

THE AMERICAN PATRIOT.

BY GREEN & DUNN.

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THE AMERICAN PATRIOT

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1855.

Judge Perkins.

We are again constrained to revert to what we consider the dismissal of Judge Perkins, in the nomination of Thos. G. Davidson, for Congress. We are satisfied that Davidson at the time, and has since indicated the question in the light of an open contest for the place, and that the result is regarded by him and his friends as a triumph, obtained it is true, under circumstances not remarkably creditable.

There is no doubt that Davidson took advantage of Perkins' equivocal position, while there is still less doubt, had Perkins unequivocally announced his desire or willingness to be nominated, Davidson would not have been "any where."

Thus matters stood before the convention. Perkins had written a letter indicating an intention not to be a candidate, but still of a character not absolutely refusing. He appears in person before the convention, and somewhat modified his former declaration or refusal. He indicated strongly, if not directly, that upon a contingency, he would accept a nomination; so strongly and directly that he actually got 19 votes to Davidson's 24. These 19 votes must, then, have been cast for Perkins under a full belief—may, certainly, that he would accept, or they must have been cast for him as against Davidson in the way of "blanks," under a full belief—may, certainly, that Perkins would not accept, and that Thos. Green Davidson was not the "best man" to represent this district in Congress—that he would not do.

How many of the 24 who voted for Davidson—thereby ignoring Perkins—did so in ignorance of the facts? The fact that Perkins would actually accept the nomination?

Under all the anterior and attendant circumstances, then, we think Judge Perkins ought to have received the nomination, if for no other reason as an approval of his Congressional career.

We are advised, and shall so continue to assert, that Davidson and his friends regard the result as a triumph—a triumph over opposing forces in a pitched battle. But whether any thing "contraband of honorable warfare" was employed, the "deponent saith not."

We recur again to the 19 votes in opposition to Davidson, given as stated in the way of "blanks." This mode of voting always signifies a great deal, and it is not to be expected that any one thus voting in the convention, meaning thereby a "want of confidence" will vote differently in November, but that the 19 will come out "blanks." This "want of confidence" being by full proof established, becomes as to him and them *res judicata*, and he is thereby cut off from all pleas or motions except the single one for a new trial or hearing. This he will no doubt in due time apply for, and attempt to adduce evidence in support of it. And herein he may be permitted to show even by "hear-say" testimony, in the absence of any better, that these 19 gentlemen have, with "malice prepense and aforethought," wickedly, wantonly, and maliciously slandered, and in divers ways, grievously injured an innocent man. And from the known generous and forgiving natures of some of them, nay, all, it is to be presumed, that they will advise as well as vote, a "renewal of confidence." They may advise that he be admitted or taken in "on trial," under such rules and regulations as may be prescribed, the least of which should be the most severe of those known to the "strictest sect." And as the "nominee" has some experience in the way of "discipline," and the "mortifications of the flesh for the good of the soul" he would bear up under them with more fortitude than any novice who knows not what it is even to "fast and pray."

Since writing the foregoing, Judge Perkins has paid Clinton a visit, and addressed quite a large assemblage at the Court House, on Tuesday last. The "dress circle" occupied the front seats, but the speaker did not seem, on that account, at all embarrassed. But it seemed to us that there was evident embarrassment, both as to the subjects discussed and the mode of discussing them. He did not seem to feel that he was standing on proper ground; and we are perfectly satisfied that a large portion of his audience—not those particularly of his own party—would have been gratified if such had been the case, for, his Congressional career has won golden opinions from all.

We do not design to give any thing like a full history of his speech, as it was designed to be an account of his stewardship while in Congress. We shall only call to mind some passing incidents.

We premise by saying that the Judge is, what may be termed a "forcible speaker." Understanding his subject well, he approaches it with confidence—that he imparts to his hearers the same which he himself possesses. His tone is mild, while candor seems to be the reigning element. The Judge evidently possesses all those qualifications which should have forbidden his retirement into private life. It has not often occurred that any district in the State has been more ably represented than his.

