dominion far and wide. The name of a Greek became synonymous with all that was great among men. Their descendants were painters and sculptors, who furnished models for every succeeding generation; poets, whose sublime strains have been feebly imitated ever since; philosophers and statesmen, whose words of wisdom will be heard with reverence to the end of time; warriors, whose deeds made Thermopylæ and Marathon the watchword of the free; and orators,

"Who wielded the fierce democratie at will,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece."

They were not unmindful of the benefactress, who had given the first impulse to their high career. They assigned her celestial parentage. Temples were erected to honor her. They believed, that though her home had long been fixed among the stars, she still presided over their affairs and pleaded their cause in the Senate of the Gods. They painted her figure, as they imagined it, all radiant with supernatural beauty—her hand bearing the horn of plenty, and her head garlanded with ears of wheat. They worshipped her with all the fervor of idolitrous veneration, and for a long lapse of centuries they knew not, that the labors of the farm were blessed and rewarded by a greater deity than CERES. To this day we keep her memory alive by calling the most useful of agricultural products after her name—the *cereal* grains.

Such, we may suppose, was the transition state of agriculture—the passage from ignorance, barbarism, sloth and hunger, to systematic industry, refinement and plenty. It was only a beginning. It has been advancing somewhat ever since, though the arts which sprang from it have outgrown their parent. Numberless instruments for the saving of labor and time have been invented. Preparing the ground, sowing, harvesting and threshing may all be done now with machinery vastly improved. The character, nature and value of products, are better understood. New breeds of stock are introduced. Chemistry analyses every soil, and shows precisely what elements it needs to increase its fertility. Highly concentrated manures are imported from the most distant parts of the world, and others are manufactured at home, out of substances, which, once, were not only wasted, but suffered to reek their offensive odors on the atmosphere, and poison the health of the people.

In the days of Augustus, the fields of Italy, (then the centre of civilization,) were cultivated with an instrument resembling what we call a shovel plough—only it seems to have had no shovel. The immediate predecessor of the patent plough, in use at the present time, was not much better. Most of you remember it—"a low, long, rakish looking craft," whose wooden mouldboard had to be cleaned every ten rods, and its wrought iron share and coulter taken to the blacksmith shop at least once a week.

The most important improvements yet made in agriculture have never been adopted here. A simple fact will show how much they have done for another country. Mr. Malthus, one of the profoundest thinkers of his day, calculated that the population of England would increase so rapidly, supposing its natural growth to be unchecked, that at the end of a certain time the soil would not yield a subsistance for the half of the people. For the other half starvation was the only prospect, unless a merciful Providence would kindly send war, pestilence and plague, to thin them out, and reduce their numbers to a level with the quantity of food, which they could produce. This dismal theory was believed by the foremost men in the world; and it would have been true, if the land had not, afterwards, been cultivated with greater skill than before. But it turned out to be a total mistake. The population of England did increase as rapidly as Malthus predicted; but the agricultural products of the country have increased in a ratio two hundred and fifty per cent. greater than the population. The people, who were to be starved long ago, or else prematurely cut off by millions at a blow, are living better than ever, with two and a half times as much food for each individual, as they had when this theory was announced.

With the system of cultivation practised now in some parts of Europe, the soil of Pennsylvania could be made to support fifteen millions of persons. There are large regions in Scotland, naturally poorer than any land we have in this country, and under a sky far less genial than ours, covered all over with crops, which the richest valleys in the West would not be ashamed of; and wheat is produced, bushel for bushel, at a less expense than it is here.

This is but the beginning of the end. All that has yet been done is as nothing compared to what may yet come. Hitherto, Agriculture has been travelling over rough roads, in an old fashioned slow coach. She is about to take the railroad, and, with a mighty train of her sister arts, she will go sweeping along. Not being either a prophet, or the son of a prophet, I have no right to predict anything. But one of these days we may be startled by some grand discovery, which will burst upon the world, like the light of a new sun. Very sober-minded men live in the hope of such things. One of the most successful farmers in this State has declared his conviction, that, before long, manures will be so concentrated, that a man may carry out, in his pocket handkerchief, what will enrich the land as much as a hundred wagon loads would now. This is very extravagant, no doubt, and quite as foolish as it would have been thirty years ago to prophesy of railroads, telegraphs, or daguerreotypes. About fifteen years since, a person, whose name I have forgotten, said, that he knew how any plant, from the tallest forest tree, to the tiniest blade of grass, could be made grow four times as fast as it does naturally, and with almost no additional trouble. The government refused to buy his secret, though the most distinguished men at Washington, to whom it was confidently revealed, certified their belief in it. If it be really true, it will be heard of again. It would be something to raise four crops a year, instead of one. Actual experiments have repeatedly shown, that a plant may be made to germinate, rise above the ground, unfold its leaves, and grow to maturity so rapidly, that it seems to the beholder like magic. Electricity, I believe, is the stimulus used. A gentleman in England laid a wager that he could raise a dish of salad, fit for use, in less than three quarters of an hour from the moment when the seeds were deposited in the ground. He tried it, and won the bet. Professor Espy has proved, in a manner which admits of no denial, that even the weather may be controlled, and extensive rains be produced, by artificial means. It has been done, more than once, in our own State. In Florida, where the materials can be easily had, it is no uncommon thing, in a dry time, for persons to get up showers, at an hour's notice, on their own private account. Perhaps such facts as these are more curious than important. I mention them merely to show that there is something to hope for in the future, not from these things only, but others as yet not dreamed of in your philosophy. These are but the shadows which coming events have cast before them. The wave which will bear us onward, has not reached us. But we feel it swelling beneath us, and see its lofty crest in the distance. In a little while, it will lift us nearer the stars than we ever expected to be in this life.

