



Democrat and Sentinel

RICHARD WHITE, Editor and Proprietor.

EBENSBURG, WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 12.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER. HON. ARNOLD PLUMER, OF VENANGO COUNTY.

FOR ASSEMBLY. GEORGE N. SMITH, of Johnstown. JOSEPH BERNHARD, of Fulton county. FOR SHERIFF. JAMES MYERS, of Ebensburg. FOR CORONER. ISAAC TEETER, of Conemaugh. FOR TREASURER. CHARLES D. MURRAY, of Cambria. FOR SHERIFF. HENRY SCANLAN, of Carroll. FOR COMMISSIONER. JOHN BEARER, of Susquehanna. FOR ADDITOR. ROBERT MC COMBIE, of Carroll. FOR POST OFFICE DIRECTOR. JACOB FRONHEISER, of Johnstown.

Geo. A. Crofut, No. 73 South Fourth Street, above Walnut, Philadelphia, is our authorized agent to receive subscriptions and advertisements for this paper.

Cause of Delay.

We are this week again thrown back a little, in consequence of the last week's delay, and our indomitable determination to report the proceedings of Court—we are great men for court, we are—and as after court, a union generally follows, we may be detained a day next week, by reason of a union that is expected to come off then.

NOTICE.

The Delegates to the late Democratic County Convention will reassemble at the Court House, in the borough of Ebensburg, on Wednesday, September 19th, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of taking effectual measures for the overthrow of the enemies of the people.

NOTICE.

The Delegates to the Whig County Convention of Cambria county, will reassemble at Ebensburg, on Wednesday, September 19th 1855, for the transaction of important business, and to take measures to secure the defeat of the Know-Nothing Convention, which will assemble at the Court House, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

NOTICE.

It will be seen by the publication in our paper to-day of the calls for the re-assembling of the County Conventions of the Democratic and Whig parties, that a change in the course of action of the two parties has been resolved upon. It appears that both parties have determined to take more effectual measures for the extermination of Know-Nothingism, and instead of wasting their strength in a rivalry, useless, dangerous, and at this time perfectly preposterous, will turn their united forces against those who are the enemies of American institutions, of the constitution and laws, of human rights, and as the day of Louisville proves, of the human race.

It was time. Politicians had trifled long enough with the best interests of the people; those interests had long enough been exposed to a risk; a risk so great that we cannot too sincerely rejoice at our escape from it. Had the estrangement between the two great parties continued, and had of political blacklegs, assassins and sympathizers with assassins must inevitably have triumphed. Upon the consequences of such a triumph, no citizen of Cambria county could look without anxiety. Its disastrous effects would have reached every man. Among these would have been the shameful misrepresentation of our county in the Legislature, by some ranting fanatic, who a stranger and indifferent to the welfare of Cambria and her people, would have wasted the time in ineffectual efforts to force upon us the abominations of the Jay Law, and inasmuch as the next Legislature will undoubtedly be anti-Know-Nothing, he would in the event of his election, have been impotent for evil, but have remained a gloomy monument of the carelessness and imprudence of the people of our county.

The mischief would not stop here. The election of a K. N. Representative would be disgraceful, but the election of a Know-Nothing Sheriff and Commissioner, would bring the damnable tyranny of that order home to the hearts of every man, of whatever political persuasion, of whatever station, in our county.

We need not remind the people of the power which a Sheriff has to tyrannize and annoy; in his course of a three years term, that officer is brought into contact with nearly every citizen of a county; and generally has it in his power to show a kindness, or to oppress individuals. We need not remind them that the fortunes of citizens frequently depend upon his will. We need not tell them how they would fare, in case that they would have a Know-Nothing Sheriff ruling around this county for three years, oppressing and injuring every man who was a Catholic or a Foreigner, or even sympathized with them. Further, were the secret order to carry the Sheriff and a majority of the board of commissioners, the juries would be packed—would be so arranged that adopted citizens, or those of a particular religious belief could not receive justice. Many reader entertain doubts that this would be the case, let him read the following extract from their secret ritual, which we publish, on our first page; one of the questions put to a candidate for the second degree reads thus:—

"Question. Will you promise to see a brother of the Second Degree righted—that is if he be found upon a Congress examination—to stand by him even at a Court of Justice if necessary, as a witness or jurymen, and to leave all ordinary ties to obey the demands of Congress in his case? Answer. I will."

