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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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For the Easton Gazette.

TO AMELIA.—A SUMMER SUNSET.

Come, come away, not a moment tarry,
Now that the sun inflames the west,
His fiery car is growing weary
As he slowly sinks to rest.

When from the gates of a golden morning
He rose all clad in robes of light,
He now declines by giving warning
Of the dark and dreary night.

Within their nest the warbling birds
Shield their young from the chilly hours,
While bleating flocks and lowing herds
Wend their way o'er fields of flowers.

But, hark! I hear some music sound,
'Tis the evening bell for prayer
Which dies away o'er mountain tops,
And Western clouds of golden glare.

Within that Church yard, side by side,
Where dust to dust by prayer is given,
Morning's blush on evening's tide,
Is wafted up to Heaven.

So when the sun sinks down to rest,—
Or, climbs the silvery moon, on high—
When o'er the mountains of the gorgeous west
There echoes some sweet lullaby.

When the plowman goes to his home
When night birds fill the air and trees,
When bats and owls begin to roam,
Then christian, bend thy humble knees.

Kneel and look up to the evening star,
Twinkling in the dark cold night,
From its blue home so high and far
Like an angel's eye upon its flight.

Then as the foam on an ocean's billow
Cleaves unto its trackless breast
Angels shall hover around thy pillow
And lull thee in a calm, sweet rest.

So shall thy ere of life be blest,
And without a cloud in the western sky
The sun shall sink at last to rest
To rise with you in a world on high.

Your friend,

Account of the Balloon Voyagers:

We give below, a lengthy account of the voyage of La Mountain and Haddock, who ascended in the balloon Atlantic, from Watertown, New York, on the 22d of Sept.—The account is very thrilling and gives the most harrowing pictures of privation and exhaustion. Their rescue from a miserable death appears to have been the special act of a kind providence. No doubt they thought "all is well that ends well."

THE LA MOUNTAIN BALLOON VOYAGE.

The public has already been informed by despatches published in all the papers, of the safe arrival at Ottawa, C. W., on the 3d instant, of Prof. La Mountain and Mr. Haddock, who ascended in the balloon Atlantic from Watertown, N. Y., on the 22d of September, and for whose safety much fear was felt. We have now received the Watertown *Journal*, of October 5th, which contains a long and full account of the disastrous voyage of the Atlantic, and the wanderings and sufferings in the wilderness of the balloonists La Mountain and Haddock. The account written by Mr Haddock, is very interesting, but we have space only for the following extract. The balloonists were up in the air from four to five hours, when, finding themselves over a dense wilderness, and the darkness of the night around them, they concluded to descend. They did so, and passed the night in the balloon, fastened to the top of a tall spruce tree and exposed to a drenching rain. At daylight they again ascended, and here we leave Mr. Haddock to speak for himself:

As the current was driving us still to the North, we dare not stay up, as we were drifting farther and still farther to the "frozen tide," from which we knew there could be no escape. Mr. La M. seized the valve cord and discharged gas, and we descended in safety by the side of a large spruce. We made the Atlantic fast by her anchor, and for a moment talked over what we should do. We had not a mouthful to eat. No protection at night from the damp ground, were distant we knew not how far from habitation, were hungry to start with, no earthly hopes of raising a fire, and no distinct idea as to where we were.

We settled in our minds that we were in John Brown's tract, or in the great Canada wilderness—to the south, we thought, of Ottawa, and knew that a course south by east would take us out, if we had strength enough to travel the distance. La M. stepped up to the balloon, and gave the edge of the basket a parting shake saying "good bye, old Atlantic," and I fancied I could see a tear in his honest eye when he said it.

TRAMPLING IN THE WOODS.

