Montrose Democrat.

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN SOUTHERN PENN'A.

E. B. CHASE & ALVIN DAY, *Editors.*

Montrose, Thursday, March 1, 1855.

An Apprentice Wanted.

A good *steady* boy, from 15 to 16 years of age, who would like to learn the printing business, will find the best encouragement by applying at this office. One from the country *preferred.*

☞ The communication signed "*Parrenti*" will richly repay a perusal. It will be recognized as the production of one who has acted with the Whigs—in fact we know the writer to have been an active and determined Whig in the past, and a supporter of Pollock last Fall. He declines acting with the Know-Nothings, however, and bestows a merited rebuke upon that party. His humor is irresistible, his logic strong by reason of its truth—in short his production contains the outspoken convictions of an honest man. Read it!

Politics and Morals.

It has become quite fashionable of late, with a certain class of politicians, to regard morality as a thing with which they have little to do; a distinct something whose proper home is in the private and humble walks of life. Acting upon this idea, they willingly trample upon its rules of virtue and wisdom, and strike out into the more seductive paths of what they are pleased to term "*policy.*"—This unwesome notion has penetrated the political atmosphere of our own county, and we are beginning to taste its bitter fruit. The effects of this purely modern policy are confronting us to-day, and as we gaze upon them we are compelled to entertain gloomy forebodings for the future of our country and her institutions. If the idea that politics and morals are distinct, and bound together by no sympathetic ties, is to prevail; if the ship of state is to be launched in these troublous times with no high moral sentiment to animate her pilots, and give safe direction, in her wild cavortings, who can hope to see her anchored in safety in the haven of civil and religious liberty? Will those men who ignore morality, when it happens to conflict with their crude notions of policy, be able to restore the country to thrift, prosperity and peace, when their reckless abandonment of sound and wholesome moral doctrines, shall have perilled her very being? Will they have power to rescue the people from the dangers into which they have voluntarily plunged them, when they shall have inculcated the idea that politics and morals are hostile to each other, and made us the victims of their ruinous policy? It is a serious question how far morality can be dispensed with in the struggle for place and the honors of office; and upon its right solution hangs the weal of the Republic.

As an illustration of that policy which spurns anything like *moral* dictation, it would be well to observe the movements of those politicians, who have abandoned the right, and placed their most sacred principles in the market, in the hope of securing the support of a power, conceived in wickedness and a standing monument of infamy—When the candid and observing men of this section fully comprehended the nature and tendency of this new organization, with its skulking and mischievous policy, they were alarmed,—they saw the principles for which they had battled thrust from the political arena, and dangerous dogmas planted in their stead; they recognized the foul treachery by which they had been torn from the path dictated by judgment and conscience, and were anxious to retrieve, while yet it was time, the strength that had been stolen from them, that they might use it in defence of their principles. Their attention was naturally turned to the man under whose banner they had marched to ruin; his loud and windy appeals to their passions had played no inconsiderable part in the fatal game; his apparent earnestness and assumed integrity had worked to a charm, and now that the delusion was beginning to explode, he had a glorious opportunity to give a practical demonstration of that *honesty*, of which the public was beautifully unconscious, save through his own protestations. Auspicious period! Fatal neglect! The golden moment was allowed to pass unimproved; patient acquiescence and unwarranted silence were reluctantly but surely branding him with the consequences of an unhallowed bargain with plotting secrecy and unparalleled wrong. The popular eye was upon him and he should have seemed to bend before the throne of the secret power, whose mission it was to prostrate the very principles he affected to cherish and sustain. He should have rewarded the confidence of a generous constituency, by taking a bold and decided stand against this startling conspiracy, and assisted in thwarting its dark and dangerous projects. When it was understood that David Wilmot would address the Republican *allies* Know Nothing meeting in this place, there was a curiosity extant, to hear him define his position upon this new and overshadowing issue. With so much boldness and courage as he professed to be master of, it was thought by some that he would not hesitate to declare his views. Indeed, his best friends hoped that he would openly and fearlessly vindicate his claims to manhood, by rebuking in his own superior style, those men who, in the lodges, and at night, are stabbing freedom to the heart and blighting her fairest prospects of success. Those hopes were doomed to disappointment; and the men who cherished them, humiliated and abashed, saw for the first time the duplicity of the man to whom they had given their respect and confidence. David Wilmot, the pet of the masses, the supposed champion of their rights, *dodged* the great question they had at heart, shrank from the discharge of a freeman's duty, and won for himself *contempt*. His conduct that night gave the key to his character. It furnished unmistakable proof to the allegation that in the pursuit of office he has no hesitation to break the pledges he has given, sacrifice his friends upon the altar of his mad ambition, and trample upon the very doctrines on which he has been sustained.—Some of his *private* auditors who sympathize with him in his aspirations, in the hope of tasting a morsel of the loaf themselves, attempt to justify his silence on the ground of policy. They are compelled to admit that the secret power before which he humbles himself is an efficient ally of slavery; they know that secret power to be corrupt, immoral and treasonable, and yet excuse the man who cowers and pets it, if cozing and petting will tend to promote the great object he has in view, to wit: a high and responsible office. This course of justification brings to light the beauties of that policy which never stains itself by an alliance with sound morality. The individuals who approve such a course say to us: "It would be bad policy for Wilmot to plant himself in hostility to the Know Nothings just now; he would bring the whole pack down upon him with a vengeance; such a course would be very unwise on his part, and would diminish his chances for election to the U. S. S. He's a cunning fellow and don't feel like committing himself at this time. Don't you see? There's policy in the thing." In this way they seek to still all remonstrance, and hide the wrong under an immoral policy, because a supposed interest so dictates. They seem to think it judicious and justifiable to engage in a wrong, provided by so doing the end they desire can be attained. In the effort to place Wilmot in the U. S. S. they are willing to resort to stratagem—ready to wink at *error* when nerved by the power of dreadful oaths, it attacks the Constitution, lays its ruthless hands upon the choicest and best privilege of the citizen, plundering him of his manhood, his right to do a freeman's act.