It is thus proven, that where County officers are Know-Nothings, their oath binds them to deny justice to a portion of their fellow citizens. No man can suppose that the people would suffer such outrage to be perpetrated. They would rise, and hurl every Know-Nothing from power.

Were we to detail the evils which must of necessity result from Know-Nothing domination, the picture would be black enough, but dark as it might be, it would in repulsiveness fall far short of the reality. These evils the people have foreseen, and their action shows that they are determined to forestall them.

When a country is prosperous, happy, and secure; when its social well being is not threatened by enemies abroad or at home; when the ship of State is gliding smoothly along; then it is that politicians may with impunity gamble for the chances of conducting it. But when a storm is rising; when the fierce waves of faction, of discontent, of treason, of howling bigotry, threaten to overwhelm the gallant bark, the guiding must be yielded up into other hands: the strongest and the truest, the boldest and most skillful must be selected to stand at the helm.

Therefore it is that the people of Cambria county have resolved to do their own business in their own way. The danger does not threaten Whig, it does not threaten Democrat—it threatens the people; they would suffer from the tyranny of a Know-Nothing Sheriff; they would suffer from the corruption of a Know-Nothing County Board, from the packing of juries and the denial of justice. With their admirable good sense, they have taken the shortest way to effect the greatest good. They have declared that for this time, the petty differences of Democrat must be laid aside; and as there is but one issue, the cause of the people against Know-Nothingism, so there can be but two parties: the party of the people, and the party opposed to the people.

The people of Cambria have resolved upon a Fusion. They are determined to take the field themselves; and we presume that in their presence, the intrigues of politicians will cease. We presume that no man in his senses will set himself up in opposition to the popular will; and no man will be so infatuated with a delusive idea of his own greatness as to forget that there is a future, and that the people will hold to a strict accountability those who thwart their will now.

Know-Nothing Deception.

Several meetings of the owl-eyed constitution haters were held in our borough last week, and the work of initiating voters preparatory to the election was proceeded with. We understand that a number of our Welsh friends were "put through," which certainly does not speak much for their shrewdness. We have heard of the "rich Irish brogue and the sweet German accent," having its effect, but we did not suppose our staid Welsh friends could be hood winked by any such clap traps. It is all well enough to tell them that the American (?) party only aims at the extinguishment of catholicity, but if such be the case why did they not initiate these sturdy citizens last year, or at least last month. The whole policy of the party for the coming campaign has been determined on. All the nominations have been made, and now they want votes, and say "we can use these fellows now and drop them after we have used them. There is a portion of our order whom we keep to do the dirty work, and these foreigners have votes. Indeed say they we like you Welsh, and as long as you keep in your place and vote as we direct you, you shall be objects of our distinguished consideration. We will initiate you in public school houses, and will not grate your feelings by putting you through in a pig pen. It is true our brethren in Louisiana, California and some other States would ostracize you; you even some of our order in this county will contend that our order is not opposed to American born catholics, but still we want you to understand that we are, because we want to use you, we want your votes, and we will swear you to oppose catholicity if you will. We have all kinds of oaths and you can take which ever you prefer. It is no difference to us; all we want is your votes." There is a malice and openness in the Welsh character, which we suppose would have prevented them from becoming the victims of these enemies of true liberty, but we fear they have allowed their prejudices to overcome them; we fear they are suffering themselves to be imposed upon by the distorted pictures which have been conjured up by the diseased imagination of the vily politicians who now control that party, and who feel they are "destined for ill rise," even if it be over the shattered remnants of the constitution.