But how are Agricultural Societies to help this cause? I answer, much every way. No great change has ever been wrought in the habits of any people, without a united effort. Political principles, moral reforms, religion itself, are spread only by societies. As a bundle of sticks, tied together, is stronger than any separate stick, so is the united effort of an organized body of men more powerful than any seperate efforts which can be made by the individual members. When you have a building to raise, you do not invite your neighbors to come at different times, and request each one to take a lift by himself. In that way they might break their backs without doing you any good. The building will never go up, unless they all lift together. If agriculture is to be elevated, it can only be done by a simultaneous lift. At such a raising you can well afford to spend all the time that is required.

The emulation excited by such a society, though very important and useful in its effects, is the least of its advantages. The County societies are in communication with the State society, and with one another. A good thought might be made to travel among them almost as fast as the telegraph could carry it, and a humbug exposed by one need never trouble the rest. All the societies in the State are, in fact, but one; and you have the multiplied strength of all to aid you in any enterprise you wish to carry. But the great purpose they serve, is seen in these periodical exhibitions. They are the best means ever yet invented, of collecting the evidences, and satisfying the people on the whole subject. The world is full of imposture. No man but a fool would change his mode of cultivation, or throw away his old implements for others, unless he *knew* that he was doing so for the better. How can he know, unless he has an opportunity of examining? Seeing is believing. Here, all the successful experiments made in the whole county, (and many of those made elsewhere,) are annually brought together, and subjected to public inspection; and for each one of them, you have the sensible and true avouch of your own eyes. It was well said, in an address delivered here about six months ago, that we come here not to hear arguments, but to see facts, and look at demonstrations.

I ought to remind you, that the State Society is not a mere voluntary association of private individuals, but a public institution established, protected and guarded by law. Some of you may not know, that the profits of its exhibitions have already made it rich. One of its officers told me, a few weeks ago, that it had about forty thousand dollars in its treasury. Forty thousand more were probably added last week, at Philadelphia. It is proposed to invest this fund, or a portion of it, in the purchase of a large farm, and to establish a school there, at which scientific and practical agriculture will be fully taught; and I presume without any expense to the pupil, except the labor he bestows on the farm. Half a dozen such schools may be established, in the course of the next ten years, and it will, perhaps, be your fault, if you do not have one in this part of the State.

Every citizen has an interest in this institution—I mean the State Society. You have a legal right to be represented in its councils, and should see that you are. I do not know, or believe, that it has yet been touched by any man who is not perfectly honest. Its active members are certainly far above suspicion. But its funds are swelling rapidly, and it seems very difficult in these times, to have much treasure deposited any where, so safely that thieves will not break trough and steal. Somerset County—and every son that claims her for his birth-place, or his abode, may speak it with honest pride—has never produced a public defaulter, and her people never knowingly sanctioned an act of bad faith. From the highest to the lowest of her officers, every one, for sixty years, has settled a clean account. In the glory of this enviable distinction she stands almost alone. It is fit that such a County should be well represented, where there is a common fund, that needs watching.

There are some other topics which ought not to be overlooked on such an occasion as this. But I have already taxed your patience more than I intended.

The future of this great country is full of exciting hope. But it depends entirely on the tillers of the soil, whether that hope shall be realised, or not. The neglect to improve our agriculture will be followed by the decay of all else that we ought to cherish, in morals and government, as well as in arts. Mexico has gone all to pieces—the property of her people is the spoil of robbers, and their liberty the plaything of a tyrant—simply because her agriculture is half a century behind the age. But for this she would have had an independent and stable government to-day, and might have laughed to scorn the force we sent against her in the late war. A well cultivated soil produces not only grains, grasses, and fruits, but another, and far more precious crop—men—men who know their rights, and dare maintain them—a bold, honest, and intelligent people—the just pride, and the sure defence of every nation.

