yet we had some heavy showers of rain, and a good deal of high wind. For days together has our vessel been violently rocked upon the surging waters, sometimes almost pitching us headlong out of our berths, as we vainly attempted to sleep; and at other times emptying promiscuously into our laps, the food which we vainly essayed to put into our mouths. During the prevalence of these storms I have often stationed myself on deck near the stern of the ship, when, holding on to the railing, I have looked with feelings of admeration, and awe upon the turbulent ocean. The mighty waves rushing impetuously by, pow dashing angrily against the ship's sides, anow with a sense of the power and greatness of Him who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, who commandeth the winds and the sea, and they obey Him. Notwithstanding the tediousness of some parts of the voyage, yet for the most part I enjoyed it. I have read about 3,000 pages and written 100 in my journal. Since the passengers recovered from their sea-sicknes we have had religious services on board every Sabbath.—We have a very pleasant company of passengers, 8 in number, viz: My brother in law, Rev A. R. Plumer, and wife; myself and C. Mr. and Mrs. Zipcy and their little daughter Constance aged 8 years, and Mr. Lieli, a young Jew, native of Smyrna. Mr. Z. is also a native of Smyrna, but has been engaged in trade in Boston for the past 17 years and married a Boston lady. I should judge Mr. Z. to be nearly 40 years old, his wife 10 years younger. They are very intelligent and very agreeable companions.—The crew consists of 15 men including the officer Steward and Cook. Capt. Watson is a middle aged man, a Dane, born at Copenhagen, is well educated, polite, generous and kind, attentive to all the wants of his passengers and crew, and patiently answering the thousand and one questions which we are constantly asking about the countries we pass and concerning various matters connected with our life on the sea. We have had very mild summer like weather, and have experienced more inconvenience from heat than from cold. Excepting the first four days we had no fire all the way across the ocean.—C. and I spend a little while every day in studying Arabic, and we also spend an hour or two each day with Alexander and Lizzie in studying some portion of scripture. We read the same chapter each morning that you read for we commenced the New Testament the 1st of Jan., and to day read the 2nd of Mark. Every Sabbath ere at our devotions we read a chapter in Job. We read the 4th last Sabbath and after finishing Job shall take up Eccl. in the same way. Remember us at the mercy seat. Our Heavenly Father has been very gracious to us in prospering us thus far on our voyage. That He may be ever gracious to you also, and bless you with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, is my daily prayer.

Yours &c., J. LORENZO LYONS.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

Mr. William W. Valk of Flushing, Know-Nothing M. C. for the rural District of Long Island, has published a letter especially intended for the meridian of North Carolina, in which, with a glow of style worthy of that Carolinian blood of which he boasts, he repels the charge that the Know-Nothing party is tainted with the sentiment of Freedom. It is true he is compelled to admit that in Massachusetts and some other Northern States its members are not friendly to slave-catching or to the extension of Slavery over free Territory; but New York, he proudly avers, 'has determined to know no North, no South, no East, no West.' Whatever other States may do, here is a friend that the slave-breeding Oligarchy will find faithful to the end in the support of their schemes. He thinks seriously, so he tells us, 'that the American party is sound upon the Slavery question and all other sectional issues. Its platform of politics is eminently conciliatory and conservative, and should be satisfactory to our brethren of the South.'

Now we will admit for the sake of argument that the opinion of Mr. Valk is perfectly correct as respects the Know-Nothings of New-York, though even he cannot pretend that the Order can command a majority of the electors of the State. Here it is true that the Order is in the hands of pro-slavery politicians and office seekers, who never having got office otherwise have embraced the new party desperately as the sole chance of seating their greedy ambition at the public crib. In New-York National Know-Nothingism was conceived and brought forth, its last great effort having been the initiation of Mr. Fillmore amid tears and other solemnities into the Third Degree of the Mysterious Brotherhood. But when we turn to the other States of the North there is not one, except it may be New-Jersey, where the slave-driving interest can muster men enough to make a respectable regiment. Certainly it has no foothold in Massachusetts, where even Gov. Gardner cherishes the solemn conviction that the great duty of Congress is not only to prohibit Slavery in every territory under its control but otherwise to do everything which can tend to make 'Freedom national and Slavery sectional.' Nor has it any strength in Maine where the State Council of the Order has just passed such resolutions as the following:

'*Resolved*, That the Declaration of Independence the tone and tenor of the constitution, the Ordinance of 1787, the words and deeds of the founders of this Republic, all indicate that our forefathers intended that Slavery should be sectional, not national—temporary, not permanent.