Screw Loose.

Evidently "things is working" among the K. N.'s in this town and vicinity. It appears that R. S. Alexander, their nominee for Assembly, will not sign a pledge against the division of the county, and the anti-division K. N.'s in this section are sorely vexed in consequence. They look woe begone and sorrow stricken; verily the way of the transgressor is hard.

Alexander is straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. A man who can take a Know-Nothing oath, and sign a Know-Nothing constitution, ought not to hesitate at anything—he is fit for "treason, stratagems and spoils," and may with impunity sign pledges for and against every thing, were he to occupy himself exclusively in signing pledges from this date until the election, the public would pay no attention to them.

The County Fair.

We are pleased to observe that our citizens are making preparations for the approaching County Fair; they are going into it with spirit; from the arrangements on foot, we anticipate an agreeable time. The richest treat on the occasion will undoubtedly be the address, which is to be delivered by Cyrus L. Penning, Esq., of Johnstown. The finished scholarship, the classic talent, the accomplished oratory of this gentleman, will undoubtedly make the address something worthy of his reputation.

Bowman and his Keepers.

We have fetched "him" even Bowman's thick army of unblushing impudences could not save. We have succeeded in throwing the Alleghanian camp into a state of indescribable confusion; if wounded pigeons are to be known by their fluttering, the chiefs of the establishment must be pretty badly hit; their wounds must be mortal. After weeks of perseverance, we have forced them into something like a reply. In sundry columns of what they doubtless consider to be "the truth," they this week "spread themselves all over the floor," as the inimitable Kosuth would say. We are let off much more easily than we could have anticipated: they think that one of us is a "classical country gentleman," and has learned diverse devilticks in a foreign land. Not very severe, considering that we have for weeks been endeavoring to force them to define their position.

In a half column of silly verbiage, they attempt to apologize to a gentleman, upon whom they last week made an uncalled for attack; we are sure that the gentleman referred to will treat the apology with as much contempt as he did the attack; both are the acts of a coward and a boot-lick.

The editor is horrified by an allusion to his masters, and seems highly insulted by the intimation. We did mention something about them, but in so doing, it was not our design to announce a new discovery; that was a matter upon which the public had long ago made up their minds. When Bowman first came among us, he was received rather with favor: it is true that his connection with an intention so rotten as the Alleghanian, did seem at the first blush to make against him; but the most favorable construction was put upon that fact; it was attributed to youthful indiscretion; even among those who were most suspicious at first, the impression was becoming general that he was a harmless creature, "well-meaning, and upon the whole, a very nice young man for a small tea party."

As the present political campaign approached, the fact forced itself upon the public notice, that he was a mere "automaton"—a puppet in the hands of well known unprincipled operators behind the scenes. As these men, ignore every thing like moral principle, it was not likely that one made of pliable stuff, like Bowman could in their society, preserve much of the original innocence. In our school boy days we used to ponder over the profound saying, that "evil communications corrupt good manners;" Bowman's is a case in point. The pestilential contagion had its effect upon him; he speedily became corrupt, venal and treacherous. He did their bidding unscrupulously, remorselessly, recklessly. We have already spoken of the game that he was made to play for the purpose of ruining the party of which he professed to be a member. We have exposed his deception; we have so brought the truth home to him, that he this week is compelled to let the mask drop; he who professing himself to be a Whig never says anything in defence of Whig principles; who with the Whig ticket at his mast head never says anything in relation to the candidates of his party good, bad, or indifferent, complains that the party is leaving him; that the boat is sinking, and that the cowardly crew is quitting the craft; he who has been bought and sold so often and so cheaply, complains with a bitter mockery that his party is about to sell itself; his face must be cast hardened; he has attained the sublimity of impudence.

