



DAILY AMERICAN
Auburn, Saturday Evening, March 8, 1855.

"FUSION"
A GRAND "FIZZLE!"

The anticipated and much-talked-of "Anti-Hindoo" meeting "came off" at the Court House last evening. At the appointed hour about 300 people assembled, the majority of whom seemed to be present through curiosity. "Fusion," like all other novelties, is attractive to all sorts of "outsiders," and they mustered in pretty strong force.

A few minutes past seven o'clock, the Hall was tolerably well filled. All were "jolly," it being understood that it is "funny" to "fuse," and "funny" to "kill SAM." The object of the meeting being ostensibly to effect the destruction of "SAM," everybody desired to see how it was to be done. He had never yet been slaughtered, and, naturally enough, there was a general desire to witness the execution.

In the crowd there were here and there "Whigs" to be seen, and here and there "Democrats." They looked earnest and anxious. They were present by concert of action, and were, for the first time in their political lives, performing the new and queer act of "fusing." They went there to embrace each other as Brothers, to fraternize, and to be the death of SAMUEL Hiberto implacable political enemies, they felt it to be a mighty queer thing to lock themselves up in fraternal embrace, and were at first a little awkward about it; but after some rehearsing they did tolerably well.

To back themselves up and keep themselves in countenance, they took PATRICK along with them. The body of the hall was quite full of Irish "adopted citizens," who hate "SAM" earnestly, and whose tongues are covered an inch or two thick with the "rich brogue" that we have all heard of so often. "PATRICK" goes in for "Fusion," just as he "goes in" for "Democracy," without particularly knowing what on earth either means, but entertaining a general idea that one or the other, or both, will make General Jackson and "Repeal" triumphant over all opposition, and set fire to the Heretics.

These elements composed the "raw material" of "Fusion" at the meeting last night. The balance of the numbers present was made up of the SONS OF SAM. They were there to look on and see how their opponents went to work to "fuse."

Well, about half-past seven o'clock, on motion of somebody, Hon. GEORGE RATHBUN was chosen Chairman, and took his seat. Mr. RATHBUN is a very well known politician, a gentleman, and a respectable man. DANIEL WYMAN once said that the word "respectable" was one of the best and most significant in the English language. And so it is. We employ it in the Websterian sense in this connection. We doubt if the "Fusionists" could have made a better or more unexceptionable selection of a presiding officer.

Before proceeding with the business of the meeting, the Chairman alluded to its object; spoke of the fact that those present had always heretofore opposed each other in political contests; contended that their opposition had, however, been open, manly and earnest; remarked upon the novelty of the circumstances that had drawn them together on this occasion—that had made Herod and Pilate friends;—refreshed the memories of his hearers by assuring them that he and Wm. H. SWANN had been the political antipodes of each other for sixteen years past, and then undertook to prove that the "Know Nothings" constituted simply a pro-Slavery Party! The attempt was a weak one, and while the honorable Chairman was making it, our sympathies were stirred within us in his behalf. It was one of the hardest jobs the stress of political circumstances ever forced a man to perform.—All things considered, he did it remarkably well, and with considerable address, backed up with no small degree of assurance and assumption. As he had not room or reason to believe the statement himself, and as none of his hearers—save, perhaps, his friend PATRICK—credited it, it required no ordinary degree of nerve to assume such a position or to make such a statement.

But let all that pass. The Chairman's speech concluded, Secretaries were quietly appointed—and then the business of the "Fusionists" commenced in earnest. "Tom, Dick and Harry," and also "Patrick," called out scattering for "Morgan," and half a dozen other men, to talk to them. None obeyed the call. Then it was moved and carried—or was supposed to be carried—that a committee of four from each Ward be appointed, for the purpose of reporting the names of candidates for City Officers to be supported at the ensuing election. After some delay, the names were announced by the Chairman, and several of those named passed into a side room. Soon it was announced that the Committee was not half filled up: The names were again and again announced. None responded.

The Chairman—"Is Mr. _____ in the room?"
A Voice—"No—he's gone down stairs."
Chairman—"Is Mr. _____ present?"
Voice—"No—he's gone up stairs."
Chairman—"Will Mr. _____ step into the ante-room?"
Voice—"Pretty soon—he's gone down cellar!"
Chairman—"I have substituted the name of Mr. _____ for that of Mr. _____ Is he present?"
Voice—"No—he's gone home—folks ain't well."
Chairman—"The name of Mr. _____ is substituted for that of Mr. _____, who does not seem to be present."
Voice—"Oh! he's a Hindoo!"

