

# Bedford Gazette.



BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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## Select Poetry.



### A Leap Year Rhyme.

BY LILLIE LIGHTFOOT.

Alas! alas! I have no bean  
To take me out a sleighing,  
The one I had I lost last year,  
About the time of laying.  
And so, as one year out of four  
Kind custom doth decree  
The ladies for themselves shall speak,  
Will any one take me?  
Who'll buy! who'll buy! a heart as warm  
As ever beat for man?  
My character, I'm glad to say,  
Is willing all should see,  
My eyes are blue, and brown my hair,  
And five feet four am I;  
Complexion neither dark nor fair,  
Will anybody buy?  
My rank in life I'll tell to him  
Who says, "I'll take you, Lillie!"  
For should I put it all in print  
Perchance you'd call me silly;  
I have some friends, I'm very sure,  
And trust few foes have I;  
And this is all I'll tell you now—  
Will anybody buy?  
The purchase money must be paid  
Not in poor, sordid gold,  
But in true love and tenderness,  
That's neither bought or sold—  
Love that will cling through good and ill,  
Through sunshine and through shade—  
A love that grows as years roll on,  
When beauty's charms shall fade.  
The requisites that I require  
I briefly thus express:  
He must be five feet ten, or higher,  
And pleasing in address.  
His age from thirty to two score,  
For I detest men younger,  
And never could look up to them  
As the weaker to the stronger.  
His character for truth and honor  
Of course must stand quite high,  
For of that class they call "last men"  
I must confess I'm shy.  
A mind—so much above my own  
That I to him could bend,  
And find in that dear single one  
My lover, master, friend.  
And in return I'll give to him  
Affection firm and true,  
And ever try to yield to him  
The obedience that is due.  
A little corner in my heart  
Is waiting to be sold  
At auction on this pleasant day,  
For something more than gold.  
Who bids for this young lady's heart  
This sunny winter's morn?  
Quick, or you're late, good gentle folks!  
"Go—going—gone!"

### The Model Politician.

To be a politician, says the *Louisiana Courier*, is an easy thing—so easy that an effort of will is required to restrain the natural proclivity in that direction; but to be a model politician is quite another affair, for which few are endowed with or acquire the requisite moral capacity. It requires little or no study of law and the science of government, little knowledge of what the State or country requires, none at all of its history. But the model politician must know the book of human nature to perfection. He must be able to designate at a glance the people whose fixed fate it is to be tools and those whose destiny has marked as the ones to use the tools to their own advantage, to which latter class he must belong as *nécessaire*. He must have an excellent memory for names and faces and study all the forms of greeting and salutation, from the cold shoulder of formality to the cordial grip of intimacy and confidence.  
The model politician sets out on his career with an exceeding amount of self-sacrificing patriotism, taking care to choose the party which he thinks most likely to attain and preserve power, to have offices to bestow and patronage to distribute. In this cause he does a deal of labor, taking care, however, to be particularly sparing of his dimes. He stands at the corners by the day together, retailing the contents of the newspapers he has read, or communicating secrets of political movements with all due mysteriousness. It is really surprising to observe what an amount of talking the model politician will do, which produces no effect upon his opponents, indeed, but which serves to convince the substratum of his own party that he is a man of consequence. At nominating conventions (where, if he is not a chosen delegate, he is sure to appear as a proxy,) there is no voice so noisy, no head so full of suggestions as those of our model politician. If he does not obtain a nomination for himself, he is very likely to get it for some particular friend of his own kidney, who, as he knows, will not fail to return the favor in some other form.  
The model politician is always an active promoter of agitation. He is full of expedients and excuses to throw himself in the way of men who occupy a high position, knows as well as any one the advantage of being often seen in close and confidential confab "leading men," and calculates with confidence upon being considered "one of them." Every suggestion they make he does not fail to impart to the next man he meets as something quite original, and shines by virtue of the right thus borrowed with all the effluence of a new power spoon. Who crowded the model politician can make a speech. Who knows but himself the labor he has spent in picking up his materials from the shreds and patches of old pamphlets and newspapers or in committing it to memory afterwards? But or-

atory is not his forte, and he will generally contrive to subsidize into his service the talents of some really earnest and able man, who has nothing in view but to contend for what he honestly believes is just and right. The oratory and patriotism of the young man is employed to shake the political tree—the tact and cunning of the model politician enables him to devour the falling fruit.