His treachery to his party friends might have been forgotten: these are days of unexampled political turpitude; and a careful search among the records of political tergiversation might probably have evolved an instance of baseness equal to his. It all might have been overlooked, and have sunk into oblivion. He was not satisfied; he was seeking a lower depth of degradation, and has found it. Not content with having made the Alleghanian a great political lie, he wants to become a social Ishmaelite; he has turned his attention to the vilification and abuse of private citizens; he has become the willing instrument to further the schemes of his masters to obtain cowardly revenge; he has become the sewer through which they discharge their filth and malignant venom against citizens whose characters are brighter and purer than theirs of his ever can be. His bitterest enemies must pity him. In this public estimation, he has sunk below the level of Swank. There we leave him.

Musical!

The editor of the New York Musical Review offers a prize of \$300 for the best two songs, with piano forte accompaniment, which shall be sent to him prior to the 1st day of October next. He says:—"Our editorial friends who consider the cause of sufficient importance to warrant the shedding of a little ink in its behalf, are cordially invited to quicken and fertilize the musical soil of their vicinity, by irrigating it with the fruitifying intelligence of the subjoined offer of \$300 for the best two songs."

This is pretty good English. The offer is tempting; and we understand that some of our friends are "going in" for the \$300, on the subjoined little chunk of a song, with an accompaniment of full legs, which doubtless will be to them full as acceptable as the piano forte. Here is the song:—"Fill 'em up, fill 'em up, fill 'em up here, Sei glass lager unt tri glass beer. Der Ducker gumpany is a good gumpany Ash ever cum'd ober von Yarmany."

"Up mit der wins unt down mit der beer, Don't care nit for dembrace here, Der Ducker drinks schnapps, unt der Yankens drink rum, Unt die lager beer boys are punkins am't."

The K. N. Ticket and Platform.

As these gentlemen have been forced by means of THE LADDER to come out and show their hands, we intend to devote a great deal of attention to them. We had this week an article prepared, but it has been crowded out by the extreme length of the Court Proceedings. Let them not take umbrage at the seeming neglect; we will in due time stir them all up with a long pole. Such a choice collection of disinterested patriots would attract attention in any county.

Gen. Wm. R. Smith.

The Democracy of the State of Wisconsin recently assembled and selected their ticket for State officers. Their deliberations were harmonious, and the ticket selected is composed of the very best men in the State. Among them we notice the name of Gen. Wm. R. Smith, formerly of this State. The Gen.'s old friends will be pleased to hear how highly his merits and services are appreciated in his new home.

Veracity of Telegraphic Intelligence.

The propensity of the Telegraph operators to circulate falsehoods, has become notorious. It would seem, from the manner in which they falsify election returns, that a majority of them must be Know-Nothings; and of course sworn to lie in all cases. One of the most amusing instances of their irresistible propensity for circulating improbable yarns, is to be found in the Philadelphia Inquirer, Sept. 10th.

Speaking of late news of Railroad iron supplied to have been committed on the Portage Rail Road, he says:—"warrants were issued, and twenty-six persons residing in Cambria county were arrested and lodged in jail at Ebensburg, charged with these larcenies." In order to ascertain the correctness of this piece of intelligence, we took occasion to enquire of Esquire McDermitt, the Superintendent of the Cambria county prison, as to how many gentlemen were at present lodged in that commodious public establishment; his return foots up somewhat differently from that of the Telegraph man; it is as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Call No., No. of Prisoners. Rows 1-8, Total 6000000.

It is probable that the report of the Superintendent, inasmuch as he is here on the spot, is more worthy of credence than the Telegraph.

Conferees Meeting.

The Conferees of Bedford, Cambria, and Fulton Counties, met at the Washington Hotel, in the Borough of Bedford, on the 4th inst. On motion A. J. Suively, Esq., of Bedford, was called to the chair, and J. B. Sansom, Esq., of Fulton, chosen Secretary.