After a deal of trouble on the part of the audience, a nominating committee was finally selected, and organized in the side room. As soon as they had retired, the audience naturally expected speeches, and a general introduction of the three named, which filled up the time that elapsed between the first and second Act. Instantly there were outcries for "Morgan! Morgan!" "Pomeroy!" "Austin! Austin!" "Van-Derheyden!" "Morgan! Morgan! Morgan!"
(Aeuf! Pause No. 1.)
"Morgan! Morgan!" "Kennedy!" "John Chauncey!" "Hindoo!" "Smith! Smith!" "A Song!" "SAM!" "Morgan!"
(Aeuf! Pause No. 2.)
"Bowen! Bowen!" "Curtis!" "Shapcott!" "Wheaton!" "Van-Derheyden!" "Somebody!" "SAM!" "O'Flaherty!"
(Aeuf! Pause No. 3.)
"Van-Derheyden!" "Hindoo!" "Peck! Peck!" "Sam! Sam! Sam!" "Peck! Peck!" "Sam! Sam! Sam!" "Whoop!" "Peck! Peck!" "Sam! Sam! Sam!" "Sam! Sam! Sam!" "Pomeroy!" "Morgan!" "Hindoo!" "A Song!" "Wheaton!" "John Chauncey!" "Sequoia!"
—And at last a speaker was found!—
Eureka! CHAUNCEY mounted the rostrum. "What is this?" he exclaimed—"A Whig, a Democrat, a Hard Shell, a Soft Shell, or what sort of a meeting? I believe it is a 'Know Nothing' Meeting!" Here commenced a storm of applause, hisses, clapping of hands, and other demonstrations of enthusiasm, which continued full five minutes. JOHN attempted, but in vain, to "still the storm." JOHN is a Canadian, a splendid looking fellow, and a Catholic. But the people would not be quiet enough to hear him, and so he stepped down from the rostrum and took his seat.
(Aeuf! Pause No. 4.)
"Peck! Peck! Peck!" "Sam! Sam! Sam! Sam!" "Pomeroy!" "Giffen!" "Fusion!" "Let's hear him!" "Morgan!" "Peck!" "Sam!" "Littlejohn!" "Who-o-o-o-p!"
(Aeuf! Pause No. 5.)
And then the "anxious meeting," having made its nominations, came in and reported. (We give the names of the nominees in our regular report in another place.) The first name, that of Mr. HEWSON, nominated for Mayor, was received with some applause. All the rest, with the exception of that of Mr. COOK, nominated for Justice, were received with mingled applause and hisses, or "damned with faint praise." The name of Mr. COOK was warmly applauded whenever it was mentioned.
On the question of the acceptance of the report of the Com., and the adoption of the nominations, made the eyes and ears were "meek and neck." A division of the house was called, but the Chairman, evidently deeming a count rather unsafe, coolly declared the motion carried in the affirmative! "SAM!" had a hearty laugh over the vote and the decision, and being always and on every occasion a clever, good natured chap, let it go as it was.
During the evening, the Chairman several times called the meeting to order, and gave his reasons why, in his judgement, order should be preserved.
Somebody got up afterwards and moved that never had there been a public meeting for the nomination of city officers so orderly and decorous as this was!
(Everybody laughed.)
The Chairman reiterated the sentiment!
(Everybody laughed again!)
A Voice—"Shapcott!"
—The Alderman jumped up with commendable alacrity, and inflicted upon the "vast assemblage," as he repeatedly designated those who remained after he began to speak, a few rambling remarks on Slavery, delivered in the most pompous style. The only new idea advanced by him, was contained in the remark, that in "London," Manchester, and other portions of England, the Fourth of July is celebrated with as much spirit and enthusiasm as it is in the United States! This was news to all, and created a hearty laugh. He spoke eulogistically of *Kassite*, *Mazzini*, *Gavazzi*, and *Garry Bald Eye*—pronouncing each name wrong—touched upon JOHN HANCOCK—told "all hands" that he was an adopted citizen—used bad grammar, and sat down.
The speeches made by JOHN CHAUNCEY, a Canadian Catholic, and AID. CRAIG, an Englishman, were the only ones made, with the exception of the Chairman's. "Fusion" was "hard up" for speakers. The old talkers at political meetings were evidently afraid to "face the music."
At the close, somebody moved that the proceedings of the meeting be published in the Auburn Daily Advertiser and the New Era. Instantly an overwhelming cry broke out that sounded for all the world like "and the Auburn Daily Advertiser too!" But the Chairman had no ears for music of that sort, and paid no attention to it.
Then a motion was made to adjourn. It was put, and the yeas and nays were equally strong.
—And so the great "Fusion" meeting adjourned!
—This "Fusion" affair was a failure. It amounted to little. It sorely disappointed all its friends. They could not and did not conceal their chagrin. As the Chairman said in his opening speech, the idea of "SAM" was, last fall—to all outsiders, at least—a rather "funny" thing; but now it had become serious, and must be seriously opposed. At least one half of all present last night were "Sams"—thus verifying the Chairman's apprehension. If the adopted citizens present had been withdrawn, "SAM" would have out-numbered all the rest of the "Fusionists" three to one. And "SAM" had a right to be there, because men of all parties were invited to be present.
—As to the nominations that were nominally made, we have nothing to say in opposition or in denunciation. That for Mayor is a strong and a fair one. Some other names on the Whig, Democratic, Hard Shell, Soft Shell, Nebraska, Anti-Nebraska, Pro-Slavery, Anti-Slavery, Temperance and Anti-Maine Law "Fusion" ticket, are also entitled to respect. But with the old parties supposed absent, with the consent of