The model politician is no office-seeker—not he! He is "disgusted with the wild hunt after office," wishes to have it distinctly understood that he has consented to become a candidate in obedience to the wishes of a large number of his political friends, and "with the hope of strengthening the ticket," and that he leaves his own quiet home with reluctance, at a time when his private business requires his constant personal attention. Once nominated, he is determined on being elected. He ascertains which of the candidates on his own side are most unpopular, and agrees to work for those of the opposite party, in order to procure a similar assistance from them. A great producer of scratched tickets is the model politician!

But your model does not begin to display his full fledged powers until he is elected. He has then three objects in view; first, to make as much out of his office as he can; second, to hold it as long as he can; third, to get a better one if he can. If he is elected to a legislative body, he contrives to make every vote subservient to his ends. If Smithkins wants his vote in favor of a bill for the establishment of the Bank of Smithkinsville, he must agree to support the model for the first office he is a candidate for. He gives Junkins to understand that he is in favor of the "Bill for the Relief of the heirs of Judkins senior," but expects the vote and influence of Judkins in the next State Convention. By a similar process he will, in a few weeks, have scores of men pledged to his support, and by the time the next convention is held, he has either secured the nomination or placed himself in a situation to retire from the competition for a very "handsome consideration."

He continues to carve the public goose in such a manner as to receive several of the choice morsels for his own plate. When the shower of political patronage descends, the soup dish of the model politician is as wide as any, and always right side up.  
The model politician need never be told when to change his party. When he sees that "Americans must rule America," he knows, or thinks he knows, that there is some good slice from the public loaves, which he can get by joining Sam—perhaps. One party having learned his cunning tricks and become disgusted with him, he is determined to try another one something less discriminating. Hence we see all the "model politicians" of the country ranging themselves in the Burnside ranks, and basking in the light of the lantern "dimly burning." Here there is no check upon their fantastic tricks; here they can play what pranks they please, and are all covered over with the mantle of secrecy, or consecrated by the incense of intense "Americanism." So little are their propensities suspected by their confederates, that the Know-Nothing loudly rejoice at the acquisition of men whose secession from the party they could no longer deceive or cajole, is a matter of equal rejoicing to its members. Like all recent converts, the model politician becomes fanatical in his devotion to the mystic Samuel. He is far-most at the wigwag, busiest at the nominating conventions, and makes an intolerable deal of noise at the gatherings of the "sintense." By these means we soon see him occupying the front rank of those who claim it is "to crush out the stranger tribe," to "renew the revolution," and to "store the purity of the early days of the republic" by means of an immaculate party founded upon the "virtues" of Democracy. Here he finds scope and verge enough for all his intriguing propensities, and if his new party only had a majority, it would be a political paradise for him.

**DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.**—On Thursday night last, about 12 o'clock, a fire broke out in the stable attached to the premises occupied by Maj. Raymond, located south of the Diamond, near Montgomery street, and which destroyed ten buildings. Before any effort could be made to stop the progress of the flames, they spread with great rapidity to the stable and carriage house of Mr. Fisher, and from thence to the tin shop of Daniel Bollinger. About the same time the rear of John Bollinger's tin and copper shop took fire, and the flames spread toward Montgomery street, sweeping the watchmaker shop of Henry Maus, and both of the tin shops. It next communicated to the building occupied by Mrs. Moorhouse, and from thence spread to the bakery of William Koutz, where its progress was arrested by great and almost unprecedented exertions on the part of the firemen and the people. The contents of Daniel Bollinger's shop were removed in the street. Everything in Maus' shop was removed, with the exception of some chairs, the property of Jacob Bollinger, which had been stored up stairs. The greater part of the goods in John Bollinger's store was removed, but the machines and tools, and a number of stoves and pipe in the workshop were destroyed. The building was insured for \$1700, but there was no insurance upon the stock.