The following gentlemen presented their credentials and took their seats. From Bedford—A. J. Suively, John P. Reed, Esq., and John Altsadt—From Cambria—J. M. Riffe, M. M. Adams, Esq., and William Murray—From Fulton, John S. Robinson, Esq., Wm. C. McNulty, and J. B. Sansom.

On motion of Mr. Reed, the Conferees proceeded to nominate candidates for the Legislature. Mr. Adams, nominated Geo. N. Smith. "Robinson" "Joseph Bernhard. "Reed" "Wm. M. Hall. After some debate as to the merits of the respective candidates, and the claims of each county, the conferees proceeded to ballot: On the 1st ballot, Geo. N. Smith, of Cambria, had 5 votes Joseph Bernhard, of Fulton, had 3 "Wm. M. Hall, of Bedford, had 2 The nomination of Joseph Bernhard and Geo. N. Smith, were then unanimously ratified.

Geo. H. Spang and Henry C. Devine, Esq.'s, were then chosen Delegates to the next Democratic State Convention.

Mr. Sansom offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously passed:

Resolved, That the candidates nominated by this conference be required to give a pledge that they are not now, never have been, and never will have any connection with the Know-Nothing or any other secret or political association—that they will do all in their power to defeat the election of Simon Cameron, or any other Know-Nothing or Abolitionist to the United States Senate—that they will vote for a repeal of the anti-license Liquor Law passed at the last session of the legislature—and for the repeal of that law passed at the last session of the legislature, providing for the sale of the Main Line of the Public Improvements.

Should either of the candidates refuse to give such a pledge, the President of this Conference is authorized to call it together again to supply the vacancy on the ticket.

Resolved, That the Delegates to the State Convention be required to give a pledge similar to the above, so far as Know-Nothingism is concerned.

On motion, the thanks of the Conference were returned to Mrs. Cook for the use of her room, and it was resolved that the proceedings of the conference be published in all the Democratic papers of the district. Adjourned.

J. B. SANSOM, Sec'y.

Latest Foreign News.

The steamship Atlantic arrived at New York, on Thursday, from Liverpool, bringing European news one week later. An additional force of fifty thousand French troops is to be sent to the Crimea. In the White Sea the squadron of the allies had captured two Russian ships, and was preparing to quit that sea. In Adofina a Russian division had driven the Turks from Kenpri Kevri, and encamped three leagues from Erzeroum. Russian agents had been sent to the chief cities of Europe to raise loans for the Russian Government. At Swaborg the loss of life was quite small, but according to the account of the Russian admiral, the Allies did no damage whatever to the fortifications, batteries or guns. Two English steamers bombarded Riga on the 10th, but apparently without effect. Gortschakoff commanded the Russian troops at the battle of Tebernyas, consisting of six thousand cavalry and twenty batteries of artillery. The whole number of Russians buried was 3320, and three of their Generals were killed. On the 19th the artillery of the Allies opened a fire upon Sebastopol, but the bombardment had not commenced. Gortschakoff's latest despatch, dated the 21st, says that the fire of the Allies sensibly diminishes and does but little damage. The English have blown up four sunken Russian steamers in Berdiansk Bay, and burned the scurbs of the town. One British gunboat went ashore during the attack, and was taken by the Russians, together with a complete code of the Allies signals.

Notice.—The following notice of Dr. Keyser's Pectoral Syrup, is from the Evening Chronicle, published in Pittsburgh, Pa. If you have a cough, go to James M'Dermitt's and buy a bottle.

"KEYSER'S PECTORAL, a friend observes, is the next thing to health itself. We may here observe, as we mention no names, that this friend was out on election night, and anxious to hear the news from Mainz, tarried long on the corners. The news came, but not until he had absorbed sufficient champagne to give him the chills. Another friend invited him to take a glass of Scotch ale, which was put up in very black bottles. Our friend's thirst was huge, and was only quenched after a number of empty bottles stood before him; a cold in the head was the consequence, which consequence was cured in six hours by using Keyser's Pectoral."