'*Resolved*, That we solemnly protest against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—the passage of the Nebraska-Kansas bill, and the Fugitive Slave Law as violations of the rights of the Free States, and tending to the destruction of the free institutions of our country.

'*Resolved*, That we pledge ourselves to use our utmost exertions to free our National Territories from the curse of Slavery, and that we will never consent under any circumstances to the admission of another Slave State to this Union.

'*Resolved*, That any attempt to commit our Order in the Free States to the advancement of the interests of Slavery—to ignore it as a political question—to stamp it as a *side* issue—or to enjoin silence upon us in respect to its evils and encroachments, deserves and receives our sternest disapprobation and dissent.'

These propositions are rather too strong, to be cited by Mr. Valk, but we apprehend that they do no more than express the feelings of the mass of men who have seen fit to join the Order in all the free States, with the single exception of New-York, and perhaps New-Jersey. Throughout New-England, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, the great body of the Know Nothings are animated by the same spirit on the Slavery question as those of Maine and Massachusetts. Even in Pennsylvania it is not possible, we think, to seduce or to dragoon the Know-Nothings upon the negro-driving platform of Mr. Valk and Mr. Fillmore. The recent Anti-Slavery letter of so astute and so unscrupulous a political speculator as Mr. Simon Cameron would seem to indicate too decided and too powerful a tendency of public feeling to be perverted into the new channel.

It is clear from a very cursory survey of the field that there is not a single Free State which the Know-Nothings can hope to carry in behalf of Slavery at the coming Presidential Election. Even in New-York and New-Jersey, with 'Neutrality on Slavery Extension' inscribed upon their banners, they would be defeated as no party ever was defeated before. The very overwhelming strength of the North. Otherwise they become insignificant as well as contemptible. There is but one alternative for the coming election. Either a Democratic President will be chosen who will follow in the footsteps of Gen. Pierce, with the single exception that his devotion to the will of the Slavery Propaganda must be much more absolute and unquestioning, or a man will be chosen who represents and embodies that entire hostility to the Kansas infamy, its principles, its authors and its abetters, which is expressed in the resolves of Maine, above quoted. No candidate is possible who pretends to be impartial or indifferent on this all-absorbing issue; and any party attempting to take that ground will only prove itself impotent and imbecile. It is quite too late in the day for Mr. Valk and Mr. Filmore and the other Boohoos to set up tearful lamentations and ejaculations about 'the salvation of this glorious Union.' Amid the tramp and the clamor of the slave-drivers' mob, marching with cannon, with rifles and with gleaming bowie-knives to the subjugation of Kansas, we have something else to do besides attending to the tears and moans of a few political old women and effete office seekers. We have to beat back this infamous and arrogant invasion—to snatch Kansas from the withering grasp of Slavery, and to secure the people of the Free States against similar outrages for the future. This is the issue now at hand and approaching its final decision; we know that the great mass of Northern Know-Nothings are sound with regard to it; and we are confident that all attempts to sunder them from the almost universal sentiment of the North, and to commit them to hypocritical resolves of neutrality and toleration for schemes of slavery extension will prove utterly nugatory.

Senator Wilson in Vermont.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

BRATTLEBORO, May 29, 1855.