If the personal and political merit of David Wilmot are insufficient to insure his election, let him remain at home; but if his capacities are well suited to the place, and such as will reflect credit upon the State, and enable him to be an able exponent of her political faith, then elevate him—give to him the "loaves and fishes" for which he has ever manifested so much anxiety. His particular worshippers should remember that,

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,"

and although the free-soil sentiment lies mangled and bleeding under the ban of a foul conspiracy; having been dragged from its original and prosperous battle fields by force of treachery, artifice and reckless ambition, it will arise, assert its proud title to supremacy, and having learned wisdom from its corrupt bargaining, plant itself in uncompromising hostility to its natural enemy—Know Nothingism. Every attempt it makes, through its self-constituted agents to purchase the favor of the power by which it has been betrayed will bury its prospects still deeper; the more intimately it becomes associated with corruption the more widely will it depart from its god-like mission, the more weak will it become. Banish it from the guidance of its original principle—*morality*—attempt to lead it to the seats of power, through the byelanes, the tortuous windings and mysterious paths of a purely political expediency, and its chief element of success is gone; the quality that gave it a home in the hearts of an honest people is torn from it. Those men who deny this truth will do well to ponder over the fruits of policy, as distinguished from morality, in Wilmot's case. They will see there an admirable illustration of his cunning expediency. Thinking to win, he staked his hopes with a party whose creed was hostile to every principle he had formerly professed. "Policy" was his watchword, and "policy" was re-echoed by his devotees.—Pure expediency is said to have governed him, and he may now enjoy the product; only five votes were given him, in the caucus of the order, in return for the friends and principles he had sacrificed, and those by way of compliment (?) This is natural—it is just. How could he expect the order to give him such high proofs of its confidence, when he had sought to purchase *its* favor, at so great a sacrifice! "Honor among thieves" is doubtless an acceptable maxim even with the conspirators, and they have given David the whole benefit of it, and we hope it has taught him a wholesome lesson which he will profit by. This riding a policy, hostile to good morals is a dangerous thing, and a little practice in managing the beast will be likely to cure the reckless adventurer of his aspirations in that line.

Let us hope for such a result, and at the same time be cautious how we embrace men "prone to wander;" being high-spirited and full of an ambition that bewilders them with its sublime visions, they need watching.—They deal ponderous blows sometimes, and having no sound morality to restrain them, the effect is often pernicious.

The past is not without its instruction in this respect and its admonitions come to our ears, full of warning, bidding us to cultivate a better union of politics and morals, and teaching us to despise the former, if not elevated and beautified by the hallowed spirit of the latter.

"Opening the Books."