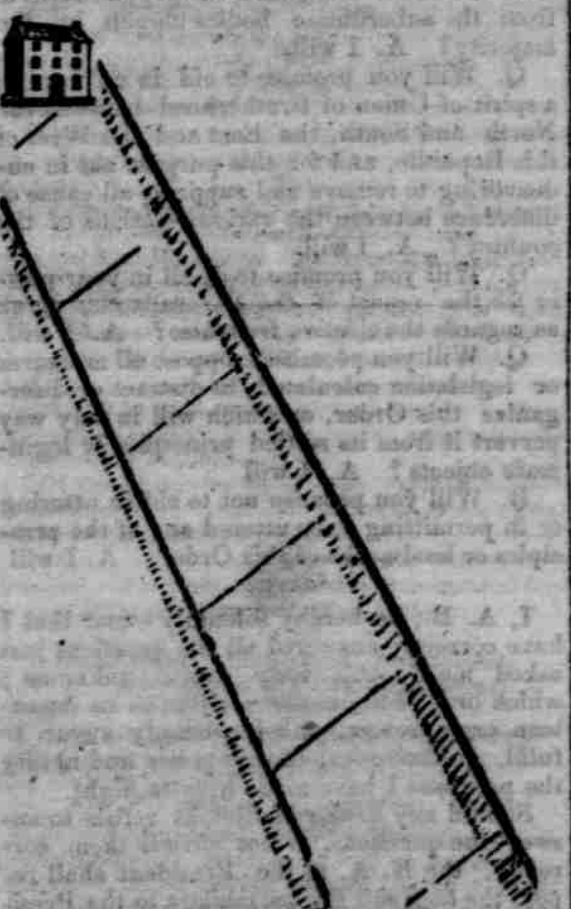
For the Democrat & Sentinel.

"Save me Cassius, or I sink." Messrs. Editors:—The reputed editor of the Alleghanian, aid-de-camp to Gov. Pollock, (therefore we shall style him the "valiant editor,") takes occasion in his "Mosaic organ" (half Whig and seven-eighths Know-Nothing) to express his virtuous indignation, very personally, in reference to myself, wherein he no doubt intends harsh severity in raining upon my head torrents of rage and wrath. I must "screw my courage to the sticking point," to meet this valiant editor whose adventures and hair breadth escapes, as published in many numbers of the "Mosaic," remind the reader of Don Quixote. For the edification of his readers let me examine the cause of his malice.

Three weeks ago the valiant editor assailed in his columns a private citizen of this county, and gave vent to the spleen of his malignant heart towards him whilst that gentleman was absent, having no opportunity of reading or replying to the cowardly assault. Being infinitely related to that gentleman, I expressed to the valiant editor in few words my utter contempt for himself and the "Mosaic"—paid him my subscription and desired my name off the list. He "came down" like Capt. Scott's cock, apologized for having given me offence, and like the little boy at school who got whipped for doing wrong, he was sorry and would not do it again. Because I saw fit to pay up and stop the "Mosaic" he lights upon me "like a thousand of brick." He should have known that ingratitude is treason to mankind.—The very type and press which printed that assault on my friend exhibit under the present regime of the "Alleghanian" an ingratitude of hideous mien, for they were seeking to injure the hand that scarce two years since protected them with its purse. When that journal was in the expression of Nicholas towards Turkey, "a sick man," dying for want of material aid—when its editors and proprietors were making pilgrimage to "The Pyramids" and devotions to mammon, the "one thing needful" was the great lever which regulated and controlled his political complexion. Change of editors seems not to have changed the morality of the paper—pay well and it will do thy bidding.

A week ago the valiant editor and myself disputed concerning the publication he made of the "Fusion meeting," while his columns were silent as the grave in reference to the Johnstown Know-Nothing convention of the Friday evening previous. Both affairs were matters for the public to be advised of, and yet, while the valiant editor professes to edit a whig organ and had volumes of abuse for the "Fusionists," he did not publish one line about the meeting of his Know-Nothing accomplices in Johnstown, thus keeping the information one secret from his readers, and hypocritically adding that such a convention was held! And he undertakes to boast that his paper gives the county news in advance of all others; but if to be in advance is to publish slight concerning the doings of his brethren of the secret order, he would consider himself ahead by being a week behind.

