

Star & Republican Banner.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

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THE GARDEN.



"With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR of the west—thy dewy beam
Looks o'er our mingled joy and woe—
Reflected in the glassy stream,
Then deign'st to light the world below;
While the waves ripple their reply
To the low breeze' evening sigh.

Star of the west—when Nature sleeps,
And the last glance of day is gone,
And when the balmy dew drops weeps,
Thou shin'st and sparklest there alone,
And throw'st thy ray of silver light
On the dim breast of coming night.

Star of the west—whose glories burn,
As if to guard while we are sleeping,
Ere we retire, to thee we turn,
And gaze where thou thy watch art keeping.
Thy gentle influence o'er us shed,
And with sweet slumbers bless our bed!
And Thou, who mad'st the glorious star,
And guid'st it through its heavenly flight,
Who guard'st us where'er we are,
Through radiant day or gloomy night,
Oh, shed around the willing heart
The light that never can depart!

THE REPOSITORY.

The Nature of Betrothment.

From "Courtship and Marriage."
BY THE REV. J. M. DAVIS.

What is the nature of a betrothment?—And what are the circumstances which render it null and void.

First—I remark that a matrimonial engagement does not consist in any of the civilities and courtesies of life which a gentleman may extend to a lady.

It is not infrequently the case, however, that these are mistaken for declarations of love, and the announcement is made at once that such persons are engaged. Such is the imprudence of friends often, and more frequently of the lady herself, that the common politeness and attention, which are ever due between the sexes, are construed into proposals for matrimony, and a young gentleman hears the report of his engagement, while, as yet, not even a dream of the thing has passed through his own mind.

By such imprudence the lady severs herself from the society, perhaps, of an honorable and polished mind, and brings upon herself and friends the mortification and disappointment which would inevitably follow in such cases. If a gentleman attend a lady to church; if he escort her to the public assembly; if he walk with her in the street; if he occasionally visit her for the sake of her good society, the report is not infrequently set on foot, by some mischief-maker, or indiscreet friend, that the parties are engaged to be married.

Second—Neither does an engagement consist in any politeness or social intercourse which a lady may extend to a gentleman.

There are young gentlemen, however, of such consummate vanity as to suppose that such treatment is nothing less than the strongest intimation of personal attachment. If a lady so much as look at them they fancy that it must be a love affair, and equivalent to the most direct proposals for matrimony. A smile, a compliment, a social interview, a walk or ride of pleasure, is set down by such conceited coxcombs, as the most unequivocal declaration of love. They tell off the conquest they have made with an air of triumph, and never know their mistake till they learn it in that reserve and neglect which their conduct so richly deserves.

Third—Neither does an engagement consist in any of these preliminary steps which are so important, in order to a just estimate of the character and qualifications of the person with whom you would be united for life.

Many persons, however, imagine that every such step is a step of commitment.—While the individual is only forming that wise estimate, and making those judicious investigations which every one is bound to make in this affair, by a regard to his own happiness and that of others, he is considered as fairly committed, without the possibility of honorable retreat. But this is all wrong, whether it be the sentiment of individuals, or public sentiment. The very object of his researches is to ascertain if the character and qualifications of the person are such as will make him a happy companion for life. Without such investigation, he might as well commit his interest in this matter to a lady whom he had never beheld. He might as well be betrothed, as hear his children by his parents, without his consent or knowledge, and while yet in a state of infancy. He might as well blindfold himself, and rush into a great assembly, and select a companion at random. Parents must suppose their daughters little less than angels, if they expect to betroth them in this manner. And if young ladies are so superficial in character and accomplishment, as not to admit of such honorable and wise scrutiny, they had better give up the idea of marriage life, and become nuns at once. Such should be the sentiments on this subject, that every young gentleman should feel himself at liberty to make every necessary investigation of character, without subjecting himself to the report of being engaged, or of other than honorable intentions, if disappointed, he sees fit to retire.

