PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY ALFRED P. JUMP, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
W. H. Councell—Printer.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription.—A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

# The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XL. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1857. No. 16.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked for the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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[From the New York Dispatch.]

BE NOT HARSH.

Heart, art thou not tempted?
Give thanks every day;
"Oh, save from temptation,"
'Tis well that you pray:
Not sure of your valor,
Till conflict has tried;
Be not harsh, when another,
Lies prone at your side.

You saw not his shrinking—
His dread of a stain;
His "seven times" resisting,
With might, and with main:
While weakened with baffling,
Come one fiercer than all—
Imploring and wrestling—
'Twas human to fall.

Quite easy 'tis gliding,
With wayside all bloom;
Would you be found steadfast
Where all was dense gloom?
While living untested,
Let boasting be stayed;
You're human—so thy erring
Condole if one fall.

L. E.

## ALICE COURTLAND,

OR;

### THE OLD MAN'S BRIDE.

BY NELLIE NIGHTINGALE.

THE summer sun streamed in through the open casement upon the fair form of Alice Courtland.

The waiting woman had just arranged, for the last time, the orange flowers in her hair, and in graceful folds disposed the sweeping cloud-like veil.

"Won't Miss Alice look at herself in the mirror?" and the maid held it before her.

Alice lifted her eyes and gazed for a moment, then turned away.

"Miss Alice is pleased?" questioned the girl.

Pleased! That strange, sad, beautiful face that met hers: that white lace robe, those orange flowers and flashing diamonds, that hazy veil that covered those lovely, spiritless features.

"It's not I," she murmured. "Edgar's bride is not like that, she's happy, loved, joyous, beautiful, this is some phantom-bride, some dream, a form that comes in most frightful guise to startle the fevered sleeper."

But, no, it is reality! she faltered: the birds as they went singing by, the sunshine that danced upon the floor, the bridal wreath in her hair, the tread of arriving guests, the hum of voices below, told her it was reality.

The clergyman in his white surplice and flowing robes read the marriage service; the father gave the bride away, and the vow was spoken to "love, honor and obey till death do us part."

False vow, they all knew it was false, the father that gave her to a rich bridegroom "for his daughter's good; the husband that knew of no impediment to their union," the guests that congratulated the bride, examined the presents and sipped the wine. All knew it was false, yet it was made

Alice Courtland had loved, did love another. Yet she married the rich old man just tottering to the grave, and repeated to him those words, she had breathed to another.

A year ago she paced that room, leaning on her lover's arm, where she now stood a death-like bride.

Edgar Harrington had loved her with all the rapture of first love; he was young, handsome, talented, but he was poor! Alice's father was rich, and Edgar well knew that he never would sanction her union with a poor man.

"We have youth, Alice," the lover said, "the future is before me." Brilliant and bright it seemed through hopeful eyes; "I do not wish to wait years in gaining that fortune which I must have before you can be mine: I leave you darling, for a few years, perhaps two or three: In a foreign land I hope for surer and more perfect success."

"Two years seem forever to me, now Edgar."

"It is a long time, I know, yet my love for you will never change; you will be true to me, Alice?" he questioned, gazing into her tearful eyes.

"Can you doubt me for a moment, Edgar? My heart shall ever be yours."

Those words were not lightly spoken, but there are minds of that feeble force, that when the hour of conflict comes, struggle faintly for awhile, then submit; that when the loved one no longer remains, bleed, not break.

Mr. Courtland was a stern, hard man: he knew of Alice's love, yet unheeding it, when Judge Harcourt offered his hand and fortune, he said:

"My child, forget all foolish fancies; Harcourt is a man of wealth and position; him you marry!" Alice's frail will bent before a stronger one: the rose that Edgar had placed in her hands when last she saw him, was a fit symbol of her hopes, withered and blasted!

A year passed from that wedding day.

Mrs. Harcourt returned her husband's love with a gentle sympathy and kindness that touched his heart.