On the other hand it startles the imagination to think what we may become in a few years, if we adopt the improvements already made, and keep pace with those which are yet to be. We have the grandest field to work upon that was ever opened to the industry of man. A territory is ours, stretching through every variety of climate and soil, from the wheat lands of New England, lying, for half the year, four feet deep in snow, to the orange groves of Texas and New Mexico, where winter never comes—valleys of unbounded fertility—mountains filled with inexhaustible wealth—lakes that spread out with a sea-like expanse—rivers, which make those of Europe seem like brooklets in comparison—everything, in short, made on a scale of magnificent grandeur. The child may now be born, whose old age will look upon the American people and see them three hundred millions strong. Suppose such a population, doubling itself every twenty-two years and a half—living under a government of equal laws—moving onward and upward, with the energy which freedom alone can inspire—and aided by the highest science in making the most of their natural advantages. Who shall curb the career of such a country, or set a limit to its deep founded strength? Milton himself never dreamed of a power so boundless, or a people so blest, even in that enrapturing vision, when he saw, "a mighty, and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks," or like an eagle "muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eye at the full blaze of the mid-day beam: purging and unscaling her sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance." The man, who, with his senses open to the truth, would thwart such a destiny, or refuse his aid to accomplish it is a traitor not to his country alone—but to the best interests, and highest hopes of the human race.

Another Railroad Collision.

Twenty-Five Persons Injured.

We find the following account of a collision on the Harlem Railroad, in the N. Y. Evening *Post* of the 22d ult.

A terrible collision happened on the Harlem Railroad at an early hour this morning, near Yorkville, between two down-trains of the New York and New Haven and New York and Harlem Railroads. As soon as the intelligence was brought to this city, we despatched one of our reporters to the scene of the accident.

Upon arriving at 19th street, he saw hundreds of people along the Harlem Railroad track going to the scene of the disaster. The ruins of the collision, the shattered cars, were scattered in all directions about the road and over the embankment. A large number of men were endeavoring to extricate the tender of the locomotive "Albany," which was driven about six feet in the first passenger car behind it.

The locomotive's smoke pipe was knocked over, but the other injuries did not seem to be very great. The second car was also badly broken, and we were informed that the wheels were driven through the bottom of the car.—There were four or five cars in the Harlem train, which were filled mostly with mechanics coming to New York on their daily business from the vicinity of Morrisania, Harlem and Yorkville.

The last car of the freight train, which was the first struck by the locomotive, was almost entirely demolished. The second car was also smashed, with its contents.

The accident is attributed to those in charge of the Harlem road. It is said that there was no brakeman to give the signal to the approaching train, or the collision might have been avoided.

One gentleman, a resident in the neighborhood, says the concussion was so violent that he heard it at the distance of a quarter of a mile.

STATEMENT OF A BROTHER OF POLICEMAN STEWART.—The accident occurred in front of the residence of Wm. P. Stewart, policeman of the Nineteenth ward, at ten or fifteen minutes past six o'clock.

The family in the house heard the first whistle from the New Haven train. As soon as the second whistle was sounded, Mr Stewart got up to his window. He was fearful of an accident, on account of the whistle, as no such signal is given by an up-train, and immediately went to his window to look. It was light enough for him to see the Harlem train, which was about twenty feet in the rear of the New Haven.—"My God," he exclaimed to his wife, "there is more murder."

In an instant he saw the locomotive run into the last car of the New Haven freight train.—Both trains ran about four feet and stopped.—The tender of the locomotive drove through the first passenger car of the Harlem train with a tremendous crash.

At the first sound of the collision there was a scream of terror among the passengers in the Harlem cars.

Mr. Stewart and his family, and Mr. J. H. Smith, immediately went to work to rescue the passengers. Twelve of the injured persons were brought into his house, and the wives of Robert and Wm. P. Stewart afforded all the assistance in their power.

About half an hour after the accident, Drs. Cone, Morris, and another physician came to the house of Mr. Stewart and attended the injured passengers.

There were five cars in the Harlem train at the time of the collision, and each was full of passengers going to New York. Two of the cars were greatly damaged. The locomotive also sustained some injury, and the tender was greatly smashed.

The accident occurred in the vicinity of an embankment, which varies from fiteen to 20 feet. The escape of the rest of the passengers is wonderful.

Earthquakes in Central America.