Fourth—Neither does an engagement consist in the most unqualified declaration of love on the part of either the gentleman or the lady. This may all be, yet no obligations are assumed—no contract is formed. And yet there are those who suppose that such declarations of attachment impose an obligation on their friend, which cannot be resisted or violated. The gentleman, whose province it always is first to make such disclosures, considers that when he has done

this, he has secured, by right, his object. But not so. The lady may be wholly unprepared for such an event. Such a disclosure may be made before she has made the necessary inquiries and investigations herself. Such a declaration may be made when she had no suspicion of any attachment existing, and whilst her own engagements and circumstances do not admit of her entertaining such proposals for a moment. It is true, such a disclosure on the part of the gentleman imposes certain duties on the female. If her circumstances are such as to render an engagement impossible, she is bound by every principle to acquaint him immediately with the fact, and keep the transaction a secret. If her circumstances are such as to render it proper for her to enter into a matrimonial engagement, it is proper then that she make his proposals a matter of immediate and serious consideration. If she is satisfied with his character, and entertains such an affection for him as will render a union with him happy, she has nothing left but to make known to him, in a modest and affectionate manner her acceptance of his proposals. But, if after due consideration, and inquiry, and deliberation she is conducted to a contrary conclusion, she should lose no time in informing him of the fact, in a way least likely to wound his sensibilities or mortifying his pride. She will consider it, too, both a dictate of modesty, and prudence, and honor, to disclose the circumstance to no living being.

Fifth.—A matrimonial engagement, then is when the parties, having made mutual disclosures of affection for each other, in view of such disclosures bind themselves, by promises, to become each other's wedded companion for life. There must be a contract formed, in which the parties pledge themselves to each other for life, or there can be no matrimonial engagement. Nothing short of this can be accounted a betrothment, and nothing more is necessary to perfection.

MY FIRST LOVE.

BY THOMAS MILLER.
Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had never been broken-hearted.

Blessed art thou, oh Memory! who canst at once waft me over the dim foot path of bygone years to the green hills where my forefathers lived. Who canst again bring the sweet music of that voice upon mine ears, which hath long ago been hushed. Thou hast indeed been a light in the darkness, illuminating the gloomy recesses of the mind, when Hope pillow'd her head upon the lap of despair, and Care had no one but sorrow to hush her, when even Patience was wearied, and Resignation had turned to marble. When the heart was heavy, and cold, and dejected, and tried to shrink from its own beatings, then hast thou come, sweet Memory, upon the beams of the blue starlight, and whispered me to sleep with murmuring dreamy-voiced sounds not so loud as the dancing leaves when they move and make no noise. And thou hast borne me away to the green valleys of my childhood, where my fair-haired playmates were in waiting, when Time wore golden ringlets, and we dandled with his long hair, never believing that it would grow gray, when he threw his scythe among the flowers, never dreaming that it was being, and made a toy of his glass, not knowing that we gave speed to its sand.

Oh Margaret, where art thou now? thine eyes may be dark, thy lips mute, and thy cheeks wan, but where is thy love? the kindling of thy spirit, that impregnated the air with delight when we met; surely it is longed not to Time or Death. Oh not it only became heavier when thou wert dead, and settled upon me like a leaden cloud, an oppressive mantle that was cold; even when I drew it tightly around me, it afforded me no warmth. And when our lips met in the still night, thine were chill and shadowy, and though they shrank not, they had lost their fullness, and melted away like the mist, and when they moved there came forth no sound, if they blessed me it was in silence.

Dead! no, thou art not dead. Nay, I have not yet spoken to thee. What a lovely summer's evening that was when I wandered into Lea wood with Shakespeare's Texts for a companion. I had never read it before. Oh, how I envy the youth who has such an old wood to walk in, and the "Tempest" to read for the first time, for the sake of a poet to enjoy its beauties, for then will the branches of hoary trees twist themselves into the rigging of ships, and every whispering leaf will sound like the ocean, and every rustling footstep in the grass hiss like a breaker upon the beach. The birds will become mariners, the sky be darkened with foliage, the sinking sun dart like lightning through the gloom, and away he will bound to the lonely island, inhabited by Prospero, Miranda, Ariel, and Caliban.—Oh! it was summer then she had come again, waving her green garlandry over hill and valley, and bending the long grass with her breezy footsteps. She had spread her gorgeous mantle of crimson heath bells over the wide forest wastes and brown moors, and left a deeper twilight in the dense woods. That evening I heard her voice talking among the long leaves, and babbling through the green corn, and I caught her fragrant breath as I passed through the hayfield. I saw her skiey eyes mirrored in the rivers, and the skirts of her golden drapery trailing over a thousand flowers.—She touched the leaves with her sunny fingers and they banded upon their branches in rustling music; the willow nodded before her, and the poppy waved the rich velvet of its banner as she passed. I heard Ariel sing, "Under the blossoms that hung on the