mit a public meeting to "fuse" their principles, their organizations and their identity! We shudder! In the meantime, we beg to say, that the result of this spasmodic effort to unite antagonistic elements, contending parties and conflicting political opponents, for the purpose of crushing out the American Party in Auburn, at the approaching Charter Election, is an utter failure. The attempt has proved a farce. "SAM" is not at all frightened. The upshot of it all fills him with encouragement. He will present to the electors of this city, a ticket which they will approve of, and which will be elected.

A CATHOLIC BISHOP IN DETROIT.

Peter Paul Lefevre, Roman Catholic Bishop of Detroit, petitioned the Common Council of that city, in reference to the exchange of lots in said city. The matter was referred to a committee of which Ald. W. H. CRAIG was a member. Ald. Craig is a respected and upright citizen of Detroit, and has been vilified in person from the Catholic pulpits of that city. The *Vindicator*, the Catholic paper, the Bishop and the priests, have all been down upon him mercilessly.—The *Traveller* (Seward Whig) says that "while Bishop Lefevre continues to assail a citizen in the most vulgar, abusive and offensive terms from the pulpit, and through his organ, he, at least, has no right to complain that the gentleman thus injured should retaliate upon him. If he does not relish the notoriety given him, he must not continue wilfully and maliciously to attack in the public manner he is in the habit of doing, all who chance to incur his displeasure. Let him set a more meek and humble example himself, and then he will have some right to complain of others, and not until then."
Ald. Craig's report to the Detroit Common Council is as follows:
One of your committee to whom was referred the matter of exchanging fractional lots of ground on Congress and Larned streets with one Peter Paul Lefevre, after due examination and deliberate consideration, begs leave to submit the following report, viz: We deem it inexpedient to make such exchange or transfer, for the following reasons; 1st, the ground, if conveyed by the city, is much larger than that received therefor. 2d, Peter Paul Lefevre's title to a portion of the grounds proposed to be conveyed to the city is of very questionable character. 3d, I find, on examination, that said Lefevre has become possessed of a large amount of grounds (whether by purchase, supreme dictation or sophistry your committee are not advised) which (property) your committee believe belongs to a very worthy portion of our fellow citizens, and should be by them possessed, inasmuch as said Lefevre is a subject and emissary of a foreign potentate, who, like the locusts of Egypt, not only deplores the substance and productions of the soil, but stultifies and withers the intelligence of his subjects, and fills the land with beggary and crime. Encouragement to such a potentate would be reprehensible in a half-civilized people, and positively criminal in a body of American citizens. The conduct of said Lefevre has satisfied your committee for dragons and devils. Your committee would recommend that he do not ask for the usual amount of ground allotted to man, viz: two feet by six, but that he take his body back from whence it came, and there let it remain, and enrich the soil it has impoverished. All of which is respectfully submitted, and the subscriber asks to be discharged from further consideration of the above subject.

This language on the part of Ald. CRAIG, is intemperate and vindictive in its character, and was doubtless employed under the sharp sting of great provocation. A calmer and more temperate course would have better become him, and at the same time been far more influential as contrasting widely and favorably with that of the arrogant Bishop.