But we started out with the purpose of saying something about his speech. The prior portion of it was taken up in historical incidents of his own in Congress, in connexion

with the men and measures of the Government, on all which he was not an idle spectator, but an effective co-worker with the comparative few who perform the work of legislative assemblies.

He gave succinctly a history of the various workings of the different executive departments at Washington, and his opinion and views of the respective qualifications of the "heads." The Judge thinks that the President has been remarkably fortunate in the selection of his official advisers, and that they are entitled to the confidence of the country. We understood him to pay not the highest compliments to the diplomatic skill of the late Minister to Spain, Mr. Soule. There was more to be understood here than was expressed. He regarded Cuba as lost to the United States. That the President could not have acted otherwise than he did in executing the laws in the interference with the filibusters, but he was not so cruel as to call them "pirates." Here seemed to be a sting. He spoke particularly of the many reforms by the Secretary of State in the consular department. Stated that therefore it had been largely the practice of the Government to employ foreigners as commercial agents and consuls in foreign countries—that latterly that practice had been discontinued; spoke of changes in these respects as amounting to several hundreds, and that the necessity of it had become one of the requirements of the law. So also in reference to the enlistments of seamen in the Navy; that the enlistment of foreigners beyond a certain limit was now prohibited, and went on to speak in those connexions of the reasons and propriety of such a course, and did not hesitate to avow that in the choice of individuals for office, all things equal, he would prefer the native of the soil to one born in Maine or elsewhere. The Judge then proceeded to speak somewhat of the doings of some of the "Know Nothings" in Congress, those from the north; of their avowals and designs in connexion with abolition party; avowals which he considered the southern wing did not respond to by denouncing them as they ought. He then spoke of the late attempt at Philadelphia to form a platform for the party, and its failure; the secession of a portion of the northern members, abolitionists, who would not plant themselves on any basis except that of freesoil. Thus directly indicating that he regarded the remainder as sound on the "slavery question."

A few reflections suggest themselves here. The Judge seemed to travel out of the beaten track of democratic argument by stating fairly and explicitly what his "party" had done and was doing in reference to aliens and their appointment to office and enlistment in the Navy and army service. The principle was there, and was also inculcated in the declaration of preference for the "native" over the "naturalized citizen." As the invited and recognized exponent of his party, his remarks must have been rather galling to many of his audience, who had, no doubt, not many minutes before, violated it by their own personal acts.

If there were any "Know Nothings" present at that meeting, the most of what he said on the "foreign" and slavery question, was directly to their taste, and in unison with their own views. How far the same remarks is true of his own party friends we may in due season find out. According to the nomenclature of some, it is not good to disclose the truth at all times, and we opine there were those there who will never forgive the Judge for the "manliness" with which he stated the truth, and the "manliness" with which he refrained from "denouncing those who were opposed to him in politics."

And now, brother democrats, let us hold a short colloquy together; let us "reason together" about a few things; about a few matters of past action on your part, and on our part, and see how we stand. You endorse the President and his administration generally, and particularly so did your late exponent, Judge Perkins. There, you stand together. Judge Perkins says that one of the "reforms" of this administration has been, the refusal to appoint "foreigners" to office, five hundred of them have been swept from the "blue book." He said further, that he would not hesitate in the choice of a "native over a foreign born citizen, all things equal." How say you, gentlemen, one and all? Is this your verdict? What say the foreign born citizens, who had the pleasure of listening to the Judge's exposition. Many of those statements must have grated harshly on their democratic ears, however pleasantly to yours; yet in all, there was nothing which, upon due consideration, they or you could take exception, however many of us might be disposed to act more prescriptively.

Many things were also said by the Judge, to which many of our old line Whig friends might well take exception, in an outside argument, but which does not at the present time particularly concern us. We leave that to them and you for discussion and settlement.