boughs." I saw him crouching "where the bee sucked in the bell of a cowslip." But I was a youth then, scarce sixteen; how very old has ten years made me; it will be long again before every maiden looks like Miranda. It will be long before I see another Margaret, and I can never forget the "Tempest," never grasp it again as "a beauty and a mystery." Hark! how it thunders; could it be my own fancy kuddled by Shakspeare—crack, crack!—no, it was no dream. The godliest tree of the forest fell with that crash—what a night was that—how the scythe-winged lightning flashed through the wood. I heard the sound of mariners in distress, and a voice came upon my ears, singing,

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of him doth fade.

No, it was no voice, but my heated fancy; and I closed Shakspeare, for the rain fell in torrents, and the thunder roared like a thousand lions among the echoes of the forest, and the lightning flashed frightfully at intervals, lighting up for a moment the dusky dells; then again leaving all in darkness. On I wandered, in the blind mazes of the wood now extricating myself from some bramble; then again dashing through the rain-drenched fern, until at length, at the meeting of two avenues, I came in contact with an elderly man. He wore a long frock, and grasped in his hand a stick. I looked at him, and thought of Prospero, with his magic garment and wand. He opened his lips, but instead of talking about "cloud capped towers, and gorgeous palaces and solemn temples," he invited me to his cave until the storm abated. He was a kind magician; by the side of his cottage were piled logs of wood; but I saw not Ferdinand. Caliban barked as we entered.—Oh! what a lovely vision burst upon me as I entered that cave (for Shakspeare was still with me) it was indeed a beautiful being, lovely as his own Miranda. What music hung on her tongue, as she inquired "if her father was well;" and then she reached me a chair, and threw more logs upon the fire, "which when they burnt, did weep for having wearied her." Never had so much beauty met mine eye—

So perfect and so peerless, as if created
Of every creature's best.

Like Ferdinand, I soon became a "patient lay-man" for her sake, and piled up the fire to dry my clothes, happy that the tempest had driven me to such a lovely place. Then I thought of Shakspeare and the cave, of Juan and Haidee, Calypso and her lovely nymphs, weaving in the wondrous cavern, her heart aching at the crash of every tree, which, like the clicking pendulum, told of Ulysses' departure, of Rosalind and Orlando in the wood, and the fair lady in Comus, and then I gazed upon my Miranda.

Never had Poet, in his happiest mood of mind, conjured up a fairer form; never did a lovelier being pass before the imagination of the bard, when he lay dreaming of Viola, by the murmuring waters of Avon. Her eyes were bright as Desdemona's, when they were lighted with love and wonder, listening to Othello telling

Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach.

Her father had read Shakspeare, and she was also familiar with the immortal poet, and merrily rung their laughter as they compared me to Ferdinand, and their own sweet cottage to the cave, and the wet frock to Prospero's magic garment, and the stick to his wand, and the huge shepherd dog to Caliban, and the old wood to the lonely island, and their own blackbird to "dainty Ariel." And Margaret blushed when I compared her to Miranda, and parted her long tresses from her lovely forehead, and looked down upon the floor, and swung her fairy foot to and fro, and the fire light fell upon her fair neck, and it shone like a column of ivory in the sunset. And I thought how delightful it would be to wander with her "To the best springs, to pluck her berries, to gather her wood enough; to bring her to where the crabs grew, to show her a jay's nest, and to instruct her how to snare the nimble marmozet, to show her where the clustering filberts hung, and gather young sea-gulls from the rocks." Nay, to do more than ever Caliban promised Stephano, and had not her father been by, I dare have said, "Wilt thou go with me?"

ALL FOLLY.—Mr. Joseph Folly, of Ohio, lately advertised his wife for leaving "his bed and board." His wife, in return, says the "board was very hard as well as the bed." This was not only a foolish, but a very hard case.

VEGETABLES.—"The best vegetable," said a hisping old maid, to a friend, "that ever I eat, with a clam."