Mrs. Moorhouse's furniture, with the exception of some stored in the garret, was saved, though in a very bad condition. Mr. Koutz's loss in breakage and *scantage* amounts to about \$100. Mr. Joseph Patton lost a new Rockaway carriage, valued at \$150, stored in Mr. Fisher's carriage house. Maj. Raymond lost four pigs, valued at \$53. The total loss will probably not fall short of \$5000.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

**REMARKABLE CASE OF ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD.**—We learn from the *Rockingham (Va.) Register* that Samuel Henly, who resides about two and a half miles from Spartaopolis, in Rockingham county, has totally abstained from food

for fifty-seven days! and he may yet survive several days. For some time he has been in a rather melancholy mood, and about two months ago he refused to eat, and since that time he has not taken anything except water; and strange to say, he is still alive, though reduced to a mere skeleton. Neither physicians or friends can induce him to take any nourishment. He declares he can swallow nothing, though he does every now and then take a drink of water, and will doubtless, persist in this delusion until he starves to death. He is a respectable farmer, about forty odd years of age.

### Anecdote of Jackson.

The *Western Christian Advocate* records the following interesting anecdote of Jackson. The scene of it was in the Tennessee Annual Conference, held at Nashville, and to which he had been invited by a vote of the brethren, that they might have the pleasure of an introduction to him:  
"The committee was appointed, and the General fixed the time for nine o'clock on Monday morning. The conference room being too small to accommodate the hundreds who wished to witness the introduction, one of the churches was substituted, and an hour before the time filled to overflowing. Front seats were reserved for the members of the conference, which was called to order by the bishop, seated in a large chair in the altar, just before the pulpit. After prayers the committee retired; and a minute afterwards entered, conducting the man whom all-eyes-lighted to honor. They led him to the bishop's chair which was made vacant for him, the bishop meanwhile occupying another place within the altar.

"The secretary was directed to call the names of the members of the conference, which he did in alphabetical order, each coming forward and receiving from the bishop a personal introduction to the ex-President and immediately retired to give place to the next. The ceremony had nearly been completed when the Secretary read the name Rev. James T. — an elderly gentleman with a weather-beaten face, clad in a suit of jeans, arose and came forward. A few seemed to know him. He had always been on a circuit, on the frontier; and though always at conference, he never troubled it with long speeches, but kept his seat, and said but little—that little, however, was always to the purpose. Mr. T. came forward and was introduced to General Jackson. He turned his face toward the General, who said, 'it seems to me that we have met before.' The preacher, apparently embarrassed, said: 'I was with you through the Creek campaign—one of your body guard at the battle of Horse Shoe—and fought under your command at New Orleans.' The General arose slowly from his seat, and throwing his long withered bony arms around the preacher's neck, exclaimed: 'We'll soon meet where there's no war—where the smoke of battle never rolls up its sulphurous incense!'

"Never before, or since, have I seen so many tears shed as then flowed forth from the eyes of that vast assembly. Every eye was moist with weeping.

"Eleven years have passed away since that day. The old hero has been more than ten in his silent and narrow home. The voices that cheered the dropping fight, and thundered in the rear of routed armies, is silent forever. The old preacher, too, has fought his last battle, laid his armour by, and gone home to his eternal rest."

**SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.**—In clearing up one of the rooms a day or two since, says the *Albany Knickerbocker*, a waiter discovered a cat so crowded into a box that it was with difficulty that she could be extricated. Having got her out, the next question in order was, "how did she get in?" This was leading to a long winded dispute, when one of the by-standers took up the box, gave it a shake, and tossed a half grown rat upon the floor. The discovery of the rat solved the riddle. The rat, to escape the cat, rushed into the box; the cat, to secure a game dinner, rushed after him, and with such force that she could not get back again. Learn wisdom from pussy, and never "go it blind," even in a good cause.

**MURDER CASE AT ST. LOUIS.**—We alluded a few days ago to a murder committed at St. Louis of a most atrocious character. The following additional particulars are obtained from a recent paper of that city:

The Recorder's Court was thronged yesterday to hear the examination of Peter Walter, the fiend in human shape who, a few days ago, was arrested on a charge of starving his wife to death. From the evidence it appears that the deceased had been an invalid for some time before her death, and about half the time confined to her bed. This Walter, her husband, in the meantime, so poorly provided for her support, that she was compelled to crawl to the houses of her neighbors to solicit food to keep her from starving. Often in the night time the neighbors heard her scream, as if being whipped. On Sunday morning week, one of the neighbors called to see how she was, and found her lying on the floor in a dying condition, without a stitch of clothes on. The chairs were lying upon her, and a leather strap, looking like a piece of a trace, was lying by her side. Her body was covered with bruises all over, and in many places the skin was broken, showing that she had been terribly beaten. Her left shoulder was dislocated, and her wrist broken. She was totally speechless, and some brandy and water was given to revive her, but she still continued unable to speak to the time of her death. About five o'clock in the evening, on being asked whether the injuries had been inflicted upon her by her husband, she nodded her head in the affirmative. She answered in the same manner that it was that morning. A post-mortem examination had been held, and the physician gave it as his opinion that she died from starvation and brutal treatment.

### From the London Times March, 12. Graceful Valetictory.

Last night the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress entertained Mr. Buchanan, the American Minister, and a select party at dinner, in the Egyptian hall of the Mansion House, as a mark of respect and consideration on the occasion of the United States to return to his native country:

On the removal of the cloth the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were drank.

The Lord Mayor then said he had among his visitors that evening a distinguished gentleman and an illustrious statesman, the Minister of the United States. [Cheers.] That gentleman was about to leave this country, his successor to this Court having been appointed, and being daily expected to arrive among us. He should have felt it a great reflection on his mayoralty and a manifest dereliction of duty if he had omitted such an opportunity of showing that mark of respect to the Minister of the United States which he had it in his power to bestow as the Chief Magistrate of the city of London. At all times the citizens of London had received, and he trusted ever would receive, with more than ordinary pleasure the representative of the great transatlantic Republic in this country; and it was in that sense, and also because he was about to return to his native land, that Mr. Buchanan was peculiarly welcome to partake of his hospitality. [Cheers.] He knew that he would carry with him the best wishes of the people of this country for his happiness and prosperity in his own land, and he hoped he would return there with no other than a kindly and abiding recollection of the great people among whom he had been so long resident. He gave them "the health of Mr. Buchanan." [Loud cheers.]

Mr. Buchanan responded to this compliment as follows:

My Lord Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I receive with profound and grateful feelings this testimonial from the present company of the regard with which they hold my country, for I do not attribute it to myself. I can say, however, in all truth and sincerity, that I shall ever preserve a grateful memory of the kindness which I have invariably received in England. I have yet to meet the first English gentleman who has not treated me as if I had been a countryman of his own. [Cheers.] I say nothing of the ladies, because I ought not to speak of them, although they are the fairest part of creation.

I shall carry home with me every sort of grateful feeling towards the people of this country, among whom I have never felt myself a stranger. Speaking the same language, having read the same books, having had intercourse with a kindred free people, I have always spoken my sentiments freely and respectfully in every society in which I have been. I have invariably found that an English gentleman treated me kindly, and if we differed in opinion we had a fair argument, and we have always parted in peace and friendship.