To sum up. On a full and considerate review of the whole speech, we find much more to applaud than condemn. We regard Judge Perkins as a "conscientious man." We do not believe that he made any statements which he did not believe to be true. Neither drew he any inferences except such as he believed were warranted by his premises. Say you as much gentlemen? Let us hear from you explicitly about this matter, and whether you stand up to the rack, "fodder or no fodder?" For our-

selves, we candidly say, that we would like to see Judge Perkins in Congress again.

The delegates from this parish were instructed to vote for the Judge in the convention. The "democracy" had not then heard his speech. How many of you can now say that you did not act hastily?

Our view now is, that many of those who headed that *instructive operation*, regret it, not because the Judge has been uncanid in his statements, or misrepresented them or his district, but because he was so mild in his denunciations of a party, the tenets of which he proclaimed were already acted on by the Government wherever they could with propriety be done.

We would like nothing better than to be an "eaves-dropper" in certain quarters about town, that we might learn in detail what has been said about the speech and the speaker; and whether no sly intimation has passed from one to another, that it is "fortunate for the party" that Livingston is coming, who will show 'em the law." And we venture the prediction that when he does come, as come he will, with all his "sins on his head" unwashed, and un-anointed, he will try to unsay and explain away the matters of fact which they, the party, were compelled to hear and applaud on Tuesday.

And we venture another prediction, that the Judge will not be again solicited to make another effort in Clinton by the "party," unless upon an explicit avowal beforehand as to his "line of argument." We shall recur to this subject again. For the present our remarks have been rather desultory and disjointed. We conclude by saying that it is to be regretted, for the good of the country, that such men as Judge Perkins are not "forced into the service," rather than have many to force themselves into it, who are not even qualified to take command of a deserted outpost. With such an antagonist as Judge Perkins, it would be honorable to take "position," honorable would be the combat, and honorable the result whatever it might be.

Masonic Celebration.

The anniversary of St. John—a reputed patron of ancient Masonry—was celebrated with appropriate and becoming honors by the fraternity of this place, on the 25th inst. Extensive preparations had been made for the occasion, and a general invitation extended to the members of the Order. The weather was delightful, and every circumstance favorable to the celebration. A large concourse of the brethren having assembled early in the morning at the Lodge-room, an imposing procession was organized at the hour of eleven, which moved around the Public Square, and proceeded to the Methodist Church. The services of an excellent band of music, from New Orleans, had been engaged for the occasion, whose animating strains added much to the life and gaiety of the festival. The Church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and presented a most interesting array of beauty and intelligence. A fervent and impressive prayer having been offered by the Rev. Mr. Adams, pastor of the Clinton Baptist Church, the Rev. James B. Smith, the orator of the day, was introduced to the audience. Mr. Smith abundantly justified the enviable reputation which he has long sustained as an eloquent and persuasive speaker. The responsibility committed to him as the organ of the Order, could not have been entrusted to a more efficient agent. His address was an elaborate and finished exposition of the beautiful and benevolent principles of Masonry, showing the divinity of their origin, and their congeniality, if not identity with the teachings and principles of the Christian religion; and breathing, as it did, a sentiment of the purest philanthropy, it did much credit to the heart as well as the head of its author.

The address being concluded, the procession returned to the Lodge, where it was joined by a number of ladies—the wives, daughters, mothers and sisters of Masons—all of whom proceeded in a body to the Hotel of Mr. Evans White, where, we are informed, a sumptuous repast had been prepared by order of the Lodge, and to which, no doubt, ample justice was done by the participants.