A citizen remarked in company that he had never seen an ear of rye in his life. A young lady then present, whose name was Miss Rye, showed one of her ears and said, "Here, sir, is an ear of Rye, which if you please you may behold. The gentleman immediately caught hold of her ear, and gave it a pinch. 'Nay, madam, said he, 'you have a very wry face too.'"

SCHUYLKILL COAL TRADE.—We learn from the Pennsylvania Miner's Journal that 7810 boats, loaded with coal, have descended the Schuylkill from Pottsville, during the present season, carrying 370,304 tons of coal. The shipments of the week ending on the 22d inst. amounted to 251 boats, carrying 13,633 tons.

VARIETY.

SONG.

The horn—the horn is sounding nigh,
The huntsmen onwards ride;
With hawk and hound right cheerily,
To try your covert's side;
The chase is strayed—but not for me,
It loiters in the dell;
It tempts not, when away from thee,
Sweet Isabel!

My hunting knife rusts on the wall,
My falcon droops his wings;
My dogs whine loudly in the hall,
To hear the summons ring.
O'er thickets, flood, and upland lea,
Again its echoes swell;
It tempts not, when away from thee,
Sweet Isabel!

The time has been, its lightest blast—
Had had me hurry on;
No foot that to the greenwood past,
With steps so free had gone.
The field, as then, is fair to see,
But though it promise well,
It tempts not, when away from thee,
Sweet Isabel!

Father Drink'd and Mother Drink'd.

I was riding with my daughter through that part of Roxbury, which is called the Canterbury road, when we passed a very ragged and barefooted little boy about ten years of age. We were moving slowly, and I soon perceived my chase to be inclining backward, and I inferred that the child we had passed had gotten on behind. I stopped the horse, without uttering a word, when the little fellow let go his hold, and, passing the chase, ran rapidly forward in evident terror.

"He is frightened out of his wits," said my daughter.

"He is probably accustomed to such treatment," I replied. Setting my horse forward we were fast overtaking the little runaway, whose cry of alarm was now distinctly audible. We were soon up with him, and perceiving the impossibility of escape, he suddenly stopped. He was crying bitterly, as he stood with his bare feet turned inward, his tattered knees knocking together, and his right arm held over his eyes.

"What's the matter, my poor boy," said I, as I got out of my chair.

"I thought you would have beat me," he replied.

"No, my poor child," said I, "I have no such intention."

"Do you get a beating often?"

"Yes, sir, said he.

Patting the little fellow on the head, which was easily done, for he had no crown on his hat, "who beats you?" said I, "your father?"

"I have no father," said he, "father's dead, and he gave way to a flood of tears.

"There was something touching in the appearance of this ragged, barefooted, fatherless boy, and my daughter could not refrain from weeping.

"Your mother beats you then," said I.

"Mother's dead too," said he.

"And where did they die?" I inquired.

"In the poor house," replied the little orphan.

"And what got them into the poor house," said I.

"Father drink'd and Mother drink'd," said he. The father and mother of the orphan child were, at one time, respectable residents of Roxbury.—The father pursued at one time a lucrative employment, in which he was particularly skillful.—Rum reduced him and his wife to wretchedness, and left their offspring, who is the subject of this painful recital, the poor, penniless orphan child of a drunken father and drunken mother.—N.Y. Sun.

ADVANTAGE OF A COMPANION.—During the season of heavy rains a farmer's wife sent her maid to a neighboring village on an errand, and scolded her on her return for staying so long. "Indeed," said the girl, whose clothes were dripping with wet, you may be glad to see me at all, for the brook is so swollen that I missed my footing and fell in; and had it not been for Providence and another woman, I certainly should have drowned."

AFFECTATION.—Every thing is affectation which is not natural. Yet how often is that good breeding which proceeds from sensibility and delicacy of feeling, and which cannot be mistaken by sensible persons, less esteemed than the mimicry of mere artificial characters. Persons who are accustomed to take others in high life for guides, do not seem to know that those exist who can be guides unto themselves.

Sir Thomas Moore used to say to his children:—"Let virtue be your meat, and amusement your sauce."

TURNIP CHAMPAGNE.—A New York paper says that nine-tenths of the champagne made in France and drunk in this country, is made of turnips.