Alice felt remorse's bitterest sting. Letters from Edgar, breathing the most fervent love, and wondering at her long silence, ever pursued her.

"What could she write to him? Could she tell of vows broken, of faith perjured? Oh, never! let him for a little while believe me innocent; dead, ever, but *never* false! When he returns, he will know all; he will curse me!" and the broken-hearted wife wept bitter tears.

Edgar did return!

It was night; the house of Judge Harcourt was brilliantly lighted, carriages waited before the door and invited guests poured in. Music resounded through the halls; beautiful women and talented men trod the floor.

The hostess was superbly beautiful that evening; the pallor that ever rested on her cheek had given place to a bright casmine flush; her dark curls waved over her marble brown in jetty blackness, and her eyes sparkled with a brilliancy that eclipsed her diamonds.

It was the anniversary of her marriage: a year ago that night she had spoken that fatal, "I will" that shut her out from happiness and love.

Well might her cheek crimson and her eye flash brightly.

She gazed bitterly around her, but soon her langour changed into surprise; she started—she bent eagerly forward in fear and anxiety. A tall man, with a fearless blue eye ever fixed upon her, was coming toward her.

Alice shuddered from that form she used to welcome—she turned away. If faintness or death could have come to her relief it would have been a bliss! but no, there she stood, her arms hung powerless by her sides, her lips quivered, her brain and head seemed burning!

"It is Edgar!" she muttered breathlessly.

No one noticed her agitation: turning from the glare and noise, she rushed into the half-lighted conservatory, seeking peace, seeking to escape from those eyes that bent on her a grieved, searching look; she tried to control her throbbing heart and regain her tottering reason. She sank down upon a seat—a thorn pierced her finger—a white rose overhung the bench—a rose like that *he* had given her! With superstitious dread, Alice thrust it away from her, and placed her hands upon her burning forehead.

She heard a step behind her, and a voice she knew it well.

"Alice, Alice!"

Mrs. Harcourt rose and sprang towards him.

"Edgar, my love!"

He turned away.

"Have mercy, hear me, Edgar! that vow I gave you I have not broken—my love has been, shall ever be yours!"

"Mrs. Harcourt!"

Alice felt the meaning of those words in bitter agony. "I am a wife. He thinks I am guilty of having sacrificed love to ambition, to wealth of home, of fortune, but to poverty of heart."

"Edgar," she cried, "if you have one drop of love for me in your heart; if it has not all turned to most bitter hate, in pity hear me. After you left me, my father came, and, in his stern, commanding tone, that I have never dared disobey, said to me: "Alice, my once immense fortune, by unsuccessful speculation, has become a mere pittance. Poverty and ruin stare me in the face. You can avert the ruin, change that poverty to wealth! The way is open to you—Judge Harcourt is my friend; he is old, I know, but he is rich and noble; Alice, you must marry him: he loves you, and has asked your hand."

"Resistance was useless, prayers were vain, my mother added entreaties to my father's commands; I was married! Nothing is wanting to complete my misery but your curse, Edgar!" and she sank sobbing wildly, at his feet.

Edgar lifted the pallid form and drooping head, that in the white evening dress resembled a crushed and broken lilly.

"This marriage is a sacrilege. Alice! a mere bargain to retrieve a fallen fortune.—You are not this old man's bride; you were mine before you ever saw him! I claim you; and away from those that would seize you from me, I will bear you—I have now that fortune to gain which I left you. To some far off, distant isle; to some villa on the shores of France, I shall take you, where you will forget that you were ever but mine, wholly mine!"

These words, like poison to the taste, came sweet to Alice's wounded spirit; all that night and through the long hours of the next day, she counted the minutes as they dragged along. Her courage rose, her pulse quickenend as the hour of midnight, the hour for escape from a golden prison drew near!

Alice sat waiting at the curtained window; on that case ment *he* was to tap when all was ready

The full moon looked calmly down upon the scene, the young wife sat there holding in her arms a child-like form.