The city of Gautemala has been afflicted with a series of earthquakes which have done some damage and caused general alarm. The first shock was a slight one; and occurred on the 14th of July. Next day three more took place, and on the 16th three more, still slight in character, and no shock exceeding one or one-and-a-half seconds in duration; the direction being from south to north, unaccompanied by noise. On the 17th, about 5½ o'clock, A. M., a smart shock of about two seconds in duration, occurred, with a hollow, rumbling noise, and subsequent vibration of the earth. The same day, about twelve minutes before two o'clock, P. M., came two shocks of great violence, with loud noise, doing considerable damage to public and private buildings throughout the city, throwing down several small ones, and re-opening the small cracks made by the earthquake of 1830, besides making many new ones. All the churches had large cracks in them, and that of St. Augustine, was badly damaged. The streets were immediately filled with affrighted people, the cry of DIOS FUERTE resounded on every side, some knelt in the streets to pray, and others hurried to the churches. The duration of the shocks were about four seconds each, the course of the same as before, and the motion of the undulatory or horrizontal kind. At three o'clock another severe shock occurred, followed by others throughout the afternoon and night, accompanied with a vibrary motion and a rumbling noise, the entire number of shocks being thirteen. Advices from San Salvador state that occasional shocks of earthquakes are still felt there. Many families have returned to the ruined city, from the fact that they are unable to find shelter elsewhere. Nothing has yet ben done towards commencing the new capitol, owing to the general distress and want of money that exist. Information has also been received, through the Gazette of the State of Chiapas, that, in the last week of the month of May, the large Indian puebla of Jamiltepeque, in the State of Oaxes, distant ten leagues from the city, was entirely destroyed by a succession of shocks of earthquakes. The loss of life is said to have been great.

☞ About sixty clergymen are members of the Legislature of Massachusetts. Progressive age—What are we coming to?

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE.

Bedford, Dec. 8, 1854.

G. W. Bowman, Editor and Proprietor.

JUDGE BLACK'S ADDRESS.

☞ To the exclusion of much of our usual variety, we publish, this week, at length, the great agricultural address of Judge BLACK to which we alluded a week or two since. In doing so, we offer no apology for the space occupied, as we are satisfied it will be read with intense interest by all into whose hands it may fall. It is certainly *the* agricultural paper of the age, and is so considered by the ablest men and Journals in the country. We make no comment, but simply advise every man, woman, and child, to read it, and ponder over the eloquent arguments it presents.

Lieut. John Keeffe.

☞ The numerous friends of this gentleman in Bedford county will rejoice to learn that he is not only well, but that he is doing well, in the "golden country." Ey the Mariposa *Chronicle*, of September 29, 1854, we learn that he and a Mr. Kelly have been engaged for sometime in prospecting a quartz vein, from which they detached a piece of 70 pounds supposed to contain from $300 to $500. Their discovery is supposed to be a continuation of the celebrated Jenkin's vein on the Missouri Gulch. That Mr. Keeffe may realize a handsome fortune in this enterprize is our sincere wish. He is a worthy young gentleman, and greatly distinguished himself in the Mexican War, notwithstanding he is a *Catholic!*

President's Message.

☞ We expect to be able to lay before our readers, next week, the annual message of President PIERCE, which, we have no doubt, will be a Document well worthy the high source from which it emanates.

☞ Governor BIGLER, who has been seriously ill for a week or ten days past, is rapidly recovering, (as we learn by a letter from Harrisburg,) and will soon be able to attend to the duties of his office.

☞ POOR HOUSE APPOINTMENTS.—Last Tuesday was the day fixed upon to make the appointments at the Poor House for the ensuing year, but as only one Director attended nothing was done.—Tuesday, 19th inst., has been fixed upon for another meeting to make these appointments, and we presume the applicants will be present, with their credentials.

Chief Justice Ellis Lewis.

Gov. Bigler has notified the Hon. ELLIS LEWIS that he has become Chief Justice of the State, in the room of Hon. J. S. BLACK, whose term as Chief Justice expired on the 1st inst.

That Judge LEWIS will fill his new station with ability and fidelity, no one who knows him can doubt. He is now a Judge of great experience, of habits of ceaseless industry, of high literary accomplishments, fine scholarship and eminent attainments in the science of the law, a bright member of, perhaps, the brightest bench of Judges in the United States. His elevation to this high post is, too, a beautiful illustration of the practical workings of our republican system of government, by which the way to distinction and honor is as open to the poor and friendless as to the rich and well-born. It is not half the lifetime of an old man since ELLIS LEWIS was seen and known as an itinerant printer, *composing types* by the thousand *ems*, to secure what was necessary to *compose* the urgent demands of nature. Without money, or rich relations, he was taught, in boyhood, to depend upon his own native energies and genius for success against the rude impediments of life. He soon became a lawyer of good standing, then a Judge in the Lycoming District. He was afterwards transplanted to the Lancaster District, and from thence to the Supreme Bench, and now, by virtue of the Constitution, to the summit of his profession in the State. Nor is this all that he has achieved in this brief *period*, for, in addition to honor and distinction, he has earned what is quite as comfortable, if not so enticing, a fair share of this world's goods.