To the southeast, then, we started. After traveling about a mile and a half, we came to the bank of a small creek, flowing from the westward. At this point we were agreeably surprised to find that some human being had been there before us, for we found several small trees cut down, the coals from an old fire, and half a barrel which had contained pork. I eagerly examined the stamp. It read, "Mess Pork, P. M., Montreal." This settled the question that we were in Canada—for I very well knew that no Montreal inspection of pork ever found its way into the interior of New York State. We traveled all day Friday up the unknown creek, which kept its course to the south of west, crossing it about noon on a floating log, and striking on its southern bank a "blazed" track, which led us up to a deserted timber road, lying on the opposite side from a large lumbering shanty. We hoped one of the lumber roads might take us out to a settlement, but after traveling up them all until they terminated in the wilderness, we concluded to cross the creek to a shanty, and stay in it all night. La Mountain got across safely; but my weight was greater than his, and the raft let me into the stream. I sank in all over, and swam out, though it required all my strength to do so, and on reaching the bank I found myself so chilled as scarcely to be able to stand. I took off my clothes, wrung them, and we proceeded to the shanty, where we found plenty of refuse straw, it was dry, and under a pile of it we crawled, pulling it over our heads and face, in the hope that our breath might aid in warming our chilled bodies. I think the most revengeful, stony heart would have pitied our condition then.

The weary hours of night at last wore away, and we held a new counsel. It was evident, we reasoned, that the creek we were upon was used for "driving" logs in the spring season. If, then, we followed it to its confluence with the Ottawa, or some stream which empties into the Ottawa, we could in time get out the same way the timber went out. The roof of the shanty was covered with the halves of logs, scooped out in a manner familiar to all woodmen. These were light and dry, and would form an excellent raft. Why not then take four of these, tie them to cross pieces by wythes and such old things as we could find around the shanty, and pole the structure down to that civilization which a saw log ought to be able to reach. Such was the course we adopted. We dragged the logs down to the creek, and La Mountain tied them together, as he was evidently more of a sailor than myself. We got under way, and as we pushed off a crow set up a dismal cawing—an inauspicious sign, and ominous of the great trials and sufferings in store for us. We polled down stream about ten miles, and came abruptly upon an immense pine tree which had fallen across the stream completely blocking the passage of the raft. No other alternative was left but to untie the pieces, and attempt to push them through under the log. This was at last did; tied the raft together again, and polled down stream. To-day we eat each a raw frog, all we could find, and began to feel that we were hungry. But there was no complaining—our talk was of the hopeful future and the civilization we hoped yet to reach. Down the creek we went into a lake some two miles long, and into which we, of course, supposed the stream passed having its outlet at the other end. We followed down the northern bank, keeping always in shallow spots, so that our poles could touch the bottom, until we arrived at the bottom of the lake, where we found no outlet, and turned back upon the southern bank in quest of it. On reaching the head of the lake, we found that the current of the creek turned abruptly to the right, which was the reason of our losing it.

We felt happy to have found it again, plied our poles like heroes. We passed, during the day, the spot where we had first struck the creek, and where we had made a slight land-mark, which might afterwards aid us in finding the Atlantic, should we ever wish to do so in order to get her out.—At night we did not stop, but kept the raft going down through the shades of awful forests, whose solemn stillness seemed to hold the unrevealed mystery of our darkening future. About 10 o'clock it began to rain again. We stopped the vessel and crawled in under some "tag" alders on the bank, where our extreme weariness enabled us to get, perhaps, half an hour's sleep.—Rising again, (for it was easier to pole at night in an unknown stream, than to lie on the ground and freeze,) we pressed on for a couple of hours, until about three o'clock, when pure exhaustion induced us to stop again. This time we found a spot where the clayed bank lacked in a little of coming down to the water. On the mud we threw our little straw, and sat down with our feet drawn up under us, so that our bent bodies presented as little surface as possible for the rain to beat upon. But we could not stand such an uncomfortable position long, and as the daylight of the Sabbath broke upon us, we were polling down the stream with a drizzling rain. At 8 o'clock we came to a place where the stream canoned—rushing over a stony bed, down a steep descent between high rocks on either bank. To get our raft down this place we regarded as hopeless. We tied up and examined the shore. Here again, we found unmistakable evidence of lumbermen, as they had evidently camped at this point, to be handy by in the attempts they were doubtless obliged to make to get the timber down the canon. The rapids were about a third of a mile long, and in all the rapids of Black river there is nothing so wild and romantic as there. We descended the bank and thought it best to try our luck on foot. After traveling about a mile, we found the bank so tangled and rugged, and ourselves so much exhausted, that locomotion was impossible; so we concluded to go back, and if we could get the raft down a piece at a time, we would go with her; if not, we would build as good a place as possible to crawl into, and prepare for death.