"Minnie, my little sister, I am about to leave you: the happy moments you and I have passed together will never come again: another's hand will smooth your pillow; at another's knee you will lisp your evening prayer. Will you always remember me when I am gone?"

"Why do you go?" wondered the child, clasping her arms around her neck, as if that hold could retrain her.

"What if you were in a loath-some prison, Minnie, shut out from life and happiness, and there were two ways of escape offered? If you choose the first, freedom was immediate; but tough the way, when you entered, would be beautiful and inviting, as years past, it would darken, the flowers would fade, the sunshine change to gloom, and at last you would fall in a darker dungeon than the first."

"But if you remained long in that prison, ruin would prey upon its walls, loose its corroded bars, your chains would drop off, you would be free, with life and love before you. Love! loved better for the suffering you had endured."

"I would be loved forever," answered the child.

"I would be loved forever," repeated the wife; she heard a tread upon the gravel path without. It was Edgar's step. She glanced at the clock—the hands pointed to that fatel hour. In a moment she would hear his signal, in a moment it would be too late, all would be lost.

Alice turned from the window: a chill terror seized her quivering limbs.

"I must fly from this happy present, to avoid a future gloom."

She hurried from the apartment, and sought her husband's room. He was not there: she went into the library; there he sat in his accustomed place, and next it was the low seat where she had passed so many quiet evenings.

Judge Harcourt did not move as his wife entered, or turn his eyes to meet hers, though her quickened, breathing and tottering step must have reached his ear.

A dimly-lighted candle burning on the table, the lurid flame cast a pale, wan light on his calm face; his eyes were open, but seemed gazing with glazed, unearthly stare; beyond the present, as if, in a dream, another scene had opened before and entranced the sleeper.

Alice took his hand in hers Why did she drop it so suddenly? Why did she tremble so, as if the blood recoiled in her very heart?

He was dead.

On the table was an open book; upon the white paper was dropped the ink filled pen, as if dread messenger, Death, had come stealing on, and had sprung from an ambuscade upon the unwarned victim!

Alice bent over it; it was a diary; the daily record of the old man's life—quite ordinary, yet she read it with avidity.

"I thought, when mine, I could by kindness rouse her drooping spirit; by untiring love render life endurable: but no, I was a fool. As well might Winter think to win to his chill embrace bright, flowery May, as I, an old man, to become the husband of that young girl.

"She will soon be free! this pain that palsies my strength, will soon release her. I have known it long, yet I would not tell her, for fear with the view of freedom before her, the few months that she will yet be captive, will seem years; that the few days that are mine will be counted as they pass! She loves another, yet when I am dead, she will remember my love, and drop a tear on the old man's coffin. I bless her!—may these months of suffering be requited by years of happiness with him she loved!"

Alice dropped the leaf, and sank upon her knees before the corpse, as if its spirit yet haunted the room, and stooped over her.

An arm was passed around her waist; her head leaned on her lover's shoulder.

"Edgar," she said, "the hour of temptation has passed. I was about to commit a sin. I fled from evil. I sought refuge here: Death had entered before me. I am free."

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The morning light streamed through the window, the gray beams rested on two kneeling forms and it seemed, as when the shades of the night fled from the earth, a voice came from the gloom:

"I bless her!—may these months of suffering be required by years of happiness with him she loves!"

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The sun again dawned on Alice's wedding day: she was again decked with orange flowers and the mystic veil, and as she gazed at her happy self in the mirror, the phantom bride of years gone by floated past with noiseless tread and death-like brow.—Alice did not turn away, for that mournful spirit of the past only rendered the reality of the present more delightful.