It has been the chief policy of David Wilmot in his late political harrangues to convince the public of his consistency, integrity and patriotism. In the execution of his project he has boasted much of his own merits, and not unfrequently declared his readiness to "*open the books*" with the best orthodox Democrat in the land. Indeed, he has presumed to set himself up as the great high-priest of the Democratic party, commanding its members to imitate his political somersets, "on pain of ex-communication." Seeing no propriety in bowing in humble submission to his mandates, when they are conceived and put forth in such a shape, we have taken the liberty to do our own thinking, to act as we thought best upon questions of public interest, always keeping in view that wholesome Democratic maxim, "the greatest good of the greatest number." The arrogance and self-glorification of Wilmot have led us, in common with large numbers of our fellow citizens, to inquire,

"Upon what meat hath this our Cæsar fed
That he is grown so great"

By virtue of what authority does he presume to dictate to his masters? Has he left the impress of superior genius and spotless integrity in those high places, to which a deceived, yet confiding constituency, has too frequently called him? Can he "open the books" and not impeach the validity of his claims to confidence? If he can do this, why does he confine himself to boasting and leave the public to learn as it best can the real character and justice of his pretensions?—We are willing to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and therefore propose to "open the books," and present in a "nut-shell" an impartial statement of David Wilmot's political course. We can thus trace out his title to those high honors, for which he aspires, and to which his vanity has already laid claim.

While in Congress he voted to deny to his constituents *the right of petition.* In 1855 we find him on his knees before a conspiracy to destroy "freedom of conscience." He voted for the annexation of Texas, and *against a clause* prohibiting slavery within her borders. He sustains a revenue or Democratic tariff in 1846 and is applauded by his constituents. In 1855, hoping to be made U. S. Senator, he writes a long letter for the perusal of high tariff men, in which he labors to prove himself a protectionist. In Montrose he denounces Simon Cameron as a "pro-slavery hack," and before his abuse has grown cold he mails a letter to the said Simon expressing a preference for him "over all his rivals." In political meetings here at home he declaims loudly against corruption, Nebraska Bills, &c. In writing to a "pro-slavery hack" he assures him that he (Wilmot) is not his "*volunteer rival.*" He intimates among his blind worshippers that Cameron wishes to *bribe* him, and with apparent indignation assures them that he spurns such baseness; in the same breath he obliquely hints, in the Cameron letter, that he will *sell* his formidable power in the Legislature—the *faithful five*—and make the transfer on the receipt of such price as he pleases to affix. He bends his giant energies to the task of organizing an illegitimate, bastard party, and employs his deceit and cunning to clothe it in stolen garments; then turning to the Democracy with an air of supercilious insolence, defies them "*to read him out of the party.*" Holding himself out as an exemplar of all that is good and wise, he boasts of being the political representative of Thomas Jefferson, and says, "open the books, I will compare notes with your orthodox Democrats," &c. How any man with such a chequered political path to look back upon as David Wilmot has, can presume to rank himself, in point of integrity and wisdom, with the "fathers of the Republic" is more than we can see. We look with pride upon the results of their labors, and venerate the wisdom to which we are indebted for the liberties we enjoy. The pages of our national history are bright with the record of their deeds, unstained by such exhibitions of ingratitude and double-dealing as the career of David Wilmot displays.

They at the close of a life devoted to the service of their country, could "open the books" and find therein no infamous deeds to dim the splendor of their virtues and their fame. Not so the man who deserts the right in the hope of gain; who has a "coat of many colors," a dialect suited to the politicians at our State Capitol, and a soft, deceitful tongue for the "bone and sinew"—the generous constituents at home. How long will the people continue to embrace their betrayer? How long are they to submit to the domination of one who, when the "books are opened" stands before them, not in the habiliments of consistency and virtue, but in the dishonored garments of the demagogue!

Look to the Record.

The Bradford *Reporter* quotes from its columns an article written when Mr. Wilmot was before the District for re-election on the Tariff issue, to prove that we have misrepresented him on that question, and that Mr. Wilmot never advocated the free trade doctrine. We have an old *Reporter* before us from which we clip the following article on that subject, to which we invite public attention. Compare this, and the extracts from Mr. Wilmot's speech in Congress on the Tariff, which we printed on the outside of our paper last week, with his recent Tariff letter, and then tell us who is endeavoring to cheat the public.

"Free Trade."

The theory of free and unrestrained reciprocity of trade between nations—as among individuals—had its origin, most doubtless in the most comprehensive and enlightened mind. No happier state of our commercial relations could exist than the enjoyment by every country of a market where enterprise may find its way, and the fruits of our industry be conveyed. Where no restriction should be laid upon the exchange of commodities with those of every clime and every land, leaving our markets open for the ingress of the productions of other lands, rendering in return the products of our ever-teeming soil, as well as the productions of our industry.—But however beautiful this may be in theory, however benevolent in practice, its votaries must patiently await the time when our country shall fear the competition of no country, and our ships bear to every land the evidences of our superior skill and industry. And as one branch after another of the resources of the country become matured and developed, the interests of the mass—*the people*, in contradistinction from the capitalist—will demand that *competition* should be encouraged, to prevent the formation of monopolies—a feature most diametrically opposite to the spirit as well as the permanency of our institutions.