A selfish friendless man is like an icicle, without warmth, feeling or any attracting qualities.—A blasted tree, sapless and leafless.

no friend; his thoughts set worth above himself, and all others under it. There is a kind of disdainful scorn written in his brow and gesture, that seems to say, 'I am too good for thy company.'

Not to know any thing of a science, but that portion of it which individually belongs to us, is to apply the division of labor to the liberal studies, when it is only adapted to the mechanic arts.

To know perfectly what we know gives a quietness to the mind, which resembles the satisfaction of a conscience.

That which characterises genuine poetry, and renders it in some measure a gospel to the world, is the internal satisfaction with which it inspires us;—a faculty which raises us above ourselves, and frees us from the heavy yoke of our earthly failings.

CREDIT AND MONEY.—Credit is often no more than an opinion; and the difference between credit and money is, that money requires no opinion to support it.

DISCUSSION OF POLITICS.—The principles and conduct of any government must be bad, when that government dreads and starts at discussion, and seeks security by a prevention of knowledge.

Man has a great empire over man; and of all the evils he can do his fellow-creature, the greatest perhaps is to place the phantoms of ridicule between generous emotions and the actions they would inspire.

MIGHTY PRETTY.—It often happens that a slight emotion draws tears which are frozen in their cells by stronger and deeper ones.

Of all impressions reverie is precisely that which is most solitary; we can hardly communicate its inspirations to the most intimate friend.

Polemic writers are men who arrange their rank and file chimeras with precision, and fancy that they form an army.

Ridicule, though trifling in appearance, is often found to consist with great depth of malice.

The present, when it can be contemplated apart from recollections and apprehensions, is still the happiest moment of existence.

The object of a chaste, yet ardent passion, is much less than a wife, but far more than a sister.

First love, in an uncorrupted heart, penetrates the whole soul; it is all sentiment, and spirituality.

The New York Star says, the "recusant" girls of Lowell have sent in their adhesion, and the factory wheels are again in lively motion.

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.—A correspondent at Bagota, writes the Editor of the Pennsylvaniaian that the river Chagres, emptying into the Caribbean sea, is navigable to steamboats drawing six feet water, to within fifteen miles of Panama, on the Pacific. This distance could be improved by a rail road as easily as that from Philadelphia to Norristown, by which a conveyance can be had from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in six hours. The writer adds:

"The bread stuffs, provisions and manufactures of the United States will find a ready market in the Pacific twenty days after leaving our sea ports, instead of being exposed to a voyage of three months around Cape Horn, during which time the flour and provisions are frequently damaged by being so long confined in the holds of vessels in those warm climates.

Our whale ships in the Pacific will be enabled to transmit promptly to the United States any quantity of oil, however small, instead of being detained for years in accumulating a stock sufficient to justify a voyage around the Cape.

The provisions, naval stores and seamen for our national and private ships will find a cheap conveyance across the Isthmus, and the slightest indication of an European war could be communicated to our Pacific squadron in twenty days from Washington city.

OMINOUS.—In a severe gale on Lake Michigan, on the 3rd inst. the Schooner Martin Van Buren was entirely wrecked, and the Sch. Gen. Harrison had her side stove in and sunk. The steamer Daniel Webster lost her bowsprit, but rode out the storm triumphantly.

From the New York Transcript.

Frances Wright Darusmont.

This priestess of infidelity and atheism, it is already known to many, is now in our city; and on Sunday night last, lectured to a group of hearers, of both sexes, at Tammany Hall. If any one woman more than another in our country, has been instrumental in disgracing her sex and herself, that woman is Frances Wright. With a mind a little above the common order, and an education sufficient to puff her up with an idea of her own importance, this imported abomination, by the dissemination of her diabolical doctrines, has been enabled to poison the minds of many of our fair countrywomen—to insinuate into their soft bosoms the insidious serpent of vice, and to degrade them as low in moral chastity as she is herself in every virtuous and amiable principle. That the unblushing impudence of this foul slander on the name of woman, should be tolerated by any who profess to venerate the virtues of the sex, or who entertain the least regard for decency, is a matter of astonishment. Yet so it is. Men and women are found, silly, or stupid, or

bewitted enough, to go and sit by the hour, and hear this petticoated vagabond utter her impious follies; and stand erectis auribus, to catch the hoarse ejaculations of her voice, as she rants about a religion she is purposely incapable of comprehending; and deals out damnations against morals, order, government and law, when standing in opposition to her revolutionary projects. Low indeed must infidelity have sunk, when it condescends to listen to the ravings of this wretched bedlamite; and hard put to it must its boasted reason be for an advocate, when it is compelled to employ this Hecate of her sex to deal out its dispensations in public harangues.