The conduct of this Lefevre, is another exemplification of the pride, arrogance and tyranny of the Romish Priesthood. In their exercise of ecclesiastical power, they are unmitigated tyrants. They act heartlessly, and in no manner display that christian spirit, that charity, that meekness which they so ostentatiously and so hypocritically inculcate from the Altar and the Pulpit. In their grasping for property, and particularly church property, and real estate generally, they are as rapacious as cormorants, and their eagerness leads them into excesses which not only outrage the community and insult individuals, but which produces serious schisms among themselves, resulting often in open quarrels, excommunications, and other troubles.

The arrogance of these proud and unscrupulous Priests—thee pliant tools of a foreign potentate, who exercises great temporal and almost limitless spiritual power—must be curbed. They must be taught to conduct themselves differently from the course now pursued by them.
According to the statistics of the State Department of our Government, two Germans now emigrate to this country, to one of the natives of Ireland. This is a noticeable feature. As a general rule, Germans are more thrifty than the class of Irish which come to our shores. They are comparatively steady in their habits, industrious and not so completely subjected to the yoke of religious superstition as the inhabitants of the Green Isle.

A TOR or NIGHT POLICE.—There are in the second public station of Boston, nine watchmen, whose winter weight is over one ton! The heaviest weighs 236, and the lightest 206 pounds.

The corner stone of the new custom house at San Francisco, was laid on the 20th January, with proper ceremonies. The foundation alone has cost \$250,000, and it is estimated that it will require a further sum of 400,000 to complete the building.

An antiquarian called at a Museum to find the skull of Cromwell. Of course the Museum man had it. The one shown, however, the antiquarian said was too small as Cromwell had a large head.

"Oh," said the Museum man, "this was his skull when he was a boy."

A Cold Pan.
A cow-boy who declared of late that every night he had a cold pan.

The Rev. Mr. Brooks delivered a lecture at Georgetown, D. C., on the Temporal Power of the Pope, in reply to Father Bernard Maguire. At the close he said he did not know "Sam," but he thought he knew his history. "Sam was born in the garden of Eden; when the world was deluged he rode out the flood with Noah in the ark; he was present at the building of the tower of Babel; he wandered with the children of Israel in the wilderness; he was with Miriam in the inspired song and dance; he blew the loudest ram's-horn trumpet when the walls of Jericho fell; he clothed John the Baptist, and was with him on the banks of the river; he held up the chains of Paul when he reasoned of righteousness and judgment to come before Agrippa. He had a hard time with the Popes and the Inquisition, but it was he who pointed the young Luther to the dust-covered Bible on the neglected shelves of the old monastery; he brought the Bible with him across the ocean, in the Mayflower; he laid the corner-stone of the first Protestant church in the colonies; and it was he who so stirred up the old and the young, the rich and the poor, high and low, in the oppressed colonies, that even the mountain boys knew that "Sam was about." He introduced Patrick Henry to the assembly in the Virginia House of Burgesses, when he, with his soul overflowing with the purest patriotism, and his voice clothed with the power of thunder, gave utterance to those immortal words, still echoing in our ears—"Give me Liberty, or give me Death!"

CONNUBIAL.—Married at the Court House, on Friday evening, by Dr. FUSION, Mr. F. DEMOCRAT to Miss F. WHIG, all of this city.

Immediately after the ceremony was performed, the happy couple entertained their numerous friends and guests with a brilliant succession of *tableaux*, which were received with all sorts of enthusiasm.

CONFAB.—"Well neighbor, do you 'fuse'?"
"No, I refuse."
"Don't you go for HEWSON?"
"No, I go for 'SAM'-SON!"

TERKLEE.—A little boy only 9 years old was so badly frost-bitten, in Winfield, Herkimer Co., early in last month, while exposed to the severe cold of that period, that he has been obliged to submit to the amputation of both his hands at the wrists! Poor little fellow! What heart does not overflow with pity for him? What a cruel fate is his! We learn that there is a prospect of his ultimate recovery. God grant it!

The Anti-Hindoo Meeting at Rochester on Wednesday evening, was a significant demonstration.—*Syracuse Journal.*
That's so! "Significant" is its miserable weakness, and "significant" of the utter folly of attempting to oppose "SAM." We care not how many such "significant demonstrations" "turn up." They tend to strengthen the American Party.