Those papers who clamor so violently in opposition to *Free Trade* are imposing upon the credulity of the people or supposing them ignorant of its principles. Let us look to England and see what the friends of Free Trade would effect in that country. *Agriculture* has there come in for all the especial benefits of legislation, and the farming interest is composed of the wealthy and aristocratic land-holders, who commanding a majority in Parliament have heretofore successfully resisted all attempts to reduce the price of provisions made by those who would ameliorate the condition and elevate the character of the laboring classes.

These efforts, made for the benefit of the laboring classes of England, are most essentially philanthropic, and deserving of our hearty commendation. Consequently we look for the success of Free Trade in that country with feelings of no ordinary share of interest; a feeling which has its rise in a wish for the prosperity of the farmers of this country, and a hope that some of the suffering and poverty of England may be at least softened by a free admission into their ports of the necessaries of life.

[FOR THE DEMOCRAT.]

MONTROSE, Feb. 22, 1855.

My Dear Mr. or Mrs. Cayenne, (rumor says you are a Lady!)

You are rapidly becoming famous as a political writer. Some of your recent articles in the *Republican* have produced a sensation little short of the celebrated Junius in England, or those of Hamilton or Madison in our own country. Allow me to congratulate you on the honors which you have so nobly won, and which you bear so meekly. You are the acknowleged leader of the great Republican party, which numbers among its adherents, great magnates, who dispense justice; make, administer and execute laws, ordinances and regulations, in the mighty borough of Montrose, which you and I, my dear madam, have the good fortune to inhabit. You lead men whom it were an honor to *follow*, even. You are the "bright particular star," the favorite correspondent of a paper which has a brilliant corps of contributors, and whose power and influence compared to that of the London *Times* or New York *Herald* is as the strength of an elephant to that of a gnat. Grateful feelings gush forth spontaneously from the hearts of the down-trodden and oppressed people, as they read the eloquent sentences which flow so copiously from your gifted pen. The weak grow strong, the faltering rally, the timid take courage, in view of the fact that they have so able an advocate. The great heart of the people, larger than that of an ox, is now throbbing with emotions, to which if utterance were not given, it would surely break. You are its mouthpiece. Through you it gives expression to its pent-up "pheelinks." Besides, the masses have been long in want of a teacher, capable of instructing them in their rights and duties. You are fitted by nature and education for this responsible position, and it is a great source of consolation that you have undertaken the work. You are a tower of strength to the cause which you have so nobly espoused. Under your wing the trembling and the faint hearted feel as safe as a young turkey when kindly hovered by the old gobbler—So on, Cayenne. Immortality awaits you. Women have shone before in the walks of literature and learning. But they have been crowded out of many avenues to distinction in this country. They are now, however, asserting their rights, and stepping forth to claim the honors to which they are so justly entitled. We now have female lecturers, female preachers and female doctors; but you are the first to stand before an admiring world as a female political writer. Lucy Stone, Lucretia Mott, and Abby Folsom have become somewhat celebrated as public speakers, Harriet B. Stowe as a painter of plantation scenes, and Fanny Fern for the tragic eloquence with which she describes domestic life in attics and kitchens. But you are a *pioneer* in the wilderness of politics, heretofore untrodden by the delicate slippers and undisturbed by the rustling petticoats of a woman. No talk about woman keeping in her proper sphere. Has it not been clearly proven that her proper sphere is where she can do the most good—where she is best calculated to rise and shine? But on this question of propriety, if any indication is needed, you are notoriously able to vindicate yourself, and I leave the task to you.

In this age, when new wonders are constantly starting up, there are many old fogies who stubbornly refuse to acknowledge their merits, and raise the cry of *humbug*. There are some who deny the existence of genuineness of Spiritual Knockings, and even the great Barnum, in spite of all his solemn protestations to the contrary, is accused of humbugging. There are those also, who deny your *womanhood*, and stoutly assert that you are *mulatto*. Others claim that there are two or three of you—that "Cayenne" is a regular, cut-and-out *Siamese twin*. But by not disheartened. Other comets whose tails were long and luminous, have flashed with all the resplendent magnificence of a pitch-pine torch across the Heavens—other meteors, whose brilliant corruscations outrivaled the dazzling splendors of "Paine's Water Gas," or the clear and beautiful effulgence of a lighted patent anti-explosive safety-fuse sperm-acetti oil and lard lamp—have condescended for a time to illumine the earth, then disappeared forever, serving only to make darkness more visible. Not so with you, Cayenne. Your light will shine on, and continue to shine thro' all coming time. Though you may be without honor, like many who have gone before you, in your time, and in your own country, yet look trustingly to the future. The great truths you have uttered will not be forgotten, amid the general wreck of parties and creeds of politicians. Whoever you are, mysterious Cayenne—whether the kind-hearted sister, or the man of saws and saddle-bags, pills and plasters, all warranted to cut, carve and mangle legs, arms, &c. in the most agonizing manner, or give to troubled humanity the most speedy exit to the land where the weary are at rest—or whether some still more unknown and unsuspected personage—or the three combined—you will be spared, be safe.