From the New Hampshire Patriot.

THE PROTESTANT JESUITS.

The testimony in the case of Michael Reardon, recently tried before the supreme court of Massachusetts, at Lowell, upon a criminal charge, disclosed facts of a startling character relative to the secret association commonly called "know-nothings." One of the witnesses in that case swore that the oath administered to him when he joined the association was in substance that printed in the Boston Post of 25th October last. Two other witnesses, also members, did not deny the identity of that oath. Relying upon their uncontradicted evidence as conclusive, we copy the obligation alluded to as authentic, as follows:

"*Obligation.*—You, and each of you, of your own free will and accord, in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses, your right hand resting on this Holy Bible and Cross, and your left hand raised toward Heaven, or, *if it be preferred*, your left hand resting on your breast, and your right hand raised toward Heaven, in token of your sincerity, do solemnly promise and swear *that you will not make known to any person or persons any of the signs, secrets, mysteries, or objects of this organization*, unless it be to those whom, after due examination, or lawful information, you shall find to be members of this organization in good standing; that you will not cut, carve, print, paint, stamp, stain, or in any way, directly or indirectly, expose any of the secrets or objects of this order, nor suffer it to be done by others, if in your power to prevent it, unless it be for official instruction; that so long as you are connected with this organization, if not regularly dismissed from it, you will in all things, *political* or *social*, so far as this order is concerned, *comply with the will of the majority*, when expressed in lawful manner, *though it may conflict with your personal preference*, so long as it does not conflict with the grand, State, or subordinate constitutions, the constitution of the United States of America, or that of the State in which you reside; and that you will not, under any circumstances whatever, knowingly recommend an unworthy person for initiation, nor suffer it to be done, if in your power to prevent it. You furthermore promise and declare that you will not vote nor give your influence for any man for any office in the gift of the people, unless he be an American-born citizen, in favor of Americans born ruling America; nor if he be a Roman Catholic; and that you will not, *under any circumstances, expose the name of any member of this order, nor reveal the existence of such an organization.* To all the foregoing you bind yourselves, under the no less penalty than that of being expelled from this order, and having your name posted and circulated throughout the different councils of the United States as a perjurer, and as a traitor to God and your country, as unfit to be employed and trusted, countenanced or supported, in any business transaction, as a person totally unworthy the confidence of all good men, and as one at whom the finger of scorn should ever be pointed. So help you God! (Each answers, 'I do.'")

We have heretofore remarked on the deplorable consequences which must ensue from a war of religions and races in our land, but we have not made any extended comments upon the organization and purposes of this secret association, because we had no reliable data upon which we could safely repose; and any reflections we may submit to our readers, now or hereafter, in this connexion, must depend for their force and applicability upon the accuracy of the facts upon which we avowedly base them. If we misapprehend the oaths and requirements of the order, we shall be prompt to make the proper reparation as soon as any one will satisfy us of our error. We have no ends at which we aim in alluding to this order but truth's and the best interests of our country. We do not know a single member of the association.

It is the boast of the people of the United States, that our country is the only one in which opinion is free, in which all men have assured political rights, and in which the powers of the government are derived from the "consent of the governed." We continually speak of our intelligence, of the universality of education among us, and of our consequent capacity for self-government. We profess to repel dictation in all its forms, and to act, speak, and vote with perfect independence in all cases, within the limits of legal and moral obligation. Our institutions claim to be founded upon the spirit of universal tolerance, especially in matters of religion. We hold all public functionaries to a strict responsibility, not only in regard to the law, but also in regard to public opinion. We pretend to judge the character of candidates for office by full and fair considerations, and by public discussion, in speech and in the press. We have secured to ourselves, by constitutional compact, the right freely to assemble for the purpose of discussing public men and public measures. We have hitherto assumed at all times that a full and free discussion of men and of measures is of the very essence of republican liberty. And we have never ceased to reproach the monarchical and aristocratic despotisms of other countries with the fact that, owing to the absence of public and free discussion among them, secret conspiracy, midnight cabal, and other clandestine contrivances, grow up in such countries as the natural result of the tyranny of irresponsible power in the hands of kings and of emperors.