We went back, and after examining the stream attentively, concluded to try to get the raft down. We at once commenced, and I freely confess this the most trying and laborious work of a life of labor. The pieces would not float more than a rod at a time, before they would stop on some stone which the low water left above the surface, and then you must pry it off in some way, and pass it along to the next obstruction.—We were obliged to get into the stream, often up to the middle, and there I several times fell headlong, completely using up our compass, which now frantically pointed in any direction its addled head thought desirable. The water had unglued the case, and it was ruined. After long hours of such labor, we got the raft down, and La Mountain again tied it together. Passing on, in about an hour we came to a large lake—ten miles long and six miles broad. Around it we must of course pass, until we should find the outlet. So we turned up to the right, and pressed on with as much resolution as could be expected. To-day we found one clam, which I insisted La Mountain should eat, as he was weaker than myself, and had eat little of nothing on the day we went up. Around we went into all the indentations of the shore, keeping always in shallow water. At last we stopped at a place we thought least exposed to the wind. We laid down upon the cold ground, having lifted up the end of our raft so that the wind might not drift it away in the night. We were cold when we laid down, and both of us trembled by the hour; like men suffering from a severe attack of the ague. The wind had risen just at night, and the dismal surging of the waves upon the shore formed, I thought, a fitting lullaby to slumber so disturbed and dismal as ours. By this time our clothes were nearly torn off. My pantaloons were slit up both legs, and the waistbands nearly torn off. My boots both leaked, and our mighty wrestlings in the canon had torn the skin from ankles and hands. La Mountain's hat was gone the first day out; he had thrown away his woolen drawers and stockings the first day of our tramping, as they dragged him down by the weight absorbed. We slept but little. It really seemed as though, during that night, we passed through the horrors of a dozen deaths. At daylight we got up by degrees, first on one knee and then on the other, so stiff and weak that we could hardly stand.

Again upon the almost endless lake we went—following round its shore for an outlet. About 10 o'clock we found a broad northern stream, which we thought was the outlet we were seeking, and we entered it with great joy, believing it would take us to our long sought Ottawa. Shortly after entering the stream, it widened out and assumed the form of a lake. We poled up the westerly shore for about seven miles, but found we were again deceived. On our way up, Mr. La Mountain sang these pretty lines:

"Cheer up your heatrs, my men,
Let nothing fright you;
Be of a gallant mind—
Let that delight you."

His voice was hardly above a whisper, but the song was a source of comfort to me. His, indeed, was a "gallant mind," which the extraordinary hardship and dangers of our position had not daunted. But when we found that all the weary miles of our morniug travel had been in vain, and had to be retraced, my resolutions certainly failed me for a moment, and I sat down on my end of the raft and felt like shedding one tear of genuine regret. Yet we felt that our duty as Christian men was to press on as long as we could stand, and leave the issue with God.

It had now been four full days since we ate a meal. All we had ate in the meantime was a frog apiece, four clams, and a few wild berries, whose acid properties and bitter taste had probably done us more harm than good. Our strength was beginning to fail very fast, and our systems were evidently about to undergo an extraordinary change. I did not permit myself to think of food—the thought of a well-covered table would have been too much. I thought over all poor Strain's sufferings on the Isthmus of Darien, where he, too, was paddling a raft down an unknown stream, but never believed we could stand half the amount of suffering he did. Besides, he had means to make a fire—we had none.