I perused, my dear Cayenne, your article in the last *Republican* with more than usual pleasure. In its sarcastic rebuke to your terrible opponents, and in the touching pathos of its melting appeals, welling up from your aching bosom like the wailings of a teething infant in distress, you more than equal yourself. But there were some things which I humbly beg leave to scrutinize a little; not by way of criticism, but simply friendly review. For instance, you said: "Now is it Pennsylvania's turn to speak and act." I crave your pardon, for audaciously presuming to dissent from this proposition. There is no occasion for Pennsylvania *speaking*, when you are doing it for her so much better than she is capable of doing it for herself; and as for *acting*—is she not acting? Cast your eye for one moment towards her noble Capitol, and behold there the patriotic and determined efforts which *five men* are making to save the Commonwealth by electing your favorite to the U. S. Senate.

Again you say: "There is but one man in this broad Commonwealth who can go to Washington, clothed with the *moral* influence, &c. * * * That man is David Wilmot. His talents, eloquence and statesmanship fit him eminently for that station." There, Cayenne, you struck a happy vein. This is indeed a *broad* Commonwealth and a long one. The thought is new, but when I contemplate the breadth of old Pennsylvania, I am almost forced to the conclusion that she is *broader* than she is long! But it is the idea of sending a man to Washington clothed with a *moral* power and influence, which I am most in love with. Other states have sent men clothed with some considerable *political* power and influence, and there is abundance of this material there already. But the *moral* atmosphere of Washington is notoriously bad.—Why, it is said that there are there (to quote your own language) "men of high and honorable stations" who are guilty of profane swearing, gambling, drinking, and many other immoral practices. It is clearly the duty of Pennsylvania to make an earnest effort to roll back this tide of moral corruption, which threatens to engulph all the purity of legislation—and send a thorough-going radical reformer as a missionary to the seat of government. Some might think, Mr. or Mrs. Cayenne, that you were inclined to declaver the victim of your affections with too extravagant compliments. But I can excuse this so long as I believe you perfectly sincere and honest. It is evident that there is such a thing as damning a man with *faint* praise, and probably *feigned* commendations would have the same effect. Only keep within the bounds of *probabilities* and you will have no trouble.

In your remarks about Mr. Grow you are somewhat blind and enigmatical. You have devoted two issues of the *Republican* before to this gentleman. One *con.* and the other partially *pro.* You now seem to take a sort of middle ground. Do let us know, unequivocally, what your real sentiments are. The public are at great loss what action to take, until they hear further from you.

You say your favorite "carries his principles not only to the forum but to the ballot-box."—This is very imprudent in him—he might loose them. In fact, there are some of those "fiendish malignity" men, you speak of, who affirm that he actually deposited them in the ballot-box when Pierce run for President, and has not yet recovered them. You also say, "no other charge is preferred against him." He is decidedly a lucky fellow. Few men escape with so little flailing who run the gauntlet of politics. But again, you say, "Why is it that the Democratic party is down with a vengeance on the only Democratic candidate?" &c. Sure enough! *Down on their own candidate!* Unheard of inconsistency! I must confess, my dear Cayenne, I am a little puzzled to understand the full force and meaning of that passage. I can't make out fully who you mean by *Democratic* candidate.—There are two parties in Pennsylvania at the present time. The Democratic, and its opponent, which is called in other parts of the state "*American*," but here "*Republican*." I supposed, Mr. Cayenne, that you and your protege both belonged to the Republicans. My admiration for you begins to cool down. You don't think you can claim to belong to a party, after you have organized and are leading an *opposition* to it, and escape suspicion, do you?—Bad policy, bad policy, Cayenne. I fear your Whig allies will disown you. But I pass on to notice,—

Fourteenthly.—You say, "Geo. Sanderson declares over his own signature that Mr. Wilmot is *right* on the tariff question—that he is true to the Iron and Coal interests of Pennsylvania. Don't you mutter that lie again, sir. Deserted his old friends! It is false as h——l."