The valiant editor accuses me of theft in surreptitiously obtaining the proceedings of the Know-Nothing convention in Johnstown by means of a ladder. Well, as that ladder appears to hurt the "valiant" and his Know-Nothing friends, and he and they like galled jades wince under the effects it produced, we have been at considerable trouble and cost to have the ladder daguerretypied for the special benefit of Bowman and his K. N. friends. Witness the ladder:



The daguerretype, however, was not taken in the "Big Wagon," as the ladder was too long to go in.

The valiant editor is welcome to all the abuse he casts upon me in reference to any "feats of the ladder." He characterizes it as an act of the "meanest of the mean." He does not stigmatize the oath bound, proscriptive Know-Nothings with any such language, being a member of the secret order. They are in his opinion men of "political integrity"! whilst the honest, patriotic members of the whig party of this county hestyles a "cowardly crew." He has floating at the head of his paper the whig ticket, whilst he secretly belongs to the Know-Nothings, in imitation of a piratical vessel carrying the U. S. flag at the mast to deceive the unwary by false colors.

"O monstrous treachery! Can this be so! That in alliance, amity and oaths, [gule] There should be found such false dissembling"

It is so, and though the valiant editor may attempt to palm off his devotion to whig principles, and try to gull for a while the people into the belief that he is a real live whig, his connection with the secret order, his endeavors to obtain the contract of a Know-Nothing paper at Altoona, his defence of the Louisville Riots, and the "aid and comfort" he gives to the K. N. party in Cambria, like "evil deeds will rise, though all the world should shut them from men's eyes." Men, the moment they depart from the paths which have guided them to honor, sink rapidly into error, become treacherous and wicked, and "the memory of the wicked shall rot." His desertion of the whig party in this campaign though expected by every body conclusively proves the above—his treachery to their interest is complete. He and every Know-Nothing in the county are in favor of a separate whig ticket so that their "midnight crew" may rule the roost. A traitor to whig interests his infamy is great. Hypocrisy and dissimulation will not answer in these evil times.—He "will not" "padile his own name," mark it, unless the current drifts into Know-Nothingism, for "the fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb." A. J. RHEV.

Pittsburgh, Sept. 13, 1855.

TOBER ACKE.—Persons are not generally aware that Dr. Keyser's Tooth Ache remedy, for sale at James McDermitt's, in this place will stop immediately an aching tooth. Whoever tries it will be convinced.

A RELIGIOUS BLACKSMITH.—The Salem (Mass.) Gazette says the following notice may be seen at a blacksmith's shop in Essex:—"No Horses shod on Sunday except sickness or death."

Mr. Magehan's Speech.

At the request of many citizens, we lay before our readers the eloquent speech of this gentleman, delivered at the anti-K. N. meeting, on Tuesday, Sept. 4th. It is in his most felicitous manner, and abounds in happy hits. As it was received with rapturous applause, we presume that it will be read with interest.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—

Surrounded as we are by midnight conspirators, whose cowardice alone we have to thank for our existence; who have the inclination but not the courage to add the crime of murder to their other manifold offences; traitors in practice and in precept, enemies of the human race, slunned by all honorable and decent men, and abandoned to eternal desolation by Him who came to redeem, not to destroy; vipers crawling into our walks, lying in wait to strike the death blow, it behooves all free citizens to make a strong and vigorous effort to drive the accursed reptiles back to the lair and gloomy haunts from which they emanated.

In anxiety and sorrow I address you, having lived half a century in your midst, with my parents and grand parents, actors in the war of independence reposing in graves dug upon your soil—never having a naturalized ancestor, I feel without any ostentatious sorrow that I am to be ostracized, treated as an outcast, because I belong to the mother of churches.