He was upon a stream which he knew would lead to the sea and safety—we were upon waters whose flow we knew really nothing of, and were as much lost as though in mountains of the moon. But we "could not give it up so," and took fresh courage as troubles appeared to thicken.

Well, we turned the raft around, and poled her back towards the place where we had entered this last lake. We had gone about a mile when we heard the sound of a gun, quickly followed by a second report. No sound was ever so sweet to me as that. We hallooed as loud as we could a good many times, but could get no response.—We kept our poles going, and had gone about half a mile when I called La Mountain's attention to what I thought was a smoke curling up among the trees on the side of a hill. My own eyesight had begun to fail me to an extent that I could not depend upon it when a long steady gaze was necessary. He said it was smoke, and that he thought, just below it on the bank, was a bark canoe. In a few moments the blue smoke rolled gently but unmistakably above the tree tops, and we felt that we were saved. Such a revulsion of feeling was almost too much for us. We could hardly believe our senses, and credited anything favorable to our condition with the utmost caution. Our bitter disappointments had taught us that lesson.

We paddled the raft with the ends of poles directly across the lake, near, perhaps, three-fourths of a mile, and made for the canoe. It proved to be a large one—evidently an Indian's. Up the bank I pressed, leaving La Mountain at the canoe to cut off a retreat by the Indian, in case he was timid and wished to avoid us. I came at once upon the shanties of a lumbering wood, and from the chimney of the farthest building a broad volume of smoke was rising. I hallooed—a noise was heard inside, and a noble-looking Indian came to the door. "*Vous parley Francaise?*" was my eager inquiry, as I grasped his outstretched hand. "Yes, sir—and English, too." He drew me into the cabin, and there was the head of the party, a noble-hearted Scotchman, named Angus cameron. I immediately told my story—that we came in with a balloon, were lost, and been four days without food—asking where we were. Imagine my surprise when he said we were one hundred and fifty miles due north of Ottawa—in the dense, uninhabited forest, whose only limit was the Arctic circle. In a word, we were nearly 300 miles in a due north course from Watertown, in latitude '47.

Dinner was ready. The party consisted of four persons—Mr. Cameron and his assistant, who was also named Cameron, La Mab MacDougall, a half breed, and his son Beaucel. I despatched the young Indian after La Mountain, who came in after a moment the absolute picture of wretchedness. All the cabin contained was tendered us; and we began to eat. Language is inadequate to express our sensation while doing so. The clouds had all lifted, (from our sombre future,) and the "silver lining" shone all the brighter for the deep darkness through which we had passed.

The cholera is killing the buffalos on the western prairies by thousands.

Speech of Gen. Tench Tilghman:

The following is the speech of Gen. Tilghman of this county, President of the U. S. Agricultural Society, which but a few days ago closed its session at Chicago, Ill. This speech is well worth a perusal. It is fraught with patriotic sentiment, shows the rapid progress of the science of agriculture and bears the touch of grace and polish that only a scholar and high-toned gentleman can give. Our little county should be proud that she has residing within her borders one who fills, with so much ability, so high and honorable a position as that held by Gen. Tilghman. Here is his speech at the opening of the fair:

Fellow Countrymen, Ladies and Guests of the United States Agricultural Society:

In the heart of the West, on the shore of the great American lake, whose ample bosom would contain the commerce of the world, behold an assembled multitude—a vast gathering of the people. From the farthest portions of this continent and even from other and more distant climes, you have come up, impelled by a common motive and for the promotion of a common object. Before proceeding to the performance of the duties for which we have met, it is proper to make a brief explanation of our purposes, and this explanation should come from those who gave the impulse to a movement, the present effect of which is so imposing. What then is the purpose and what the object which has called from their distant homes this mighty throng?—In ancient times it might have been to pay their homage to old ocean's god, to whom they considered themselves indebted for the horse; albeit they have left us in ignorance of his peculiar points, nor has any geologist been able to discover whether he resembled more nearly the Morgan or the Black Hawk. It might have been in honor of the "blue-eyed maid" who first produced the olive, whose accomplishments were scarcely inferior to those of a modern Minerva, and whose fabulous birth was not more wonderful than that of yonder city springing into maturity at a single bound, equipped for contest with those older marts, who vainly fancied they had monopolized both the commerce and refinement of the nation. Were these our objects, and were such our motives, more fitting would it be to rear our shrines to Ceres for those golden harvests which have just been garnered, or those yet richer which still remain to crown the labors of a fruitful year; or to Pomona for those luscious fruits and fragrant flowers which render yonder hall a temple, in which even a goddess might delight to dwell, or even to the rosy-cheeked god of the wine-press, whose votaries throng the vine clad hills of the Ohio and Mississippi. On no such altars as these is our homage rendered. Among our many privileges, the highest of all is that of being a Christian people; and our only adoration is paid to the true God, to whose praise the first act in our proceedings was fitly devoted By His blessing the labors of the husbandman have been crowned with success. In a spirit of gratitude and in acknowlegement of the dependence of all upon the products of the soil—the farmer and the mechanic, the merchant and manufacturer, the student and the man of leisure, with many of the fair and lovely daughters of the land have come to join in this great carnival of agriculture, this jubilee of a nation's husbandry. Were the social effect of such a gathering alone to be considered, it would be difficult to estimate the value of occasions which bring together the citizens of every section of our extensive country, and establish relations of deep and lasting friendship between them—where the asperities and prejudices engendered and cherished by false impressions are all fused in the crucible of good feeling and nothing remains but the dross upon the surface, to be scattered like dust by the slightest breath of patriotism. But there are other and stronger reasons for our association, pertaining directly to the advancement of our profession as agriculturists. From a period in the history of our country coeval with the formation of the general government, the farmers of the country have felt the want of a more intimate union by which alone that concert of action so essential to their common interests could be effected.

They commenced with county and district associations, which gradually developed into State societies. Still, however, they found themselves deficient in that union between the several parts of the country, which could alone secure to each the benefits of the improvements made by all, and could give to the profession of Agriculture that influence in the nation, which is alike necessary to protect it from the effect of injurious legislation—to command for it that degree of aid and protection to which it is justly entitled, and to give the farmers of America position among those of the world commensurate with the power and dignity of the American people. The National Society thus became a netural development of State institutions. After many ineffectual attempts, attended with various degrees of success, the Convention in which the present society was formed assembled at the city of Washington in the year 1851. In this convention eleven State Societies were represented by delegations, and distinguished agriculturists from twelve other States and territories participated in its proceeding among the latter were Millard Fillmore, President of the United States; Daniel Webster, Secretary of State; Senators Bell, of Tennessee, and Dawson of Georgia; and the distinguished Senator from Illinois, now present, was a member of the committee by whom the constitution was prepared. The venerable George Washington Parke Custis was also a member, and served as a Vice President until his death.

Relying upon the support of a generous and discriminating people, *by* whom it was created and *for* whom it was prepared to labor, it commenced forthwith a series of annual National Exhibitions, which have now continued, with unfailing regularity for a period of seven years. During this time it has collected and disbursed more than $112,000, the effect of which upon the wealth of the nation it would be difficult to estimate. In every city where its Fairs have been held, an amount has been expended, and a stimulus given to every department of business far beyond the cost of securing its attendance. And who that beholds the display by which we are at present surrounded, can say that it has not become an established institution of the country; and that the country itself has not been elevated to a higher position by the evidence which is thus afforded of the energy and power of its people. But a few brief years have elapsed since this city, already claiming to be the granary of the world, was an outpost on the frontier settlements of our country—beyond it was a boundless wilderness, inhabited only by the savage and the beasts of the forest.