The festivities of the day were concluded by a Masonic Ball at the Court House in the evening. This was a brilliant affair. Indeed, it has seldom, if ever, been our pleasure to witness so interesting a display of the beauty and chivalry of East Feliciana as was exhibited on this occasion. The spacious Hall of the Court House was thronged with the gay devotees of the Terpsichorean Art, and joy and gladness reigned throughout the hour. "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!" seemed to be the prevailing thought of all. The band which had attended the procession in the morning, now inspired with its minstrelsy, the "poetry of motion," while

"—Youth and Pleasure chased
The flying hours with glowing feet,"
and whirled the giddy mazes of the merry dance. From the numerous indications which we observed, we were led to suspect that not only did "Soft eyes look love to eyes which spake again," but as genial influences stole away the heart's control, the lip itself verified the tender revelations of the eye, and confirmed the vow which only the furtive glance had made. Nothing whatever occurred to mar the pleasure and the harmony of the evening. The hours fled on feathered feet, until the close of the entertainment, when all dispersed with happier and with better hearts.

The Thespian Performance.

On Tuesday evening, the 26th inst., "The Thespian Society," in conformity to previous announcement, performed the beautiful play of "Evadne, or The Hall of Statues."

The object of this performance was to aid in the purchase of a Fire Engine for the Town of Clinton. The thanks of the community are due to the corps for this generous testimonial of their public spiritedness; and we trust that the liberal and appreciating public will abundantly testify, by its patronage and encouragement, a sense of its obligations to the Society for this laudable effort on their part to advance the public good.

The attendance was large and respectable. A performance of more than ordinary interest had been promised, and high anticipations were entertained by all. We are happy to state that the most sanguine expectations were more than realized, and that the company acquitted themselves with unusual eclat.

The character of EVADNE was personated by Mrs. H. A. Nicholls, a lady of superior accomplishments and much versatility of talent. Much is due to Mrs. Nicholls for the success which has attended "The Thespian Society," and for the public interest which has been enlisted in its behalf. Her artistic talent would do credit to any stage.

The part of OLIVIA was sustained by Mrs. A. P. Butler in a highly creditable manner. This being her first appearance on the stage it was natural that an exhibition of some degree of diffidence or embarrassment should have been expected; so far, however, from manifesting any confusion, her self-possession and evident appreciation of the part enabled her to perform it in a faultless and praiseworthy manner.

The KING OF NAPLES was represented in admirable style by Mr. S. H. Butler, who has displayed much taste in his execution of the paintings, scenery, &c., of the stage.

Mr. Young's representation of COLONNA was exceedingly graceful and happy, evincing as it did, a thorough study and an accurate conception of the part.

Mr. Kedsie as LUDOVICO, sustained his part with signal ability, affording an excellent delineation of the character.

Mr. Nicholls appeared as VICENTIO. Of course his part was well performed—in a manner too peculiar to himself—and decidedly mercurial.

Mr. Sumner's representation of SPALATRO was unexceptionable. The cast was, in fact, an excellent one, and the company merit the highest praise.

Several beautiful pieces of music were performed by the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. B. Moses; and among them were some very fine original pieces, composed by him and by Mr. A. Moses.

The play being over, a very handsome EPILOGUE, by Dr. James S. Taylor, was spoken by Mr. Young. Our friend, the Doctor, seems to wield the pen poetic with quite as much facility as the spatula, and appears quite as conversant with the waters of Helicon as with the Tinctures of the Materia Medica. What congeniality there is between pills and poetry we never could imagine; nor could we conceive how it is possible for Therapeutics to hold communion with the Art of Song. The Doctor's epilogue, however, has disabused our mind of any doubt upon the subject, and has most admirably illustrated the fellowship which subsists between them.

We are informed that on Wednesday evening next, there will be a repetition of "Evadne." As the Thespian Society deserve the commendation and support of the public, we hope that on that occasion the performance will be honored with a full house.

[For the American Patriot.]

Earth's "Echoes."

BY "ALLA."

"It is written on the skies
Of the soft blue summer day;
It is traced in sunset's dyes—
Passing away."