In the face of these facts, it is certainly one of the most extraordinary phenomena of modern times, that there should have sprung into existence, in the United States, a political party whose only mode of action seems to consist of something akin to midnight conspiracy, the conspirators being handed together by oaths binding them to the performance of two things the most degrading to intelligent freemen which it is possible to conceive, viz: *first*, that they will act as the blind, senseless tools of unknown and irresponsible superiors, and, upon the mere dictation of such masters, think, act, and vote, utterly without any conscientious determination of their own judgments, or any manly exercise of their own wills; and, *secondly*, that for the purpose of thus giving effect to the dictatorship of such masters, they will live and act in the continued practice of duplicity and bad faith towards all such of their fellow-citizens as do not choose to enter into the disgraceful conspiracy of which they are, at the same time, the instruments and the victims.

What renders such a phenomenon the more marvellous is, that the good men, as they profess to be—religious men, as they profess to be—that ministers of the Gospel even should, by any possible obliquity of mind, become reconciled to what is, in effect, a conspiracy also of perpetual hypocrisy; for it must now be universally admitted, in the absence of testimony to the contrary, that the members of this secret association are bound together by a solemn oath to conceal, not only what they do in their midnight cabals, but even the fact of their being members of the association. A minister of the Gospel solemnly swears that he will lie on the subject of his membership—he deliberately—he constantly, lie for the set and sole purpose of cheating and imposing upon his fellow-clergymen, his fellow-men—nay the very parishioners of his charge, to whom he is under the holiest obligations to be a preacher and a model of truth and sincerity, in the face of man and of God. Does not such an association, therefore, involve its members in the constant violation of all the obligations of a freeman, and a Christian? Our habitual friend, the man in whom we confide our hopes and our sorrows, whom we suppose to be honestly attached to us as we are to him, who professes on all occasions to co-operate with us as a brother in the affairs of life, public and private—this friend is in fact, a member of this secret association, and, in obedience to his secret oath and his secret masters, is a systematic hypocrite, and cheat, secretly engaged to deceive, to defraud, and to dishonor us at every moment of his life. Is it possible to conceive of anything more vile, immoral, corrupt, infamous, than an association which thus obliges to the violation of every principle of truth and of honor?

If the people of the United States had been overrun and conquered by some foreign despot, a Louis Napoleon of France or a Nicholas of Russia; if the conquerors had confiscated the property of the conquered, reduced the men to slaves, and their wives and daughters to shame; if they had devastated the country with fire and sword, in the process of thus imposing upon it the barbaric yoke of a merciless and relentless foreign soldiery; if the soldiers and camp-followers of such a conqueror were converted into the only freemen, citizens, and voters of the country; if that conqueror for the purpose of riveting upon the conquered the manacles of his tyranny, had struck the public press out of existence, had suppressed all speech and debate, had imposed the penalty of the rack and the gallows upon all public assemblage or attempt at public discussion and co-operation;—in such a state of things, as this, it would be conceiveable that we, the conquered and enslaved people of the United States, should engage in midnight conspiracy against our tyrants; that we should meet them with smooth faces, but with rage and revenge in our hearts; that we should study and practise the arts of deception so as to cheat them into fancied security until the day and the hour should come to rise as one man to avenge ourselves on our oppressors, and recover the liberties and independence of the Union. Such awful emergencies have occurred in the history of nations, and have served to justify, if anything can justify, the organization of midnight conspiracies for the accomplishment of great political revolutions.

If any such exigency of unspeakable public calamity for which midnight conspiracy, and that alone, afforded the means of escape, now existed in this country, what is going on around us would be referable to some adequate inducement, if not justification. But how petty, how miserable, how contemptible, are the alleged inducements of the systematic deception and midnight conspiracy which now rage like a pestilence through the land! A wretched outcast Scotchman, named Sawney McSwish, alias, the "Angel Gabriel," a half-crazy foreign vagabond, neither an American by birth, by naturalization, nor by any purpose or thought of sympathy with the United States; or a wretched Italian called Gavazzi, an apostate Priest, and he, also, not an American, either by birth, naturalization, or sympathies; or another wretched Italian, Achilli, likewise an apostate priest, spewed out from Italy into England, and then spewed out from England into the United States—these are the men who came here, and were at once accepted, by the self-supposed haters of foreign influence among the good people of the United States, as the apostles of a new faith—that faith being the apotheosis of ignorance and fanaticism, the new revelation of *know-nothingism*.