Will you pardon me, brother Farmers of Illinois and Wisconsin, of Iowa and Minnesota, if I yield for a moment to the influence of overpowering associations connected with that eventful period in your history—when the pioneers of your now smiling and peaceful country were fleeing in terror from the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage; when their wives and children were crowded together in the block house at Fort Dearborn, which stood in the very heart of your now populous city—a small body of troops was sent from the seaboard to afford them succor and protection. Of that ill-fated band, who were exposed to the two-fold vicissitudes of war and pestilence, it was my lot to be a member.—You will not wonder, therefore, that I feel a peculiar interest in your growth and prosperity, and that when I look on the familiar scenery of your lake and river, and think of your boundless prairies, over which I have marched with no other guide than the compass and the sun, I feel that I am not a stranger, and that in bidding you welcome on your own soil, I am exercising the privilege of one who may almost claim the rights of a citizen among you. In a brief period after the events to which I have alluded, the rushing tide of emigration came pouring in through those great lakes, whose commerce now rivals that of our Atlantic coast, and pressing onward to the farthest verge of navigation, found its way to this favored spot, where the eastern projection of the dry prairie meets the western extremity of navigation on the lakes. From this common point of departure they spread throughout that territory which their labors have converted into an empire, and the returning tide of commerce has built up a mart for the outlet of their products, the growth of which has not been equalled by that of any city in the world.

It was the proud boast of the great Peter that he had built an imperial city; but where shall we find another instance of a city which has attained the magnitude of Chicago by the fruits of agriculture alone. She is a fit emblem of the power at the West, which is already competing for the control of the nation, and at the last annual meeting of this society in Washington, claimed as a matter of right the location of the next annual fair. To the State of Illinois it seemed to be justly due, for the roll of her agricultural Societies has already exceeded that of any other State; and she alone presented more than one competitor for the honor. The city of Peoria, small in numbers but large in enterprise and confident in her own resources, was first in the field, and evinced a liberality which, in proportion to her ability, was even greater than that of her more fortunate rival. Considerations of national policy compelled us to decide against her—but her spirit and generosity excited our highest admiration, and I here bespeak from all the exhibitors now present their patronage of her Fair which will be held during the ensuing week.

And now let us contemplate for a moment the scene before us, and the duties which it involves. What an evidence does it afford of the irresistible energy of the American people. Less than sixty days ago the bosom of this beautiful prairie was reposing in quiet loveliness. Where the stillness of nature then reigned supreme, all is now teeming with life and energy. The list of articles now entered, is greater than on any similar occasion and twice as large as that at the State Fair in this city only four years ago. It embraces already sixteen States and the Province of Canada, extending from the British Provinces to Texas, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Fifty-seven Agricultural and Horticultural Societies are now represented by delegations, embracing seventeen States, one Territory, the District of Columbia and the Canadas. Grounds so extensive as to require for the first time the establishment of a line of conveyances to transport spectators from one part of the exhibition to another, are encircled with a living wall of the finest specimens of the animal creation. Halls which rival in extent the immense depots of commerce, are crowded beyond their capacity with the creations of genius and art. Extensive areas are covered with the productions of mechanical skill and ingenuity, and even beyond the limits of the exhibition, railroads have been constructed to convey to our gates the panting coursers of the iron way, who look defiant upon your enclosures, and like the fleet coursers of the turf, demand admission to your lists, and a decision upon their respective merits. The telegraph and printing press are in constant operation, and every department of business is fully represented. By the awards which will here be made, the interests of the farmer and the value of property of every description may be affected to an extent almost incredible, not only by the depreciation of what is really valuable but by promoting the introduction of articles which are worthless, and will only prove a source of vexation and loss to those who may thus be induced to purchase them. Let me urge upon the judges in the various departments to act fairly and fearlessly in full view of their high responsibility. Let them not swerve from the path of duty, either wilfully or from want of thorough investigation. Let them remember that it is their duty to separate the wheat from the chaff—that they are equally bound to condemn the worthless and commend the good. The correctness of their awards involves not only their own reputation, but that of the Society, and, to some extent, of even the country itself.

And when in after years the value of respective premiums shall be discussed, let those awarded at Chicago be distinguished for fairness, integrity and strict reliability.