Written on the modest flower gemmed with the morning dew, on the murmuring streamlet, the fading leaf—even on the great scroll of heaven, is poured in letters of living light, that are "passing away." The winds that they triumphantly pursue their onward way, and the wandering sunbeams catch the theme to echo it along the aisles of space, while the thundering cataract and all external nature reverberates the sound.

Not alone, where the finger of Deity has left its impress, has mutability placed its signature.

Go wander among the ancient homes of the great, and seek amid their fallen glories to retrace their wanted grandeur. The footsteps give back no sound as they rest on sacred ruins.

The heart-hodings in mournful breathings whisper silently of their brief duration. Thebes, encircled by her hundred gates, her prowess of arms, her magnificence, all have perished.

Though through a waste of twenty-seven miles in circumference, the traveler may vend his way, yet he may only say I have seen this vast metropolis of desolation.

And Babylon, the pride of a mighty people, whose works of art, considered apart from aught else, indicated her national wealth and greatness. Her gates of glittering brass, her walls, defying the strength of war, and all those inlets to prosperity which made her the glory of antiquity, all have perished with the crumbling elements of ruin's wasting empire.

The palaces of the famed of earth are alone and deserted. The gray mists of centuries fall like mourning vestments around them, while the footsteps give back only a dirge-like echo. Even the

halls where monarchs once sat enthroned, have become the sepulchers of decay.

The acropolis of Greece, together with the pantheon and unnumbered sanctified shrines, mouldering beneath their native heaven, whisper the plaintive tale of their loneliness. The rank growth of poisonous vegetation has choked up their foundations and dimmed its beauties.

"A few short years—and vanished from the scene, To blend with classic dust their proudest lot has been."

The names of its illustrious poets, sculptors, philosophers and painters, live as but in song and story. In a lone spot in the classic and Aegean, is the burial place of a Homer, while the homes of others equally great have buried their notoriety in forgetfulness.

Eloquence, with its siren voice, is hushed in its native atmosphere. The brilliancy of the past is extinguished by the gathering dust of departed years, in mournful numbers the dream-like vision comes over the spirits chords, entrancing all its sensibilities.

Temples of matchless splendor, grace, beauty, strength and symmetry—in brief, art in its proudest state of civilization has yielded to the Destroyer.

The "Eternal City"—the imperial capital of the world—whose grandeur still contending with decay, is seen in her hollowed fane "and sculptured forms of high and heavenly mien"—here where the genius of a Michael Angelo shone forth in unclouded lustre—where the richly endowed mind of a Raphael displayed its purity and a Carreggio its grace, where virgil awoke the lyre, attuned to melody and song, and Pythagoras established his school of philosophy—here, where science, poetry and art, blended in unrivalled excellence, has change placed its seal.

This engraven on the page of history, is ever traced lessons of mutability. But we need not go alone to the Old World to find objects with which to satisfy our theme. The rise and fall of nations, the upbuilding and overthrow of monarchies and kingdoms, all re-echo the strain "passing away."

This chord vibrates to every spot fanned by the breath of heaven, whether on the wave-kissed shore or mountain height.

But we turn from a contemplation of the transitory nature of terrestrial things—from the scattered relics of ambition and greatness that lay strewn around us, a mass of shapeless ruins—to note the tracings of earth's unseen, yet ever present chronicler upon the image of the Deity.

Since first was kindled the Promethean spark on the altar of existence, man has been subject to the law of change. His whole being, from the cradle to the grave, is a multiplication of mutabilities. Then why should we tremble while viewing the works of destiny?

While all around are tracings of the remorseless Chronicler, even ourselves have served as pages for his inscription.