POSITION OF MR. DODGE.
On Thursday last, Mr. DODGE, Representative from the Second District of this county, made the following remarks in the Assembly:

Mr. Dodge rose to a question of privileges—when he went on to say—when the final vote was taken yesterday, I was absent in consequence of a temporary indisposition, and now desire my vote to be recorded—as though I had been in my seat. Sir, I am a temperate and temperance man; and have long desired some law might be passed that would suppress the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and one that, if not all, a large portion of the People would be satisfied with; one that would correct the evils of intemperance; and not materially injure the agricultural or commercial interests of the people of the State of New York.

TURKS DEAD AND BURIED.
The sanitary condition of Balaklava is beginning to excite serious apprehension. The filth of the town is now something beyond all description. Offal, dirt, waste stores, stagnant water, the refuse from English and Turkish hospitals, and some hundreds of half decomposed horses, dogs, sheep and oxen lie more or less in every little alley. Each house is over-crowded, and under each house are callars in which horses and Tartar families are stowed away. But the most serious evil of all arises from the immense number of interments which have lately taken place. We are now giving burials to 4,000 Turks; two months ago we were rationing 14,000; 8,000 of the missing 10,000 are dead and "buried" on the slope of the hill, over the harbor, though I think even a metropolitan sexton would hardly have the hardihood to call the last resting place of the Turk here, a "grave." It is merely a little trough, about 18 inches deep, in which the bodies are laid on the bare rock, and the few handfuls of earth which have been removed in the process, scattered over the corpse. Thousands have been thus interred. The late rains in many instances have washed the earth from the graves, leaving the bodies in every stage of corruption exposed to the eye, and poisoning the air for miles around. I believe it was entirely owing to the hospital for Russian wounded being situated close at the foot of some of these plague spots, that none of the unfortunate Muscovites recovered of their wounds, which almost without a single exception began to mortify and gangrene, soon after the men entered the place.

The election held in Georgetown, D. C., on Tuesday last, resulted in the entire triumph of the American ticket. The *Washington American Organ* says:—
It must be recollected that Georgetown is the stronghold of Jesuitism. It is favored with two Jesuit institutions, a college and a monastery; the head of the "Society of Jesus" resides there; yet strange as it may appear, the "Americans" have dared to assert their right to rule.

The average majority for the American ticket was 100. The lowest man on the American ticket beat the highest man on the opposition ticket 81 votes.

Agreeable to the lead and repeated call of the *Auburn Daily Advertiser*, the Court House was illuminated for the Grand Fusion and Illumination of all classes, without respect to party names or color. The attendance at an early hour was very good, and the assembly immediately nominated as Chairman, the Hon. GEORGE RATHBUN, (Soft Shell), who, on taking the Chair, returned his thanks, briefly, for the honor conferred, mentioned the object of the meeting; fired a few shots at the wicked Know Nothings, and, without producing an intense excitement or calling forth great applause, allowed himself quietly to drop into his seat.

T. J. KENNEDY, (Woody Head Assemblyman of Catholic bill notoriety,) and CALVIN N. SIZER, (ex-Barnburner candidate for County Treasurer,) were appointed Secretaries.

It was the pleasure of the meeting to appoint a committee, consisting of four from each Ward, to nominate a ticket to present to the caucus.

On calling on the committee, the majority had, unfortunately, "gone down stairs."—Majority on the committee were Edward men. "Democrats" called for had "just stepped out." A full view of the crowd satisfied us that foreign blood predominated, constituting a majority of those present.

Old politicians very active in instructing how to call and when to cheer. Loud cries for CHRISTOPHER MORGAN, ("no go.") T. M. POMEROY called for, (no answer.)—"POMEROY!" by a son of Erin. G. W. PECK called for, but "couldn't go." Loud calls for PECK continued, interspersed with calls for "SAM," which met with tremendous and repeated cheers. Chairman looked blue and uncertain. Renewed calls for PECK. JOHN VANDERHEYDEN called for, but reported "down stairs." Chairman disconsolate. Repeated calls for "KENNEDY." POPPLE, PARKER and PECK, simultaneously called for. LITTLEJOHN called for, which occasioned loud laughter and derisive cheers, (Voice from the crowd, "Rathbun, do give us a speech to pass away time!")

John Chauncey here took the rostrum amid great applause; he replied in unique and highly original bows. Commenced speaking; his remarks were lost to the reporter in a storm of applause and laughter. Hisses, cries of—"go on! go on!" &c. At this juncture, the gentleman was interrupted by being informed that the committee were ready to report. Mr. Chauncey yielded the floor.