Here again, Mr. Cayenne, (I have no longer any doubt that you are *Mr.*) I am somewhat confused in my attempts to ascertain your real meaning. The decided but polite tone in which you charge a gentleman with falsehood, for saying that your *beau-ideal* of political perfection was *right*, would seem to imply that you thought he was *wrong*. Well, it would be a long, painful and fruitless search, to look for perfect consistency in anybody. Wouldn't it, Cayenne?

You said just before fourteenthly—that "the *Democrat*, for want of a single respectable objection to bring against him, is filled with low personal abuse and blackguard." Now the question naturally arises, what is a *respectable* objection? Do you mean by that, objections to a man's respectability? Such as "Don't your mutter that lie again, sir"—"it is false as h——l," &c. If you do, I think "low personal abuse and blackguard," instead of respectable objections is entirely pardonable.

One other point, and I close." You say, "Men of high and honorable station in Montrose are writing articles, &c. Men, who are praying men in churches, write *anonymous* articles, in which they publish falsities which they dare not utter with their lips."

Now, these are most astounding disclosures. The public are amazed—horrified! But, my dear Cayenne, you have excited public wonder—you have raised a feverish curiosity which threatens to break out into a malady unless speedily relieved. Who are the "men of high and honorable position in Montrose" you allude to? There are so many of them that we are at a loss to determind who the reprobates are, and the innocent are likely to suffer with the guilty. You see, there are two Justices of the Peace, one Burgess, two Poor Masters, nine Councilmen, one High Constable and one Low Constable, and others too numerous to mention. And then again who who are "the *praying* men" to whom you refer? Don't leave them all under suspicion. That you have no sympathy with this kind of men is conclusively settled by some of your expressions which I have quoted. And besides, we wish to know what these *falsities* are, which they would not dare to utter with their lips? You must particularize, Mr. Cayenne. Such wholesale charges affect the whole community. Some are so unscrupulous as to say that your own signature is not genuine. But I don't believe it. You despise *anonymous* scribblers. Yours, *Cayenne*, is entirely correct. There is no necessity of men writing out their entire christian and sur names in full. *Cayenne*—K. N.—Know Nothing. There you have it, translated in full. It means that you are one of the men whose political visions, like the owls physical sight, are better in the night than in the daytime. Yes, sir, you are one of the *Political Owls*. And the owl question is no doubt the one to which you allude as the "great national question" to be settled by Senators elected this winter.

But you say, in one place: "Men are professing free-soil sentiments publicly, and in the *dark* are striking a deadly blow at the restriction of human Slavery."

Why, Cayenne, *why* deal such cruel blows upon the heads of your *own friends*? Demolish your enemies, but do spare your brethren! This striking at random is dangerous business. All Know-Nothingdom will rise in its majesty and call you *traitor*, if you are not more guarded. To be sure, you may make the excuse, that you said *human* slavery, which is not so much the object of their solicitude as *Religious* slavery; but this will hardly save you. The two go hand in hand. All the difference is, that in the South *one*, and in the North the *other* species takes priority among the Owls.

Finally, Cayenne, (as I have not time to notice any other of the interesting features in your article,) you say, "The whole country awaits with the most intense anxiety, the response that shall come up from the Halls of Legislature." Such a state of most *intense anxiety* is highly unfavorable to the digestion and general health of the body politic. Even reason is in danger of dethronement, if quietude is not soon restored. The question then is, what is to be done? You are the P. D.—Doctor of Politics—and ought to know best. I humbly suggest, however, that *Cayenne* is too stimulating—too irritating to the stomach. I think your patient needs cool draughts and soothing applications—say water from the North Pole, thickened with icebergs to about the consistency of mush and milk, used outwardly—with an occasional dose of

Yours, My Dear Ineffable Cayenne,
In a Cataract of the Most Imperturbable
Good Nature, RED PEPPER.

P. S.—Before this epistle reaches you the "intense anxiety" will be partially allayed—the long agony over—by the election of a U. S. Senator at Harrisburg. Whatever the result, let us—you and I, dear Cayenne—endeavor to contain ourselves, and preserve our tempers and appetites unimpaired. R. P.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Messrs Editors:

It has become an almost universal fashion with your own, and other Democratic papers to accuse *all*, who were members of the old Whig party, of Know Nothingism. Will you permit one who has uniformly acted with that party, until its final dissolution, after the Scott campaign; and who, though an humble citizen, without any aspirations to become a politician, nevertheless, feels some interest in public affairs, to contradict this indiscriminate charge.