Bright and glowing are the visions of childhood. It revile in amaranthine-bowers that resound only to the voice of mirth and music, where fadeless flowers sparkle with diamond dew, while canopied with a rosy atmosphere, whose soft subduing influence permeates every object and pursuit with which it becomes engrossed. It records to day bright anticipations of the future, and fills the gallery of the mind with pictures of rare loveliness. Would that youth might still "dream on!" But alas! too soon the deluded victim perceives the lengthening shadows, and has cause to weep before its sacred shrines. Old age follows on the footsteps of life's play-hours, the merry notes are hushed, and the "world taught"—weary and disgusted with the conflicting scene, shrinks tremblingly from its ungenial position, yet finds no safe retreat.

The alchemic memory presents the hours e're cure had lodged one arrow in his soul—e're FALSBY or DECEIT had mingled the pure elements and formed an artificial combination. Fearful is the awakening! yet "such is life."

When first the morning stars swelled their glad anthems over night redeemed from chaos, and earth was ushered in, to take her place in the hall of worlds—then the immutable fiat of Jehovah went forth, proclaiming that all things should "pass away." To verify this, alternately the seasons roll their rounds, flowers bloom and fade, moons wax and wane, stars rise and set—all acknowledging the heaven-given command. Years glide on, weaving their mystic cycles—bearing on their unreturning tides the mouldering wrecks of nature and of art.

"Man, too, goes to his long home." The immortalized hero, whose brow is crowned "with victorious laurels, the scholar who has drunk deepest from the fountain of truth and explored far into the labyrinthine mazes of the unknown, with the "patriarchs of the infant world shall lie down to sleep."

Earth also shall pass away! In its temples shall brood the unbroken silence of primeval nature. The wreck of material existence shall be accomplished and worlds meet in their aerial flight, and crushed and broken join in the universal scene of gathering night.

What pen may sketch the gloomy grandeur of that scene when God shall come in the power of his majesty to execute vengeance? In what messenger as he goes to perform the work of universal destruction? The rolling billows of flame shall lash their surges on a shoreless world, while from the footstool to the throne shall ascend and descend the metrior reflections of a world wrapt in flames, while piercing the fast dissolving panorama where glitter yet in primitive beauty the star-lit isles, it stretches itself upon the depths to warn them of their destiny. The Omnipotent shall gather the waters in the hollow of his hand, but they may not alleviate the pangs of dying nature in her last convulsive throbs.

In melancholy strains d's her last moan on the fields of chaotic space, while from the throne shall an angel of light herald across the trackless waste, that "Time shall be no more."

No more! "A harpstring's deep, and breaking tone,
Last, low summer breeze, a far off swell,
A dying echo of rich music gone
Breathe through those words, those murmers, of farewell—
No more!"

CLINTON, June 27, 1855.

Russian News Direct.

[From our files of the Journal de St. Petersburg.]

By the mail this morning we have our files of the Journal de St. Petersburg to the 12 ult. The latest bulletin of the cholera in St. Petersburg is for the 9th. On the morning of that day there were 152 cases; during the day there were 22 new ones, 6 cures, and 7 deaths, leaving 161 under treatment.

The capture of the Phoenix and Finna, two Russian ships, by the English war steamer Magicienne, is announced.

An interesting letter from Dr. Schreiber, the chief of the Russian medical corps in the Crimea, is quoted from the *Livadia Review*. Its substance is as follows: Since the commencement of hostilities in the Tauric peninsula, up to the 1st of March, there had been 15,123 men wounded, of whom 7,877 had rejoined the ranks; 167 more had been cured, but only after having undergone severe operations, and 8,000 others were fully convalescent, and would soon be able to take their place among their brave brethren in arms. From these figures one can judge of the courage and valor of the Russian soldiers, of their civility and bravery in the presence of the enemy. Alina, Inkarnamur, Kadikoi and the defense of Sevastopol have given the latter, and will give him every day, an idea of the valor of the Russian soldier, of his veneration for his sovereign, and of his love for his country. He exclaims that the blood of the heroes shed on the soil of Taurida beget new heroes every day. But their wonderful courage does not exist on the battle field alone; it is seen, and perhaps yet more strongly, in the hospitals, on those beds of pain, where they undergo the most cruel operations with a strength of mind which the greatest heroes might envy.