With regard to the two countries, what a dreadful misfortune it would be to the whole human race if they should ever again be involved in war! How it would injure and throw back the cause of civilization and human liberty! How it would delight the despots of the earth to find these two nations destroying themselves, and in that way destroying every hoped progress to mankind! [Cheers.] I hold it that there can be no political slavery where the English language is the language of the country. [Renewed cheers.] It is impossible; and so far from there being any jealousy, so far from its being proper that there should be any jealousy in either country as to the honest and fair extension of the frontiers of either, it ought to be considered a blessing to mankind that they should have the opportunity of extending their freedom and liberal institutions over all the unsettled parts of the earth. [Cheers.]

I am sorry to say that with all these feelings and sentiments, from the first separation of the two countries there has unfortunately always been a group of unsettled questions. There is a cloud now impeding over their relations; but I trust in God and believe that that cloud will be speedily dispelled, and that the sunshine of peace and friendship will become more and more bright between the two countries, until all the dissensions which ever existed between them shall have passed away, and shall only live in history as a record of the folly of two people who could for a moment suppose it possible to engage in a fratricidal war. [Loud cheers.]

I thank you again for the cordial manner in which you have responded to the proposal of my health, and I beg to assure you that I shall ever regard my residence in England as one of the bright periods of my life. [Cheers.]

Several appropriate civic and other toasts were proposed from the Chair, and responded to in the course of the evening. Mr. Buchanan, in a few sentences and complimentary speech, gave "The Ladies," and the company separated between 10 and 11 o'clock.

**RESUSCITATION FROM APPARENT DEATH.**—The *Rockport Register* gives the particulars of a singular case of resuscitation after supposed death in that city. A child had, to all appearance died, and was laid out in its little winding sheet upon a board in an upper room, while other preparations were going forward for the funeral. The sexton was notified and the grave dug. Some time after the father went into the room where the child was, and was astounded at its calling him by name, and complaining that it did not lie good. Of course, the little sufferer was supplied with a better bed at once. It had evidently fallen into a trance, from which it was awakened by a hard bed and cold air.

### ADJOURNMENT OF PARLIAMENT—THE KING OF THE BELGIANS COME COURTING—STATE OF TRADE.

Parliament has adjourned over the Easter holidays. Mr. Dallas has proceeded to London. Mr. Buchanan has taken formal leave of the Queen; Lord Palmerston accompanied Mr. Buchanan, and in this act the English papers see an indication that the premier desires to stand well with the United States. There is nothing new to report respecting the difficulties with America.

The King of the Belgians has arrived in London to attend the "confirmation" of his god-daughter, the Princess Royal, (Queen's eldest daughter.) The young Prince of Prussia, son to the heir of the throne, is about to revisit England, with a view to a betrothal to the Princess. Last year when this youth came on the same errand, the British Press scowled his alliance, but times have changed since then.

A verdict of murder has been returned by a coroner's jury in the case of Dove, charged with having poisoned his wife with strychnine.—This case is remarkable from the medical testimony that strychnine can be detected with certainty a considerable time after death.  
The reports of the general trade of the country during the week past, had been mostly favorable. At Manchester there had been a good average business, and the transactions would have been larger but for the firmness of prices. At Birmingham the iron trade continued dull, owing chiefly to the orders from the United States being unusually limited; the other manufactures of the place are, with few exceptions, also animated. A meeting had been held in the pottery district to petition the Government to bring about a mutual abolition of import duties between France and England. At Wolverhampton it has been resolved to establish a Chamber of Commerce. From Nottingham our reports describe great activity. In the wotton districts also the transactions have been large, stocks are low, and confidence prevails. In the Irish linen markets the tendency to improvement is well maintained.

**THE OVERLAND MAIL.**  
The overland mail has arrived at Trieste, bringing dates from Calcutta to the 9th, and Bombay to the 16th of February.