A misunderstanding having taken place in the American party of Vermont, Senator Wilson of Mass. was sent for to act as peace-maker, and last evening this distinguished shoemaker of Natick addressed a large assemblage on the subject of the position and duties of Americanism. Mr. Wilson premised by stating that in his opinion the time had arrived when all the nominations of the party should be made and voted openly.—The time for secrecy was past. The object of the American party was to infuse vitality into the effete political organizations. It was not intended to restrain immigration, nor to draw down this Republic from the lofty position which it maintains as the asylum for all the oppressed of Europe. Our shores should be ever free to him who by the labor of industry seeks an improved fortune, whatever may be his nationality or religious belief.—But the American party intends to provide against and even to resent the conduct of European Governments in sending here shiploads of paupers and felons; it is intended to prevent the organization of adopted citizens in distinct bodies according to their various nationalities, which would influence the political movements of this country. Thus, said the orator, America shall not in the future witness the humiliating necessity of one of her greatest glories stumping the country and becoming enraptured with the 'sweetness of the German accent, and the 'richness of the broad Irish brogue.' It may be that to attain this end the laws of naturalization should be made more stringent, or at least that the existing laws should be more conscientiously carried into effect. He deplored that the Legislature of his own State should have passed the amendment to the Constitution excluding naturalized citizens from office in the Commonwealth.

Such were the aims of the American party as laid down by the Senator; then, speaking of its duties, he declared that which was paramount to all others was the taking boldly and decidedly an issue upon the great question of humanity, of morals, and of the unstained glory of the Republic. The country was involved in a question which had not been equalled in importance since the establishment of the Constitution, and it behooves the American party to give to it the only true direction and solution: that is to declare Slavery sectional and Liberty national; to abolish the institution wherever it exists under cover of the Federal Constitution and Government. The States having it may for the present enjoy it; but not a foot of soil is to be conceded to it. State rights will thus be held inviolate—but the Fugitive Slave bill, and the Nebraska infamy shall be erased from our laws. The American party shall continue to look for union with the Anti-Slavery feeling of the country, for to that union might be attributed the success of the last elections in the North and West. The honorable Senator rejoiced at the recent defeat in the Virginia election as a lesson to the American party with whom to unite—not to toady to the Slave Oligarchy but to be truly democratic in principle. He denied the statements made by an obscure K. N. politician in New York, that the party was not concerned in the question of Slavery.

Such statements were tantamount to saying that Americans were not concerned in the cause of humanity or national honor. He repudiated with contempt the idea that monsters such as Atchison, Stringfellow, and their gangs should be regarded as brethren. In conclusion he earnestly adjured the people of Vermont to remain true to themselves and to their convictions—to appear united in the National Councils of the State and in Washington as a strong phalanx in the defense of human rights and liberty! The American party deserved an ignominious end if it failed in performing these most important duties of its mission.

An Appropriate Visit.

The visit of Governor Pollock and Secretary Curtin to Philadelphia, was happily appreciated by the citizens, and must have been highly gratifying to themselves. From the moment of their arrival until their departure, they were in charge of the committees of different benevolent or educational institutions; and visited almost every school and institution of note in or near the city. The modest and unassuming manner in which they met and communicated with the schoiars, citizens and officials of Philadelphia, was the subject of general remark and approval. His excellency presided and delivered speeches at the American Sunday School and Pennsylvania Colonization anniversaries; and also visited and addressed the principal schools of the city; and in every instance made an impression that is destined to live long after his official term shall have expired. Indeed we have never witnessed such general approbation. One of his most violent and influential political opponents said, 'James Pollock has never been appreciated as he deserves; and if he were a candidate in this city to-morrow he would have twenty thousand majority. He has made a good Congressman, a faithful and upright Judge, an excellent Governor, but his intercourse with our youth has developed the true greatness of the man!'

☞ The report of the existance of the cholera in Kansas is false, and was probably got up by the Atchison men to keep away Northern emigrants.

I next came to the residence of W. M. Tingley, of the firm of Bell & Tingley, at Hop-Bottom. The dwelling stands on the

the limb while he performed the operation. "As soon as I had done the sawing," said he, "I heard something drop."

10,000 for sale. Inquire of O. G. HEMPSTEAD. Brooklyn, April 30, 1855.

GARDEN SEEDS. A FRESH lot of Shakers', Rochester, and Connecticut Garden Seeds just opened and for sale by J. LYONS. March 29.

Melodeons CONSTANTLY ON HAND or furnished to order on short notice. J. LYONS & SON.

MAY be found in S. S. Mulford's Drug Store, east side of Public Avenue. Montrose, November 15, 1854.

A SELECT STOCK OF SEASONABLE GOODS AT

SHINGLES.—Shaved Shingles wa[illegible] (October 24.) J. LY[illegible]