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*From the Louisville Journal.*

THE MINNESOTA BILL—SIGNIFICANT ACTION OF PARTIES.—We mentioned a few days ago the action of the United States Senate in the adoption of the amendment proposed by Mr. Biggs of North Carolina to the bill authorizing the people of Minesota to adopt a State Constitution. The amendment struck out the alien suffrage feature of the bill, and confined the privilege of voting exclusively to *citizens* of the United States. This amendment was adopted by a large majority, all of the American Senators, and all but one of the Southern Democratic Senators voting for it, and all of the Republicans and a number of Northern Democrats votlng against it.—The adoption of Bigg's amendment was hailed as a triumph of American sentiment, an a return on the part of the Southern Democratic Senators to a wise and just appreciation of the necessity to restrain in some measure the too rapidly increasing political influence of foreigners in this country. We were mistaken. It was not a restoration to reason. It was merely a lucid interval. Two days afterwards, through the joint efforts of Hale, the acknowledged leader of the abolitionists, and Douglas, the Ajax Telamon of Democracy, the vote upon the amendment of Mr. Biggs was reconsidered, and the alien restriction taken off, and the right of suffrage conferred upon the aliens in the Territory.

The position of parties in reference to this movement is full of significance. It was intended to inure to the benefit of Northern sectionalism and meant as a vital blow to slavery extension. It was thus understood and was urged by the Republican Senators and opposed by the Southern Senators for this reason, as well as upon ground purely American. It was the turning point when it became necessary for the Democracy to choose between Americanism and Republicanism. The Democrats were obliged either to abandon Foreignism and take position in favor of Americanism, or to adhere to foreignism and abandon the South and *fuse* with Freesoilism. The counsels of Douglas prevailed. The Republicans unanimously voted in favor of the alien suffrage. *Twelve out of fourteen Northern Democrats, and five Southern Democrats voted with the Republicans.* Five Northern Whigs, two Northern Democrats, and twelve Southern Democrats voted with the Americans. *A majority of the Democratic Senators voted with the Republicans* and adopted the alien suffrage in the bill.

The debate upon the amendment took a wide range. It extended to alien suffrage in the *States* as well as in the Territories, and the evils of foreign influence and dangerous tendency of such legislation were forcibly represented not only by the American Senators but by several Southern Democratic Senators. We have already published a synopsis of the able and eloquent remarks of Mr. Crittenden upon this alien suffrage question. He was sustained by Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, who contended that alien suffrage in the States, as, in some instances, allowed, is contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter of the constitution. Mr. Bayard, a Democrat, remonstrated seriously with his Democratic associates against taking a position in favor of alien suffrage. He declared very properly that this was an initiatory step towards breaking down the five years naturalization laws and making simple residence the only qualification of citizenship.

Mr. Brown, Democratic Senator from Missippi, entered a solemn protest against the proceeding. His remarks are pregnant with warning to the Democratic party, and are filled with a tone of American feeling, which manifests that the conservative portion of the Democratic party will not follow its reckless leaders into their contemplated crusade against Americanism, and their disgusting adultation of foreign influence.

"Mr. Brown said: I think the right to vote is a very essential privilege of a citizen, and I am not willing to weigh my ballot at the box against any man of less dignity than a citizen. I care not who he is, how exalted or how humble with myself; but I *have no idea of going and putting my ballot in the box, and then the next minute see a fellow come up and kill it, who is the mere instrument of some political trickster, without knowing what he is doing.* It was for the purpose of giving to foreigners the opportunity required by the law of being here long enough *to learn something of our language and laws* that I insisted in this territory on a full execution of the Naturalization Laws—for that and nothing else.

I have no expectation of reversing the judgment which the Senate has already rendered. I consider, by carrying the vote to reconsider this bill, the edict has gone forth that foreigners in this Territory are to be allowed to vote in forming the State government. I take it for granted that we are to reconsider this vote, and finally to come back to the passage of the bill and pass it, allowing all foreigners in the Territory to vote in the formation of the constitution.—But, before that is done, I desire and mean, to enter my solemn protest against this whole proceeding from one end to the other.

Sir, this is not the first time that I have observed this proceeding. When the Kansas Nebraska bill was under consideration here, the first vote in the Senate denied to foreigners the right of suffrage in those territories. The bill went to the House of Representatives, and they disagreed with us. It was sent back here, and we were told that there was some great overruling necessity—that under the necessity of the case we must give in, or the bill would be lost. For one, I refused to yield. I was one who to the bitter end stood out against that proposition; and if, during the four winters I have served in the Senate, there is any one vote of which I feel especially and particularly proud, it is that one.