If the members of this great conspiracy stood like men in the light of day and said: "We are sick of seeing all the ignorance and crime of Europe thrust upon us; we are weary of the self-sufficient insolence of so many foreigners who, the moment they have landed upon our shores, set up for the dictators and guides of opinion among us; we desire some protection for our country against the infidelity and the radicalism of one class of emigrants, and the stolid bigotry of another class of them;"—if the new order said this, publicly and frankly, and proposed and invited co-operation against the evils, with a view to the government of America by Americans in heart, there would be nothing to condemn, but much to applaud, in such a stand. But it is melancholy to see that what there is of semblance of good in the purpose of this organization is neutralized by the infamy and the odiousness of the dishonorable conspiracy by which it is sought to be accomplished. And it is humiliating to the pride of right-thinking Americans to see their countrymen thus adopting the assassin carbonari devices of renegade Italians, and the insane intolerance of a crazy Scotchman, and call that forsooth, Americanism.

Such is the character, such the origin, such the means of action, of that new party which is now sweeping over the country. It is apparently powerful because it produces results; but its power consists only in the fact that it is an oath-bound association, just as anybody has power to produce the result of assassination or of house-burning in the darkness of the night. It seems to have vitality, but that vitality consists of nothing save a spirit of intolerance worthy only of the dark ages, or the days of the torture and the inquisition. It has produced results, but those results are a fever-fit of demoralization on the part of all such persons as have been betrayed into yielding up their consciences and their wills to the master-conspirators. When that fever-fit passes away, as it shortly must, its victims will look back upon their conduct with shame and with sorrow, and will indignantly shake off the dishonoring domination of these *Protestant Jesuits*.

WHAT CONSTITUTES INTEMPERANCE?—Judge Pearson, of Harrisburg, Pa., in a recent charge to the grand jury, decided that an individual who visits from tavern to tavern, drinking five or six times daily, is emphatically a man of intemperate habits, and that tavern keepers who sell to such are liable to prosecution under the act prohibiting the sale of liquors to "men of known intemperate habits."

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—The Wheat Grower's Bank, at Newton, N. J., a Free Bank, is reported failed.

News from Europe, by the Africa.

Russian Accounts.

The following despatch was circulated at the Paris Bourse on Tuesday, as having been sent by Prince Menschikoff to Prince Paskiewith, under date of November 6, at ten in the morning:

"You will find enclosed a despatch which the grand dukes have written to their august father. The arrival of their Imperial Highnesses excited in the army and in the town the greatest enthusiasm, and the princes were received with hurrahs and transports of delight. The troops would have been delighted had the princes witnessed our success of the day before, and the garrison of the town testified its impatience to welcome their Highnesses by a new exploit. In the afternoon, a column, consisting of sixteen battalions marched resolutely on the right wing of the enemy, and seized a redoubt. After a furious contest, hand to hand, our battalions returned to the town without being disquieted. Almost at the same moment, three battalions executed a rapid movement of attack against the siege-works of the right flank of the enemy. They took fifteen guns and spiked them, after having killed the greater part of the men who were serving them.

The French hastened up and pursued our men with the impetuosity which is natural to them, and a body of 10,000 men rashly advanced to the walls of the place. They were there received by a well directed fire, which killed a great number of them; and a sortie executed with a rare vigor, forced them to return to their lines. During this last movement, and a little before three in the afternoon, Gen. Liprandi, with a part of the forces under his command, attacked the English line. A desperate engagement ensued. I ordered forward from Tchorgoun the troops that could be collected in haste, to support them.—Our dragoons executed two brilliant charges. The enemy defended themselves most stubbornly, and the approach of night alone put an end to the conflict. In our share of the day's proceedings, 22,000 men were engaged.

On both sides the losses have been great; ours has been about 4000 men, and that of the enemy at least as great. This sanguinary affair has been only one those accidents which occur so frequently in war.—Had our forces been concentrated, we should, without doubt, have reduced the enemy to the greatest extremities. We are now getting all our reserves up from Simpheropol, Baktei-Sarai, and Snatachiva. We are about to resolutely assume the offensive, and we shall not allow one day's repose to the enemy.—Their forces are diminishing visibly. The partial reinforcements which they successively have received, have not been sufficient to fill up the voids which war and maladies have made in their ranks. Their number at present cannot be more than fifty thousand men. This army cannot escape us; we have for us the moral ascendency, and a great superiority in numbers. We are on our own ground, and we are fighting at the same time for our soil, and for the most holy of causes.

The following summary of a Russian official despatch was received at St. Petersburg, November 13: "Prince Menschikoff attacked the northeast position of the enemy on the 5th. The enemy was prepared. The Russians stormed the positions, spiked 8 guns in one battery, and penetrated into the English camp. One division arrived too late. The Russians retired to their previous positions. The enemy did not pursue. A simultaneous sortie was made near bastion No. 6. The enemy's batteries opposite the cemetery were stormed, and the cannon were spiked. General Forey's division attacked the bastion No. 6, but was repulsed. The Russian loss was considerable. The Grand Duke Michael and Nicholas were present. Gen. Siprandi only made a demonstration. Lieutenant General Soimanoff was killed."