It is true, that the "American movement,"—as it pompously styles itself,—springing up at a time, when the Whig party had, in almost all parts of the country, declared its organization "dissolved by mutual consent," has fed largely upon its scattered fragments; and building upon its ruins, has incorporated much of the old material into its own Mosaic, pie-bald and unsymmetrical structure or organization. It is also true, that so far, those, Whigs, who have not actually become members of the Order, have generally acted with them at the polls; as, by so doing, they were, at least, carrying out their old principle, or old habit of fighting the Democrats. Many of them have done this, without stopping to inquire with whom, or for what principles they were voting. But while a majority of the old Whigs have either joined, or are working with the K. N.'s, the rule is far from being a *universal* one. There are many exceptions, in our own county, in respect to membership of their Lodges, and the number who act with them *outside*, is growing "small by degrees, and beautifully less" as its true character becomes every day more manifest, and better understood.

The "*Fusion*" claiming to be purely a Free Soil movement, was the means made use of to draw the *uninitiated* to their support; and how well it succeeded, the tally-papers of last Fall's election too plainly show. Conscious, that as Native Americans or K. N.'s, they could never carry a majority in this county, they determined to avail themselves of the free soil sentiment to erect a permanent organization, with which to induce the co-operation of "outside barbarians" at future elections. Accordingly, after formal notice, signed by an imposing number of names of all political creeds, they met in a convention at the Court House, some months ago, and with great pomp and ceremony—with eloquent harrangues and solemn resolves—making a parade of such pure and unselfish principles, and a flourish of such unutterable patriotism, as have not been witnessed since the days of the old Hartford Convention—they christened the new-born prodigy—their *quasi* free soil party,—Republican.

Know Nothingism, which was really the controlling influence in this enthusiastic convention, and to subserve the purposes of which the new party was formed, was carefully kept out of view. Anti-Nebraska, was the prominent and leading principle of the new party. This was rung through all its variety of changes, and held out as the grand central idea—the focus, where its luminous rays of political truth, its intensely patriotic desires, and its vigorous energies, were all to be concentrated.

This was good, sound doctrine, and one which met with hearty approval from pretty much everybody, irrespective of party, in this portion of the "Moral-Vineyard," or, more appropriately, this corner of the "Political Sap-Bush."

Consequently the Republican party took with a tremendous *furore* among the people, and seemed for a time to have been "predestinated and fore-ordained" to attain a power, and sweep in this county, heretofore unexampled in political annals. Parties, general, sectional and local—factions and cliques, have existed in this country; but by whatever name they have been called, whether Whig or Democrat, old Hunker or barnburner, Hard-Shell or Soft Shell, Silver Gray and Cotton Whigs, or Fire Eaters, none of them have furnished a parallel to this one in the facility with which the masses were induced to subscribe to their platforms. In fact, the people, with only a few painful exceptions, were unanimous on "this great question."

An avalanche of rich spoils, from the public crib, seemed now to be certainly in store, is about to descend upon the heads of those who had long hungered and thirsted in vain. The Officers, Orators, Committee men and leading spirits of the "large and respectable" meeting, were in extacies. Visions of future greatness danced through the brains of men who had never presumed to hope for any honor, beyond some township or borough office. Already they immagined themselves in the Halls of Legislation, or occupying some lucrative place in the "Fire-proof." Men who, before, would have been satisfied with being Constables or Justices of the Peace, now dreamed of being Sheriffs, Associate Judges, Treasurers, &c., &c. And Many, whose moderate expectations of being useful to community, had never extended beyond their farms, work or trading shops, suddenly became profoundly sensible of their claims upon, and ability to serve the people in more exalted positions. They were deeply impressed that it was now their duty to abandon their plows, ledgers, jackplanes, anvils, pegging-awls, soddering-irons and pill-bags; or resolved, like "Old Uncle Ned" to "lay down the shovel and the hoe" and assume more easy and profitable employments as public functionaries.

Was not the new party indebted to their individual exertions for its existence? Certainly; it owed them a debt of gratitude which nothing short of a county office could repay. Some old political hacks, too, who had been pampered with office, by the old dominant party, until they could no longer stand in the way of others who demanded *rotation*, were delighted with the prospect of the *new* fields, which opened to their longing ambition. The rewards of their valuable services by the old, would be no bar to their claims under the new dispensations. Their influence bro't over large numbers of Democrats to the new party. New services were entitled to new rewards.