The question has been here in other forms. Two days ago we were called upon to vote upon the same proposition in reference to Minnesota. The Senate, exercising its uninfluenced and unbiased judgment, determined that no one should vote in the formation of a State constitution for Minnesota who was not an American citizen. By a calm and deliberative vote, after discussion, that was the determination of the American Senate. It was as the determination of the Senate, in my judgment, will always be, when uninfluenced by pressures from other quarters. But two days have passed away, and we have witnessed here this morning the remarkable exhibition of a reversion of that vote by almost two to one—not under the pretence that was brought to bear upon us in the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, that there was some powerful, overruling necessity for it; for no such plea is put in now. There is no pretence that this bill is to be lost, or that any great injury to the country is to be done if it be lost, unless the amendment be rejected. Deliberately and without excuse the judgment of the Senate has been reversed. Why, it would not be decorous toward this august body to say; but let me warn Senators that, in my feeble judgment, *if foreign influence takes possession of the American Senate, the American people will rise up and rebuke it.* It may take possession of other departments of the Government, but the American Senate has been regarded in the country as the citadel of American liberty—as the bulwark that was to stand for the protection of American rights. If this body gives way under this sort of pressure, I tell you the American people will take this matter in hand and they will set it right. What has occurred within the last forty-eight hours to produce this wondrous change in the American Senate?—How does it come that a proposition carried two days ago by a respectable majority is reversed to-day by a vote of two to one?

* * * * * * *

I protest most solemnly against this proceeding; because it will make five hundred thousand Know-Nothing votes in the Union, and all the eloquence in the Senate cannot prevent it. Whenever the Senate is induced to reverse its judgment, formed calmly and deliberately, and after full discussion, on account of foreign influence, the last citadel of liberty in America has given away. If I had the eloquence of the most gifted orator who ever spoke, I would employ it today against the doing of this act. If I could address my Democratic friends in an appeal that could reach their hearts, I would appeal to them in that eloquent voice to abstain from doing this act. Do it and you will shake the Democratic party to the very foundation. Let it be once understood that foreign influence can invade the American Senate, and in forty-eight hours reverse a judgment deliberately given, and the confidence of the American people will be shaken in the firmness of that great party. I know that the edict has gone forth that this thing is to be done. As a Democrat—as one of a great and powerful political party which never had any alliance with any other party, as deeply and earnestly and scarcely devoted to its success, I protest against this proceeding. I protest against it in the name of my party, I protest against it in the name of the rights of American citizens; I protest against it in the name of American liberty; I protest against it on every ground which the American mind can possibly conceive as an outrage upon us, upon the Constitution, the laws, and the privileges which we enjoy.

I have witnessed nowhere anything which struck me with more amazement than the exhibition we have had to-day in the Senate. Where shall the American mind rest for security, to what point shall it turn for safety, if the judgment of the Senate is to be thus suddenly changed on a great question which more than twice—ay, more than five times, has undergone discussion here, and I am bound to say, has generally resulted, as it is likely to result now, in giving way to forgetfulness.

In my feeble way, as an humble Democrat—as one of the humblest of American citizens I have defended the foreigners. I have defended their rights under the Constitution; I have defended their right to vote, under proper circumstances; but, sir, as God is my righteous judge, if this proceeding is to go on—if rights are to be given in violation of the deliberate judgment of the American Senate, I can raise my voice no longer.