Whereupon the committee submitted the following report:
For Mayor—DANIEL HEWSON.
For City Clerk—CALLIE N. SIZER.
For Collector—THOMAS BATTYAN.
For Overseers of the Poor—D. FOOT, J. SWANNOW.
For Judges of the Peace—HONORABLE T. COOK.
For City Marshal—WILLIAM PENNELLON.
For Constables—NORMAN PARKER, E. M. KRAFF, E. M. WOODRUFF.

On motion, the report of the committee was understood by the Chair to be accepted, and the gentlemen above named supposed to be nominated.

Here, calls were made for Wm. Shapcott, and the Alderman from the 4th Ward took the stand. We have a full and complete report of the Alderman's speech, but for want of space, we must decline publishing.

Mr. John R. Hopkins had never seen a more orderly meeting! In the committee room, the spirit was harmonious and unanimous, and this desirable feeling should be carried into the Wards of this city, and he would therefore offer a resolution to that effect, which he accordingly offered, and it was permitted to be accepted.

Motion made that the proceedings be published in the *New Era* and the *Daily Advertiser*.

On motion, adjourned.
"Fusion" goes hard. And thus ended the first "fusion" meeting in Auburn, and we hope, most sincerely that the gentlemen interested in the proceedings of this meeting, are FULLY satisfied as to the results.

It needs no prophet's eye to foresee where the evening of the sixth of March will find this ticket, in which sleep side by side, in agreeable fraternization, "Hard Shells," "Soft Shells," and "Woolly Heads," and its dear children of "distant lands, thoroughly whipped." The old wire pulling clique, which has so long controlled and governed the elections of this city, have played out their only card, and will long await for the final trump. On Tuesday next Auburn will be in the hands of her own sons, and SAM as robust and hearty as ever.

Correspondence of the Auburn American.
A "FIZZLE!"
GENOA, Feb. 28, 1855.

Editor American.—A rich scene came off in this place yesterday. A lot of old fogies of both parties, assembled to make what they called an "Anti-Railroad demonstration," but in reality to effect a nomination for town officers, of a clique aspirants who have boxed every point of the compass, and proved recreant on more than one occasion, if not to actual, to imputed and well understood pledges.

Well, the day arrived, "give with the fate of Caesar and of Rome,"—the meeting was organized; a salutatory, full of constitutional research and legal aggression followed, and what then? Resolutions condemning the policy complained of, and denouncing the SCOUNDRELS by whom they had been fleeced? Not a word of it—the orator of the occasion was permitted to retire without the damnation of even faint praise, and the connoisseurs of the scheme proceeded to inform the assemblage that a nomination would be made *instanter*. "Know Nothingism" stood before them like the ghost of Banquo, and after a vote for adjournment, which was most emphatically negatived, the officers of the occasion packed their traps and sloped; probably remembering the old dictum.
"That he who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

AN OUTSIDER.
We invite the attention of Advertiser to the DAILY AMERICAN, as an advertising medium. Our circulation already exceeds that of any other Daily in this city, and the paper is read by all classes in the community, thus presenting inducements to advertisers not found elsewhere.

The so-called "Anti-Hindoo" meeting, requested by our whig friends in their distress, to "magnanimitate and fuse" together with their old opponents for the purpose of putting an end to native Americanism, took place last evening at the Court House.—Whether the object of the get-together of the meeting was carried out, to wit, as Samuel Weller would say: "Let me extend to you the right hand of fellowship," "as the steel-trap said to the rat," we don't know; we are sorry, however, the whig party should be compelled to resort to the Macedonian cry of
"Come over and help us!
—Let 'SAM' should lead us!"

The "Anti-Hindoo" meeting made a judicious selection in the nomination of men opposed to secret societies, in putting at the head of the ticket our good natured friend, DANIEL HEWSON, a Royal Arch Mason and a Sir Knight Templar of the Ancient Fraternity of Masons. That Society, which our Senator, the idol and consistent leader of opposition to Secret Societies, once in his crusade against that Institution, said he should leave Anti-Masonry as a legacy to his children.

A young lady showed us the following. We haven't a word to say against publishing it, for we saw by the twinkle of her eyes that she knew a thing or two:
"What is a kiss? A kiss is, as it were, a seal expressing our sincere attachment—the pledge of future union—a dumb, but at the same time, an audible language of a loving heart—a present, which at the same time it is given, is taken from us the impression on an ivory curl press—a crimson balsam for a wounded heart—a sweet bite of the lip—an affectionate pinching of the mouth—a delicious dish which is eaten with scarlet spoons—a sweetmeat which does not satisfy hunger—a fruit which is planted and gathered at the same time—the quickest exchange of questions and answers of two lovers—the fourth degree of love."