If they are afflicted at the loss of an arm or a leg, it is because they can no longer fight against the enemies of their country. Honage must also be rendered to the zeal, the activity and the intelligent service of the Russian physicians, which is gloriously justified by their cures of the sick, and perhaps also by the wounds and the death which many of them have received even in the midst of their bloody labors on the field of battle. Dr. Schreiber pays a compliment to the Empress and all who have followed her example in active sympathy for the suffering soldier, and he concludes by paying a high tribute to the Sisters of Charity, and particularly to those of the Order of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

A Supplement extraordinary to the Journal of the 13th contains the circular of Count Nesselrode and accompanying documents, in reference to the Russian legations, in reference to the proceedings at the Vienna Conference, these are published at length in the English papers, and it is therefore unnecessary for us further to notice them here.

The Journal of the eleventh, publishes an address of the condolence on the death of the late Emperor, addressed to her Majesty the Dowager Empress Alexandra Feodorovna, signed by nine hundred and fifty high functionaries, proprietors, and other noble persons of Berlin.

The Emperor Alexandra has presented the Baron de Jomini, the celebrated author of "The Art of War," with a magnificent box bearing his portrait set in diamonds in consideration of his having last year returned from abroad, notwithstanding his bad health, in order to be near his late Majesty during the war, thus affording another proof of his devotion and fidelity to the deceased monarch.

From the Crimea there is nothing late, and very little that has not already been laid before our readers. On the night between the fifth and sixth, Gortschakoff reports a little sortie was made, in which an English officer and three men were made prisoners. During the same days the Russian fire caused three of the Allies' magazines to explode.

Mr. Perry.—The late Secretary of Legation to Spain, whom the President lately dismissed summarily, and the Washington Union has assailed with so much bitterness, is, according to a statement in the Baltimore Republican, a native of New Hampshire, was volunteer aid to Gen. Worth during the Mexican war, and was appointed Secretary by Gen. Taylor, accompanying Mr. Barringer to Madrid. He married a Spanish lady of distinction, and has an excellent position in Spanish society. It was to his marriage with a Spanish lady that the Union made an ill-natured allusion, as though it were a disqualification for doing his duty with fidelity, as an American Minister. We have seen nothing in the proceedings of any Know Nothing Council, which is more intensely anti-foreign than this, only they are probably honest in what they say, and the Union is not.

Buckingham Smith, the successor of Mr. Perry, is said to be a good appointment. He is a native of Florida, speaks and writes Spanish well, and has some diplomatic experience, from having been Secretary of Legation to Mr. Letcher in Mexico, and executed occasionally, and to general satisfaction, the functions of Minister.—N. O. Pic.

LET THEM ALONE.—Of outside issues, we say let them alone. Not that we want to stifle through in this American movement; not that we desire to check free thought, free action, or anything of the sort. A free country should claim everything; and above all the conscience, the mind, the tongue, the pen. But when we would do what insist on—what demand—is that nothing be introduced in our ranks which shall weaken them. It is not the elements of destruction, both of strength and power, that it is our duty to develop. Let us always bear in mind that the American party was organized for specific purposes. These are well known. We want better laws—we want new laws—we want natives for office—we want new laws upon immigration—we want an American nationality—we want an Americanism in the Government, among the people, out in the social fabric, in the highway and by-way—we want men who are true to the Republic, not slaves to party, not worshippers to foreign factions, in or out of church. These and hundreds are our wants. All other matters are irrelevant—issues foreign to our purposes. We have enough to do. Let us do it. Any more duty will spoil that in hand.

Let them alone. Stand within the circle of well-defined American principles. Do your duty. Let alone irrelevant. There is power, success, inherent in these specific principles. Engraft them and all is in danger—all is in doubt—and will be in destruction.—Boston Know-Nothing.