Among the large number of gentlemen of high distinction, who have manifested by their presence the deep interest they feel in this Exhibition, it would seem almost invidious to discriminate. But there is one, whose purity of character eminent ability, uniform devotion to the cause of agriculture, and long and valuable services to his country have secured a hold upon the heart of the nation which will be manifested wherever he may be. The name of Crittenden is a household word, and I will not trespass further upon the limits of propriety than to express on the part of the Society their sincere gratification at his presence.

From the National Intelligencer.

Appeals to Old-Line Whigs.

Our conservative and intelligent contemporary, the New Orleans Bee, in remarking on the disorganized condition of parties in Louisana, candidly acknowledges that for once it is puzzled and hardly knows how to define the principles and positions of the various candidates for office in that State. Such is the confusion that even the Democrats are anxiously inquiring "where they shall go" in the curious medley of parties that has arisen on the decline of the ancient and compact organizations which once divided the people of Louisiana in common with the whole Union. In this state of affairs we need not say that "Old--Line Whigs" receive respectful attention from all the several claimants upon the popular suffrages, and the most earnest appeals are addressed to their "comprehensive patriotism," especially by the so-called "regular Democracy."

Nor is this importunity peculiar to the Democracy of Louisana. "Appeals to the Old-Line Whigs" have become a standing topic with many of our Democratic contemporaries, and it was under this head that the Government journal a few weeks ago remarked with satisfaction upon "the disposition manifested in many quarters by worthy and enlightened citizens, heretofore known as Old-Line Whigs, to co-operate with the National Democracy," and deprecated any effort to "reconstruct the organization of their party." To a similar purport the St. Louis Republican declares that, in the recent elections held in the States of Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee a majority of the people, "including a large portion of those heretofore acting with the Whigs, have declared their preference for the democratic party." Accordingly that journal expresses the benevolent and unselfish hope that "all honest Whigs" will not be drawn into "such an egregious act of folly" as to support any other than the Democratic candidate for the next Presidency.

For ourselves, we take leave to say, in behalf of what seems to us the most primary principles of political consistency and propriety, that we regard all such "appeals" as in the highest degree inopportune, if not impertinent.

The Old-Line Whigs, in conjunction with conservative citizens of every name and denomination, in all parts of the Union, will be able to interpret for themselves, at the proper time, the indictations which shall mark out the path of duty in the civil conjuncture brought about by the disturbing elements of Democratic misrule.—Whether the authors and abettors of that misrule have a prior claim upon the adhesion of Whigs would seem to be a question that admits of easy determination. Whatever may be justly or unjustly said against the Republican organization of the North, the Whigs of the Union cannot forget that it owes its very existence and derives its daily food from the sectional agitations provoked and fostered by the Democratic party. If, therefore the Republican party were as odious and dangerous as the Democratic press, particularly of the South, is in the habit of representing, it would only be so much the more a cogent and convincing argument against any affiliation with a party which has been the primal cause of the movement in question. The Republicans very possibly have been and may still be in danger of carrying their feelings of resentment to a needless extreme in point of defensive tactics, and in this line of conduct they can expect, as they ask, no co-operation from the National Whigs, but we are at a loss to understand how such a want of moderation on the part of the former can be construed into a valid claim to the character of conservatism urged in behalf of the Democracy, since *they* must none the less be held mainly responsible for the political chaos which has been precipitated on the country.

In the present aspect of affairs we would therefore, advise against any coalition such as that into which Old-Line Whigs are so unctuously invited to enter. It does not become the Democracy to address any such appeals to their ancient opponents, for the Whigs cannot avoid the conviction that these expostulations are the offspring of a simulated patriotism. They remember that in other days the Democracy had no such abhorrence of "coalitions" with Freesoilers and they therefore doubt the genuineness, or at least the disinterestedness, of the advice which is now so gratuitously proffered. Where slept the Democratic thunders of denunciation when a Freesoil Senator of the United States was elected from

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