Mr. President, I speak earnestly on this question, because I feel to-day that I speak in the name of a great party which holds the destiny of this country, as it were, in the palm of its hand. Break down, destroy, overwhelm that party, and your institutions are not worth the gathering of them together Look over at the other side of the Chamber, and you do not find a solitary member of that party commonly called the Black Republican party—but which I call simply the Republican party—who does not vote for this proposition. The Senator from New Hampshire [Mr. Hale.] comes forward to-day, and does us the favor to say that he voted for the proposition the other day simply that he might have the opportunity to do what he has done—move a reconsideration; that he, isolated himself from his party—that he, the Senator from New Hampshire, voted with us on the side of the question, having in his mind's eye at the moment to move this reconsideration. Now, sir, the whole body of that party come up in solid phalanx and vote to reverse the decision which we rendered two days ago. I know not whether we are, here, more under the influence of foreigners or Black Republicanism; but I know this, that we are under some sort of influence which causes us to change our judgment very suddenly. Sir, there has been no influence to cause me to change my judgment. From the hour that I came into the House of Representatives, and from there here, I have steadily and consistently, without variation or a shadow of change, stood up against this whole proceeding, and with the blessing of God I mean to stand up against it to the end. The foreigner who has rights of citizenship under the laws made in obedience to the Constitution has my full and unqualified consent to record his vote, being equal to any man in the Republic: but to him that comes in as a mere adventurer, never having qualified himself according to the laws of the country to become a citizen, I would not award, in this bill or any other, the right to vote. Against that proceeding I now, as heretofore, and as I mean at all times hereafter to do, enter my most solemn protest."

Mr. Brown is right. The Democratic party has deliberately taken its position.—Foreign influence has taken possession of it, and its action in reference to this amendment will make not only *five hundred thousand* but a million "Know-Nothing votes in the Union, and all the eloquence of the Senate cannot prevent it."

At last the Democratic party has taken a position which plainly identifies it with the most ultra foreignism. *It has declared itself in favor of alien suffrage.* We said that there was a deep significance in this vote. It was not merely a declaration in favor of alien suffrage in the Territories but alien suffrage in the States. The same arguments why aliens should be permitted to vote in the Territories are equally applicable to their voting in the States. That this is the position assumed by the Democratic party is manifested not alone by the action of the Democratic United States Senators upon the Kansas-Nebraska bill, alluded to by Mr. Brown, and their votes upon the amendment to the Minnessota bill. Mr. Buchanan, in his inaugural address, has authoritatively announced the same doctrine. He said: "it is the imperative and indispensable duty of the Government of the United States to secure to EVERY RESIDENT INHABITANT the free and independent expression of his opinion by his vote." This language was not lightly used. It was deliberately spoken and is full of meaning. The full force and effect of the term "resident inhabitant" was familiar to him. It had been purposely introduced into the Kansas-Nebraska act so as to include *aliens*. The debates upon the amendment to Clayton's amendment to the Nebraska bill, and Bigg's amendment to the Minnessota bill had made the term "resident inhabitant" almost synonymous with alien. It was used in contradistinction to the term citizen, and was evidently so employed and intended by Mr. Buchanan in his inauguration speech This remark is nothing more nor less than a declaration on the part of the Democratic President elect in favor of alien suffrage, and upon this platform the Democracy has fairly joined hands with Black Republicanism in opposition to the American party.

This portion of Mr. Buchanan's speech is particularly gratifying to the ultra-Freesoilers. It has won from them the highest commendation. Gen. Webb, one of the ablest and most earnest advocates of Freesoilism, one of the abolition leaders, quotes this expression of Mr. Buchanan with evident gratification, and, in his letter to the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, says: "I WANT NO BETTER FREESOIL DOCTRINE THAN THIS," and that "the consequences cannot be doubted. Kansas will repudiate slavery." Such is the feeling of gratification evinced by the Freesoil leaders in regard to this position of the Democratic party. The fusion is already complete.

Republicanism and Democracy stand together upon the platform of alien suffrage.

While we deeply lament that any party in the country should be led by the hope of party success to run into such fearful and revolutionary radicalism, we are gratified that the Democracy has at last thrown off the disguise by which so many honest-minded citizens have hitherto been deceived and beguiled into its support, and has presented a fair issue with the American party, from which there can be no dodging.