Everything went on swimingly. The newly rigged craft was sailing smoothly before fair winds and prosperous gales. Nothing, it seemed, could ever mar harmony or interrupt the perfect union of their association; except, as occasionally, some shrewd political hawk had his equanimity disturbed and the ardor of his hopes somewhat dampened, by the interesting discovery that he had no less than ninety-nine rivals for the place on which he had an eye—(only six or seven aspirants for the office of county Treasurer next fall in Montrose.) This occasions some little distrust and jealousy. They cannot wait a century for their turn. However, it is to be hoped that these gentlemen will "let patience have its perfect work" and stand up to the rack.

But the prophets and Apostles of that modest and unobtrusive body of reformers, who are so desperately anxious to do good in the shade and cover up their virtues from the gaze of a profane world, that they hide themselves away in garrets at midnight, to consult for the general good and devise ways and means to save our glorious Republic: with what pride and pleasure did *they* look upon the success of their efforts, to harness in the monster team, which had so effectualy pulled them up the "Hill of Difficulty" last Fall! They congratulated themselves most deliciously; and laying the faltering unction to their souls, that they were unknown and unobserved, and that by appearing to fraternize fully with the Republicans, a lasting union and harmony would prevail, and they could so manage and direct it, behind the scene, that the great objects which lay so heavily upon their hearts, would surely be accomplished. They were no *office seekers*. No! they had a great and glorious mission to perform. *Romanism* was already greasing its capacious throat to swallow up the entire American continent at a single gulp! "Fillibusters" were flocking to our shores, by thousands, preparatory to taking our beloved country and blotting out, at "one fell swoop" her religion, her laws, her civilization, and even her far-famed and much abused "*peculiar institutions*"—annexing her to Mexico, Cuba, Italy, or some other purely Catholic dominion! Unheard of, and incalculable quantities of "carnal weapons" were deposited in their Churches! Hogsheads of revolvers, and barrels of arsenic were being distributed to every quarter of the land! Protestants were to be burned at the stake! Even feeble womanhood and helpless infancy could not shield from the general slaughter! Heavens, what a picture! What wonder that the timid were terror stricken! But what an appeal to men of noble generous souls—men of lion-hearts and firm resolves to stand in the(ir) breach(es)!

A gallant army of the pure Aborigines is in the field, and as in "the time that tried men's souls" aid from sister lands is not wanting; generous, protestant Hindoostan furnishes one brave chieftain, ready to explode himself in helping Americans to rule America.

Unlike the Crusaders, they make no pilgrimage to foreign countries, to sacrifice their valuable lives in defence of the true faith; but they are valiantly standing guard, as faithful sentinels, over the "Real-Genuine-Old-Original-Jacobs" in their own; and *like* those Knights of old, they spurn the idea of any compensation for their Quixotic services. Heroism is self-requiting; Virtue is its own reward; and Piety seeks its peculiar guerdon—the fruition of its aims and hopes beyond "that bourne from which no traveller returns." Of course, they could never prostitute an organization so pure—so free from selfish schemes and ambitious projects, to the ignoble purposes of elevating themselves to places of *earthly* honor.

Sires of '76! Men of the Revolution!—Framers of the Constitution! Washington, Franklin, Jefferson! Rise from your ashes and come forth to judgment!! Inglorious ancestors of noble sons! What provocation had you? What had *posterity* done? What offence—what injury had "millions yet unborn" inflicted upon *you*—that you should have entailed upon *them* that treasonable policy which permitted aliens to enter our borders? But more especially, why did you bequeath to us that heretical Constitution, which forbids religious persecution, and religious tests of office? How must the blush of shame chase the pallor of the tomb from your brow, when you now look upon the work which you consummated! But the light which illumines the noon of the nineteenth century, had not shone upon your benighted minds. The great founder of our Order, Edward Buntine,—the immortal Philosopher, Statesman, and Philanthropist, was then silently sleeping in the womb of futurity. We can hardly repress our virtuous indignation. It is with great difficulty that we restrain ourselves from burning you in effigy! But we will be magnanimous and forbear. Your sin was one of ignorance. We will wink at it and graciously pardon you. Go into forgetfulness. *Requiescant in Pace.*

Surely a Golden Era has arrived! Political regeneration is at hand!

But, alas! there is one cause of dissension, even among this lovely assemblage of honorable patriots and devout Christians. They are *human*, and not entirely exempt from the frailties of poor mortality. Dividing themselves into cliques according to old preferences and opinions, there is the Whig and Democratic, the Free soil and the Old Hunker wings of the army. Each most pertinaciously insists that the others shall bear, and themselves shall be exempted from the affliction of holding the Civil offices, which it is necessary should be confined to their own, almost immaculate fraternity. They all stubbornly resist the self-sacrificing and crucify-