In early days, long before midnight conspirators prowled around our out houses in the dead hour of the night, we knew that the American people were divided into two great parties, differing and separating on great principles of government, but all loving the constitution and institutions of our dear country.

Now the scene is changed! No thought for honor, constitution or country, remains among a faction whose portentions advances are fearful. It is unnecessary to delineate the views and practices of these wretched enemies of the human race. Their trophies are to be found in the murders of Louisville, in the slaying of innocent men, women and children—aye in conduct without a parallel in the history of Christianity.

I said that my ancestors were here before the revolution and took an active part in it. No credit do I derive from this, but I only propose at the expense of being charged with egotism, to refer to a certain distinguished gentleman, who lately declared in Pittsburgh at a public meeting, that he was proud to avow himself a member of the secret order.

I allude to William F. Johnston, our late Governor. Proud he is of his infamy and shame. Proud he is to assert to a pack of cut throats, that his Irish father, born in Tyrone is an object of scorn, hatred and contempt to him. Oh! let him reveal in his pride, let him glory in his shame; but I think he will not dare to meet his venerable old father and before him undertake to glory in his infamy and his shame.

"Honor thy father and thy mother." How is this command obeyed? How many of the stallo fraternity have foreign parents now alive, or whose better off are reposing in the cold grave, where neither the tongue or the hand of the infernal Know-Nothing particle can reach them or mar their rest!

How fortunate it is for many of the original settlers of this once wild and dreary region, now made lovely as the valley of Tempe by their persevering industry, to be reposing in peace in the country church yards, instead of now living to hear obliquity and infamy cast on their names by their degenerate and pueril descendants.—Have those wretched, guilty foes of the human race reflected before they started in their race of enmity? Have they looked at a constitution outraged and contemned? At all the honors of social feeling ruthlessly torn assunder, and thrown aside? At the falsehoods they are bound to use to their families and friends? Oh! you vipers in human form, how can you approach your neighbor, or former friend, (for friends now you have not), wretches that you are in your foul iniquity. You cannot depend on others, and have no friends.

When Lucifer seduced one third of the Heavenly Host from their allegiance, and was consigned to eternal reprobation with them—all friendship ceased among them forever, and in their eternal torments, one of their greatest causes of misery is crimination and recrimination. So will it be with you. Hated and despised by man—detested and doomed by that awful power which disposes of the just and unjust, like the Devil and his angels you will never cease to curse each other for inducing you to become, not only the enemies of God's creatures, but of God himself. The memories of the illustrious dead are desecrated by them.—They would glory in destroying all the monuments erected by filial piety over the remains of their ancestors. Like hyenas, in temper and in heart, they would be delighted to scatter the bones and ashes of the illustrious dead to the winds of Heaven.

But the day of retribution is approaching.—"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land." A condition is attached to the commandment; obedience to it will make your days long in the land; disobedience carries its penalty.

Their days are numbered—the hand writing is on the wall.

All who love their country, no matter whence their birth was cast, must, and I am sure will unite to drive the vandal horde to that wretched obscurity from whence they came, and there let the blood hounds remain, until the Angel Gabriel shall summon them before the Most High to receive the sentence of eternal damnation.

The Patriot and Union.

Comes to us this week, as clean-faced, bright, sharp and spicy as one could well desire to see it. This paper is a consolidation of the Pennsylvania Patriot and the Democratic Union, and is edited by our former partner, Andrew Hopkins, Esq. This uniting of the two papers will tend much to strengthen the Democracy of Dauphin county, and, in fact, of the entire State. To the former readers of the Union we need not speak of the energy and ability of Mr. Hopkins. They knew him when he was with us, and we trust that they will remember him now. A sterling Democratic paper at Harrisburg should be well supported, and we cordially commend the Patriot and Union to such with an interesting paper, published at the seat of government.—Pittsburgh Union.