She said a kiss was thus defined in a love letter written in the year 1675, and translated from the German. That German who writ the love letter we guess had been there, or our fair friend had.

Durno's Catarrh Snuff has opened eyes that were sealed with soreness, and restored hearing to the deaf. Head-aches, colds and catarrhs are daily cured by it.—Put these sentiments in your pipe and smoke them, ye skeptics. For sale at Wally's, on the corner of Genesee and State streets.

The question is asked us why some one around here don't get married? and what all our aspiring young men are waiting for? Now, really we don't know. We should like to herald these little red bits of the news of marriages, because they afford such a theme for speculation; but if our young folks won't "fuse," we can't help it. Our *imp* says the young-men are waiting for leap year. If that is so, and they are deferring until that time, we hope the girls will have spunk enough not to "pop the question" to them. We'd keep the bashful fellows waiting until they found their tongue; indeed we would.

Some of the knowing ones are trying to stop the whig *fusionists*. They think there is something under the meal-bag. They caution them with HANCOCK saying about election times, of "Hush! hush! there is a hen on the nest!"

Oh! what a row that "Sam" is kicking up. The attempt at fusion reminds us of Sam Weller, again, when he exclaimed, "Oh! what a row, as the monkey said when he tied the tails of the cat and dog together."

After the marriage last evening at the Court House, the god-fathers introduced the guests in the *Waller style*. "Let me introduce you to the hospitable table of my friend, as the *fish-hook*, said to the trout."

A *fusionist* who was for merging the old parties into one, to lick "Sam," thinks if Sam beats it, will be horrible. In anticipation of the suicide of the parties, our *imp* exclaims in the *Waller language*, "Vot a awful end, as the Jackass said ven his tail was bobbed."

GENESEE'S HATH. SPRING STYLE.
EYES No. 47 Genesee street, 2 door west of the Cayuga Co. Bank. Gentlemen's Hats of the Spring style is now ready for examination and sale. Be in your attention to its cheap proportions, its beautiful materials, its perfect shape, mark the fitting up as it may be called of the market fabric everything in keeping.

The utmost efforts will be exerted to maintain for the convenience of the public the highest rank of superiority and relative cheapness which has hitherto commanded it to the approval and preference of gentlemen of taste.
Auburn, March 8, 1855.

LOST.
A PROMISSORY NOTE, made by Jas. W. Wylie, dated March 1854, payable a month from date at the Metropolitan Bank in the City of New York, to the order of J. M. Sherrard, for \$175, and endorsed by said Sherrard to our order, has been lost. As the payment thereof has been stopped, and no note in lieu of any value to the holder, and he is desired to return the same to the undersigned.
Auburn, March 8, 1855.

ALWAYS ADVANCING! SPRING STYLE FOR GENTLEMEN'S HATS!
PATRONS of the Famosissima Hat Store are hereby notified that our Spring Model for Gentlemen's Hats is now ready for their inspection. It is the crowning triumph and every possession of taste will pronounce it fashion's favorite. It is classically proportional and truly elegant. It possesses an intrinsic beauty, and it is decorated with the most desirable production in the shape of a fine dress that has ever been offered to our citizens.

H. CARPENTER.
Gentlemen of artistic taste will please call upon further notice and register their names as usual and see that our FRENCH CONFORTABLEUR is applied according to art to secure a perfect fit.
Auburn, March 8, 1855.

1855. NEW SPRING GOODS. 1855. H. WOODRUFF & SON.
HAVE just received a choice lot of Silks, Delaines, Calicoes and Ginghams suitable for the early spring trade.

BLEACHED LINENS.
SHEETING and Pillow Case Linens, all widths, also a smooth round thread and mowdy dressed, imported directly by, and found only at
H. WOODRUFF & SON.
March 7

SHAWLS! SHAWLS! SHAWLS!
THE NEW SPRING GOODS are now open on sale, to which we invite the attention of buyers.
March 7
H. WOODRUFF & SON.