The eyes of Southern men will now surely be opened to the consequences of Democratic doctrines. The incorporation of this alien suffrage feature into the territorial policy of our Government renders doubly certain what had already been secured to Freesoilism by the squatter-sovereignty doctrine of the Kansas-Nebraska act. By means of this alien suffrage the extension of slavery will be effectually precluded, and every foot of our territories, from our Northern to our Southern boundary, will be secured to Free-soilism. The South is limited in its elements of colonization. It is at best, in this respect, far, very far, inferior to the North, and by this alien suffrage principle, the South will not only have the North, but the whole of anti-slavery Europe to compete with in peopleing these territories.—This is not all. The establishment of this principle will furnish to abolitionism an element of political power in every Southern State, and will strike a deadly blow not only at slavery in the territories but at slavery in the States where it now exists. Are Southern men willing any longer to give countenance and support to a party which has thus set up a principle that strikes at the most vital interests of the South? We are sure that even in the Democratic party there will be found hundreds of thousands who will follow that party into its wild excess of foreignism, but will, like Mr. Brown of Mississippi, turn from them and seek, in the bosom of the American party, a refuge from the reckless radicalism of Democracy. Well may the South cry out "spare me from my friends."

The incorporation of this principle of alien suffrage into the Democratic platform will reduce the political organizations of the Union to only two parties. The abolitionists have already accepted the platform, and the contest will hereafter be simply between the American party and the Alien Suffrage Democracy. The American citizen who doubts the result must think meanly indeed of his countrymen. The vast borders of foreign immigrants day by day landing upon our shores will continually furnish new recruits to the Democratic party, but every citizen, whether native or adopted, who truly loves his country, will at once recognize the necessity for the success of the establishment of the American party. He will be unwilling to be deprived of the dearest privilege of citizenship, the right of suffrage, by aliens and foreigners who have no interest in the country and who are utterly ignorant of its institutions and its laws.—He will see that the establishment of this alien suffrage principle will strike down every safeguard that has been thrown around our republican institutions and will seal the doom of our American Republic that it will pave the way for the execution of the threat of European despots to crush out republicanism from the face of the earth. There can be no doubt of the result in this contest between Americanism and Alien Suffrage Democracy. There is in every American heart a love of country, which, though it may be smothered for a while, can never be extinguished, and the attempt of the Democratic party to foist upon the country this dangerous and revolutionary doctrine will awaken this love of country in the breasts of the native-born citizens throughout the Union, and unite them in one patriotic, firm, and irresistible American party.

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A REASON FOR DESERTION.—Among those who have left the service of Walker in Nicaragua is C. Leroy, a printer, formerly of Washington city. A correspondent of the New York Times thus accounts for his deserting:

"A week or two before he left, Walker sent him a few miles out of Rivas, with orders to bring in everybody he might find living on a rich hacienda, for the reason that the owner was reported to have left the country. Leroy found three or four young children, a housekeeper and a brother to the owner. He brought them away midst tears and protestations, and they were shoved into the common carcel of Rivas. A day or two afterwards he was ordered to visit another hacienda and bring away the inmates. A son of the owner was reported to be with the enemy on the river. Leroy found only some servants and two beautiful young ladies, sisters of the foolish officer who thought it no harm to fight for his country. In haste and trembling they made up a scanty wardrobe, came into the presence of the patriot general who without a word of explanation sent them to herd with thieves and vagabonds in the military guard house. "Am I a man or a brute?" feelingly inquired Leroy of himself—and coming to the conclusion that he was not the latter, he deserted.

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HOOPS SAVED HER.—As the steamer Commonwealth came alongside the wharf at New London, Ct., on Friday night, on the passage from Norwich to New York, a lady walked overboard and would have been drowned but for the hoops in her dress, which rendered the same shewhat balloonish, and withal answered the purpose of a more complicated life preserver. The night was very dark, and it was nearly half an hour before she could be extracted from her perilous situation, during which time the hoops were sufficiently strong to buoy her up and prevent her from sinking.