Another Great Battle Reported.

A despatch from Vienna, under date of the 15th, says:

"Despatches from Balaklava to the 11th inst. have been received this evening, according to which another great battle has been fought, in which the Russians lost nine thousand men. The loss of the allies was also great, but they remained masters of the field."

Three English Generals Killed.

We regret to say that intelligence has been received at the War Department of the deaths in the action of the 5th of November, of the following distinguished officers: Lieutenant General Sir George Cathcart, K. C. B. Brigadier General Stranaways, and Brigadier General Goldie. The sad intelligence reached his Grace, the Duke of New Castle, by telegraph, in cypher, on Thursday, but was withheld from the public until yesterday, in order to afford his Grace the necessary time for communicating the painful intelligence to the widows and relatives of the deceased. Accounts received to-day report the deaths of Major Dalton and Major Powell, of the 47th Regiment; the latter was shot through the body by a Russian rifleman. General Sir de Lacy was on board the Simoon, laid up with diarrhoe, and the effects of the fall from his horse. A number of officers, wounded in the affair of the 5th, had arrived at Constantinople.

Progress of the Siege.

The *Times* of Thursdays published the following telegraphic summary of the letters its correspondent of Constantinople, brought to Marseilles by the Sinai:

"Your correspondent at Constantinople writes on the 5th that the latest advices which had reached that city from the Crimea, were of the 3d inst.—Captain Fellowers, who was despatched with a flag of truce, had an interview with General Gortschakoff in the valley of Balaklava on the 28th, and ascertained that cornets Clowes and Chadwick were prisoners and wounded, but well treated. Sir De Lacy Evans was ill, having had a severe fall from his horse.—Sickness was on the increase, and the cold very severe at night. A French battery of sixty-four guns opened fire on the 1st and made great impression.—Our fire, as well as that of the Russians, was weak. A Turkish ship of eighty guns and a frigate had sunk during the late gale. The Himalaya is disabled, and unable to keep the sea."

The *Times* of Friday published the following despatch from its correspondent at Constantinople, dated November 6: "No news had arrived from the Crimea up to the evening of the 4th. The firing was slack on both sides. The assault was in preparation, and scaling ladders had been ordered up. The truth as to reported loss of the Egyptian vessels was still undetermined."

The following private telegraphic despatch from Marseilles, dated Wednesday, has been received and published in Paris: The Sinai steam packet, of the Mossageries Imperiales, has just arrived, bringing news from the Crimea to the 2d. It was decided that the assault should take place on the 5th—1000 men, under the command of Prince Napoleon, were to attack in the first instance the Russian fort near the cemetery. The moment of the assault was impatiently expected. The state of the town of Sebastopol was frightful. There was a scarcity of water, and the scarlet fever prevailed in the town, which was infected with the dead bodies which the sea was throwing back on the quays. In the conflagration of a hospital at Sebastopol, 2000 sick and wounded were burned to death. The first division has been detached from the detached siege forces to augment the corps charged to observe the Russian army. Three attacks attempted by the latter have been repulsed. Admiral Sir E. Lyons is cutting off the communications between Taman, Anapa, and the land, and watches the Sea of Azoff. Every vessel is rigorously visited. On the 20th ult., Admiral Bruat landed near Yalta. The inhabitants received him with enthusiasm, and furnished him with provisions. The Cacique and Spitfire, which are cruising before the Dneiester, discerned the passage of the Russian troops by Perekop for Sebastopol. The fire of the place has greatly slackened. It was thought that a determined defence would be made inside the walls. The houses are barricaded, mounted with guns, and turned into fortresses. Four vessels of the Russian fleet have been sunk. The weather in the Crimea is fine, but at sea it is tremendous, and shipwreck must have occurred. The Allies, Tyciphone, La Ville de Marseilles, the Jean, the Albatross, the Charlemagne, the Napoleon, the Taif, and the Tidjaret, which had put out to sea, have returned. Some anxiety is felt for the Suffrea, the Mahomeldjies, and Abadjihad. The Babiro is a wreck. The allied fleets, under the command of Admirals Hamelin and Dundas, under command of the rear-admirals, are at Balaklava and in the Bay of Kamich."

A telegraphic despatch from Paris, which has been published in the Morning *Post*, says: "Letters received by the Sinai state that, on the 3d, new fires had take place in Sebastopol, the most important having been that of the magazine of provisions. On the 28th ult., two Russian frigates were burnt by the English with their Lancaster guns. The ship-of-the line, 'Twelve Apostles' had also been destroyed. The brigade of General Mayran was met on the 9th in the Sea of Marmora. Three thousand Zouaves had