WE WILL sell the remainder of our stock of Winter Goods at greatly reduced prices, to close out for Spring Goods.
H. WOODRUFF & SON.
March 8 dawn

The Rev. Mr. Brooks delivered a lecture at Georgetown, D. C., on the Temporal Power of the Pope, in reply to Father Bernard Maguire. At the close he said he did not know "Sam," but he thought he knew his history. "Sam was born in the garden of Eden; when the world was deluged he rode out the flood with Noah in the ark; he was present at the building of the tower of Babel; he wandered with the children of Israel in the wilderness; he was with Miriam in the inspired song and dance; he blew the loudest ram's-horn trumpet when the walls of Jericho fell; he clothed John the Baptist, and was with him on the banks of the river; he held up the chains of Paul when he reasoned of righteousness and judgment to come before Agrippa. He had a hard time with the Popes and the Inquisition, but it was he who pointed the young Luther to the dust-covered Bible on the neglected shelves of the old monastery; he brought the Bible with him across the ocean, in the Mayflower; he laid the corner-stone of the first Protestant church in the colonies; and it was he who so stirred up the old and the young, the rich and the poor, high and low, in the oppressed colonies, that even the mountain boys knew that "Sam was about." He introduced Patrick Henry to the assembly in the Virginia House of Burgesses, when he, with his soul overflowing with the purest patriotism, and his voice clothed with the power of thunder, gave utterance to those immortal words, still echoing in our ears—"Give me Liberty, or give me Death!"

CONNUBIAL.—Married at the Court House, on Friday evening, by Dr. FUSION, Mr. F. DEMOCRAT to Miss F. WHIG, all of this city.

Immediately after the ceremony was performed, the happy couple entertained their numerous friends and guests with a brilliant succession of *tableaux*, which were received with all sorts of enthusiasm.

CONFAB.—"Well neighbor, do you 'fuse'?"
"No, I refuse."
"Don't you go for HEWSON?"
"No, I go for 'SAM'-SON!"

TERKLEE.—A little boy only 9 years old was so badly frost-bitten, in Winfield, Herkimer Co., early in last month, while exposed to the severe cold of that period, that he has been obliged to submit to the amputation of both his hands at the wrists! Poor little fellow! What heart does not overflow with pity for him? What a cruel fate is his! We learn that there is a prospect of his ultimate recovery. God grant it!

The Anti-Hindoo Meeting at Rochester on Wednesday evening, was a significant demonstration.—*Syracuse Journal.*
That's so! "Significant" is its miserable weakness, and "significant" of the utter folly of attempting to oppose "SAM." We care not how many such "significant demonstrations" "turn up." They tend to strengthen the American Party.

POSITION OF MR. DODGE.
On Thursday last, Mr. DODGE, Representative from the Second District of this county, made the following remarks in the Assembly:

Mr. Dodge rose to a question of privileges—when he went on to say—when the final vote was taken yesterday, I was absent in consequence of a temporary indisposition, and now desire my vote to be recorded—as though I had been in my seat. Sir, I am a temperate and temperance man; and have long desired some law might be passed that would suppress the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and one that, if not all, a large portion of the People would be satisfied with; one that would correct the evils of intemperance; and not materially injure the agricultural or commercial interests of the people of the State of New York.

TURKS DEAD AND BURIED.
The sanitary condition of Balaklava is beginning to excite serious apprehension. The filth of the town is now something beyond all description. Offal, dirt, waste stores, stagnant water, the refuse from English and Turkish hospitals, and some hundreds of half decomposed horses, dogs, sheep and oxen lie more or less in every little alley. Each house is over-crowded, and under each house are callars in which horses and Tartar families are stowed away. But the most serious evil of all arises from the immense number of interments which have lately taken place. We are now giving burials to 4,000 Turks; two months ago we were rationing 14,000; 8,000 of the missing 10,000 are dead and "buried" on the slope of the hill, over the harbor, though I think even a metropolitan sexton would hardly have the hardihood to call the last resting place of the Turk here, a "grave." It is merely a little trough, about 18 inches deep, in which the bodies are laid on the bare rock, and the few handfuls of earth which have been removed in the process, scattered over the corpse. Thousands have been thus interred. The late rains in many instances have washed the earth from the graves, leaving the bodies in every stage of corruption exposed to the eye, and poisoning the air for miles around. I believe it was entirely owing to the hospital for Russian wounded being situated close at the foot of some of these plague spots, that none of the unfortunate Muscovites recovered of their wounds, which almost without a single exception began to mortify and gangrene, soon after the men entered the place.

The election held in Georgetown, D. C., on Tuesday last,