A proclamation was issued on the 7th of February, announcing the annexation of the Kingdom of Oude, and the deposition of the King. The Landa Rebellion has been renewed.

Trade in India was inactive, and prices fluctuating, with the exception of indigo.

The money market was easier. Sterling exchange at Bombay, was quoted at 2a2½, and at Calcutta, 2a2½.

**THE CONFERENCE.**  
Awaiting the arrival of Baron Manteuffel, the plenipotentiaries have held no meeting since last advices, and matters remain precisely as they were. Peace is now considered a certainty, and it is expected that the protocol will be signed in a few days. As much as possible as to the proceedings is still observed.

**SHOCKING CASE OF INSANITY.**—A letter from Vienna, in the *Zeit*, of Berlin, contains the following: "An event has just taken place here which has been much talked of. A clerk in a merchant's office whilst working at his desk, felt a sort of presentiment of coming danger, which led him suddenly to return home. He there found his wife in bed, as she had been confined of a son only three days before. She was dressed. Her eyes were haggard, and her looks animated by fever. She said to him, 'It is well that you came, for I will now roast the goose, which will be ready at once.' At the same moment the clerk heard the cry of a child in the kitchen. He rushed to the spot, and found the new born child tied up, and lying on the frying pan. The mother, taken suddenly with the milk fever, had mistaken her child for a goose, and was about to put it to death. The father happily arrived in time to prevent such a catastrophe.

**A FAMILY QUARREL.**—The Albany Register and the Albany Statesman, both know-nothing organs, are now engaged in a pretty extensive quarrel about the Philadelphia nominations. The Statesman says that the "Fillmore ticket" was not made to be withdrawn or beaten."

To which the Register (George Law's paper) replies: "Well, what on earth was it made for? We can see no other possible use to which it can or will be put. It is entirely true that it serves to exemplify the greatest folly and the wickedest treason towards a great cause ever perpetrated by a conspiracy of corrupt politicians, but we do not believe it was 'made' for that purpose. May-be it is in the field that may be sunk by its own intrinsic ponderosity, and therefore cannot be said in any proper sense to be 'beaten'; in other words, that it was 'made to beat itself, and not to be beaten.'"

The old-line whigs of Philadelphia have nominated a city ticket. The policy of nominating such a ticket is seriously doubted by many members of the party. The Philadelphia correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* writes:

"Previous to the nominations being made, the Hon. Josiah Randall (who had opposed nominating a ticket) announced that if, on the day of election, the contest is between the American and democratic parties, he should vote for the latter. Several others similarly expressed themselves. Mr. Randall withdrew from the convention after defining his position."

**ANOTHER DEMOCRATIC VICTORY IN ILLINOIS.**—We learn by a telegraphic despatch, that an election held on Tuesday last in the city of Springfield, the capital of the State, (hitherto fusion and know-nothing,) the entire democratic ticket for mayor and city officers was elected by a large majority—upon the Nebraska issue, and against a combination of know-nothingism, abolitionism, and all the other issues combined. Another shadow of coming events!

### Good Advice to Old Line Whigs.

Hon. Merceai Oliver, of Missouri, elected to the House of Representatives as a Whig, on being arranged by the "Liberty Tribune" as a deserter from the Whig party, has replied in a long scathing letter. He says that when the House met, three parties unfurled their banners—the Democratic, the Know Nothing, and the Black Republican, but the Whig party was not there. Of the Know Nothings Mr. Oliver writes:

"The Know Nothing party exults in the ruin of the Whig party, boasts of having destroyed it, slanders it in its grave, and then demands (if I understand your article aright) the allegiance and support of the few surviving Whigs. The powerless patriot might be as justly accused of treason for refusing to swear allegiance to the conquering invader of his country, who had exterminated his race, as a Whig for refusing fealty to the usurping organization which boasts of having the blood of the Whig party on its head. And here let me observe that the Know Nothing platform has not even one single plank—the Know Nothing creed one single article—of the stern stuff of which the Whig platform and Whig principles were composed. Though Know Nothingism has arisen on the ruins of the Whig party, it has not made use of the stalwart timbers which bore it and its varying fortunes for so many eventful years. At present these treasures lie neglected, awaiting the hand of some mightier architect than even Sam, who built the fabric of Know Nothingism in one night. Elected as a Whig, I emphatically reject the new test of Know Nothingism, and even if the majority of those whose suffrages gave me a seat in Congress have subsequently joined the order, and adhere to it, I deny their right to try me by an *ex post facto* law."

Mr. Oliver comes down on the doctrines of Know Nothings in plain talk. He says—

"I would be wanting in candor if I withheld my conviction regarding the peculiar doctrines of the Know Nothing party. These doctrines are qualified or unqualified hostility to naturalized foreigners and Catholics, native and foreign, residing in the United States. Speaking simply as an American citizen, I deem these doctrines absurd and pernicious, and, if incorporated into our laws, (which cannot be, however,) fruitful of great evils. If Catholics be traitors, the proof of their guilt is not to be found on the pages of our history, and no vote of mine shall help to make them traitors by branding them with that opprobrious epithet. I shrink from pronouncing three millions of men perjurers and traitors, without being able to allege one overt act in support of the appalling accusation."

Mr. Oliver urges the Clay and Webster Whigs to join the Democrats in the following way:

"Do they want encouragement? If they do, let them hear the words of their own loved, venerated Clay, at Lexington, in 1850, anticipating the ruin of the Whig party as a national organization. In substance he said: 'Whenever the Whig party shall become merged into a miserable, sectional abolition party, I will renounce it forever, and in the future act with that party, regardless of its name, which stands by the Constitution and the Union! Now, there can be no doubt of the fact, that the Democratic party is national; and I assert my conviction to be, that it is the only party in America that can overthrow abolitionism, uphold the Constitution and the Union, and that it will do so if all truly national patriots will unshrink their swords and rally under its ample banner, with the high resolve to conquer, or to fall all gloriously on the field of strife.'"

**KNOW NOTHINGISM IN WASHINGTON CITY.**—We give below the card of an old and well-known citizen of Washington, in which his reasons are briefly and pointedly set forth for withdrawing from the know-nothing organization. In Washington city, as in all parts of the country, the disease has ceased to be epidemic. Many of our citizens who were deluded into the lodges by systematic misrepresentations now see the folly and wickedness of the order, and who will, before the lapse of many days, follow the manly, courageous, and patriotic example set by Mr. Myer. Here is his card:

A CARD.—My democratic brethren who, like myself, have been led into the know-nothing order without knowing at the time what that order was, or what it required, are hereby informed that I have sent my resignation to the council I belonged to, and have withdrawn from it. My reasons for doing so were many; among others, I was deceived as to the objects and intents of the association. I found it a cunningly-devised scheme to break up the democratic party. I was also assured that it protected every man in the enjoyment of his political, civil, and religious opinions, and that, instead of proscribing foreigners indiscriminately, it only meant to alter the naturalization laws in regard to those thereafter arriving on our shores. Instead of this, I find it bigoted, persecuting, and anti-democratic to the fullest extent. I am now, as I always was, a firm, unflinching democrat, and nothing ever has made, or ever shall make, me abandon that party. I shall support it, and in doing so must necessarily oppose the know-nothing candidates, whoever they may be in whatever form or guise or disguise they may appear; and I say to all my democratic brethren yet in the order, "Go thou and do likewise."

MARCH 31, 1856. F. S. MYER.

**GLORIOUS VICTORY!**—At the late election in the city of Reading, the Democrats elected their candidate for Mayor, J. B. Wanner, Esq. by a majority of 24 votes. Last year the Know-Nothings carried the city by about 700!

The Democrats of Reading deserve great credit for the noble triumph they have achieved.