On the night in question, however, the infidel oratrix launched her barque boldly into the political waters, and talked about banks, and currency, and monopolies, with as flippancy a tongue as though she had been a bear on change. For this impertinent interference with matters that are none of her business, nor the business of her sex, some of her enlightened auditors were completely captivated by her attempts to annihilate banks, as they erst have been by her blasphemous efforts to dethrone a God.

With this withering curse in the shape of a woman, we wish nothing more to do than to warn all virtuous females—if any such there be who attend to witness her rantations—to beware of the fatal tendency of her doctrines; and if words are insufficient to reach and rescue them from the misery and ruin that this arch enemy of virtue is preparing for them, we would point them to the brothels where some of her female disciples are libidinosing, and then lead them to the dishonored graves where prostitutes of her creation are rotting. If these would not arouse them from the danger and deadliness of her doctrines, archangels' voices might be lifted in vain to warn.

DELAWARE.—This gallant little State has given an increased majority for the Whig ticket, as tested at the Inspector's election. In New Castle County the Van Buren majority is reduced from 200 to about 80. Kent County has increased from 50 to over 150 Whig majority. Sussex County has given a Whig majority of more than 300. The State is safe for 500 or 800 Harrison majority. The spirit of the gallant Kirkwood, the same glorious enthusiasm for the Constitution which prompted this State to give the first vote for its adoption,—that love of liberty and law which shone so conspicuous in Delaware during the Revolution still exist,—still flourish with undiminished vigor, and her noble sons are determined never to surrender their native State into the hands of men who have worthily earned the names of Tories by their slavish devotion to anti-Republican principles—and their attempts to coerce freemen into subjection by official dictation, or to seduce their patriotism by bribery and corruption.—American Patriot.

LIGHT BREAKING IN THE WEST.—The Harrison ticket in Ohio, has outrun all expectations. Ohio, which gave Jackson over 3,000 majority, this year will give Harrison 10,000. The greatest enthusiasm prevails in Ohio, and throughout the whole West for Harrison, and to be an opponent of Harrison is regarded as a mark of base ingratitude, and as evidencing a great want of patriotic feeling. The news from Ohio is most glorious. It is believed that hardly one Van Buren Congressman can be elected. This auspicious result in Ohio will have an excellent effect upon all the bordering States—Indiana, Illinois, Tennessee, and the whole West will rise en masse, and give an overwhelming majority for the "Hero who never lost a battle." Friends of the Constitution read and rejoice! Freemen of Pennsylvania, of Delaware, the redeemed West call upon you to shake off your lethargy, and to strike one more efficient and glorious blow for the Constitution and the Republic.—Ibid.

By the latest accounts from Pennsylvania it seems that the democratic or Van Buren party has succeeded in electing a majority of members to the Legislature.—Last year it will be recollected that the Anti-Masons had a majority in the same body. Why do the Masonic party now have a majority?—In the (Anti-Masonic) state convention in that state in December last this party was traded off to the Whigs, who have always been in the minority there; consequently, they have, by taking on such a dead weight, been pressed down, and thus have they been beaten.—Mr. Stevens, it is said, is left out by near 50 votes. His services will be missed more than any other man's in that legislature.

New Lisbon (Ohio) Aurora.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Last year when the Anti-Masons carried in Pennsylvania then it was echoed and re-echoed as a Whig triumph. O yes! the good Whigs carried the day, although in the half of the counties where the Anti-Masons succeeded the Whigs may not have had a ticket. Now, when the Whigs have went on and made a presidential nomination, county nomination, &c. &c., and when the Democrats have benten them most scandalously—Oh, it's an Anti-Masonic defeat; Whigs had nothing to do with bringing about such an event. Our Anti-Masonic friends who ridiculed the "seceding nine" are now reaping the rich rewards of their labors in effecting a union with those of whom it has been aptly said, "reachery is their vocation." They must have been aware of the character of this party before they agreed to go on with it; consequently, they can but blame their own indiscretion for the result.—Ibid.