

# Bedford Gazette.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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## Select Poetry.



**From the Home Journal.**  
**The Graves of Long Ago.**  
Seek not my love with earnest words,  
As it is in vain;  
Thou canst not to my heart restore  
Thy sunny youth again,  
Thou canst not bid the withered flowers  
Wake from their autumn tomb,  
To greet the morning as of yore,  
In all their life and bloom.  
Thou canst not bid departed hopes  
Renew their early glow;  
My summer sunshine faded o'er  
The graves of long ago.  
  
My hours of bliss have passed away,  
I've laid them all to rest;  
Each with her crowded happy dreams,  
Close folded to her breast.  
Their pallid lips can breathe no more  
In whispers of the past;  
Their shining eyes are softly closed—  
They sleep in peace at last.  
I've heaped above their resting place,  
Indifference, chill as snow;  
My brightest joys lie buried in  
The graves of long ago.  
  
Hushed are the glad and gushing notes,  
That hailed my main prime;  
The joy-bells, that around my way  
Rang out their merry chime.  
And though the holy sounds of night,  
Fall gently as the dew,  
Sliding into my soul a peace  
My childhood never knew;  
Those merry tones of glee no more  
Are mine; but calmer so,  
My heart keeps silent vigil by  
The graves of long ago.

**What is Home without a Mother?**  
BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.  
What is Home without a mother,  
What are all the joys we meet,  
When her loving smile no longer  
Gleets the coming of our feet?  
The days seem long, the nights are dreary,  
And time rolls slowly on;  
And, oh! how few are childhood's pleasures,  
When her gentle care is gone!  
  
Things we prize are first to vanish;  
Hearts we love to pass away,  
And how soon, 'e'en in our childhood,  
Her fond and earnest care;  
Her eye grows dim, her step is slow,  
Her joys of earth are passed,  
And sometimes 'e'er we learn to know her  
She has breathed on earth her last.  
  
Older hearts may have their sorrows,  
Griefs that quickly die away,  
But a mother lost in childhood  
Grieves the heart from day to day,  
We miss her kind, her willing hand,  
Her fond and earnest care;  
And, oh! how dark is life around us,  
What is Home without her there?

**THE BIBLE.**  
Many sparkling passages occur in "Giffilan's Gems of the Bible." The following are illustrations:  
Its words and its thoughts are alike poetical; it has gathered around its central truths all natural beauty and interest; it is a temple with one altar and one God, but illumined by a thousand different lights, and studded with a thousand ornaments. It has substantially but one declaration to make, but it utters it in the voices of the creation. Shining forth from the excellent glory, its light has been reflected to a myriad of intervening objects, till it has become attenuated for our earthly vision. It now beams upon us at once from the heart of man, and from the countenance of nature. It has gathered new beauties from the work of creation, and new warmth and new power from the very passions of clay. It has pressed into its service the very animals of the forest, the flowers of the field, the stars of heaven—all the elements of nature. The lion spurning the sand of the desert, the wild raven leaping over the mountains, the lamb led in silence to the slaughter, the goat speeding to the wilderness, the rose blossoming in Sharon, the lily drooping in the valley, the apple-tree bowing under its fruit, the great rock shadowing a weary land, the river gladdening a dry place, the moon and the morning star, Carmel by the sea and Tanbur in the mountains, the dew from the womb of the morning, the rain upon the mountain grass, the rainbow encompassing a dark place, the light of God's shadow, the thunder of His voice, the wind and the earthquake His footsteps—all such varied objects are made as if naturally designed from their creation to represent Him to whom the book and all its emblems point. Thus the spirit of the book has ransacked creation to lay its treasures on Jehovah's altar, united the innumerable rays of far-reaching glory on the hill of Calvary, and wove a garland from the bleeding brow of Emanuel, the flowers of which have been culled from the garden of the universe.  
The power of the Bible over man has been long and obstinately resisted; but resisted in vain. For ages has this artless, loosely-piled little book been exposed to the fire of the keenest investigations—a fire, meanwhile, which has consumed contemptuously the mythology of the East, the husbandry of the Georgics, the historical truth of Livy, the fables of Shaster, the Talmud and the Koran, the artistic merit of many a popular poem, the authority of many a work of philosophy and science. And yet there the Bible lies unharmed, untouched, with not one of its pages singed and not even the smell of the having passed upon it. Many an attempt has been made to scare away the fiery pillar of its wanderings, to prove it a mere natural product of the wilderness; but still night after night it rises, like one of the ever-shining stars

of the vanguard of the great march of man, the old column gliding slow, but guiding certainly to future lands of promise, both in the life that is and that which cometh hereafter.  
While other books are planets shining with reflected radiance, this book, like the sun, shines with kindred and unborrowed light.  
Other books after shining their little season may perish in flames fiercer than those which destroyed the Alexandrian library; this most in essence remain fine as gold, but inconsumable as asbestos in the general conflagration.

**Loss of the Ship State Rights.**  
The following abstract of a letter from Captain D. L. Wilcox, of Philadelphia, gives the particulars of the loss of the fine ship State Rights, from that port, bound for Liverpool:  
"I left the capes with a fine breeze, and everything favoring a successful voyage; but the second day a gale commenced from N. N. W. The ship was made as snug as possible, with all her sails reefed, but about midnight the wind blew with such fury that I was compelled to scud before the gale. The sea, however, broke over the vessel, rendering this dangerous, and she was at last brought to. She lay very well for a while, but she shipped a sea occasionally, one of which carried away one of the quarter boats, stove the poop bulkheads, and washed overboard everything belonging to the second cabin passengers. At two o'clock A. M., the wind blew a perfect hurricane, and I was compelled to take in the only sail I had previously ventured to carry (the main top-sail), and let her lay to under bare poles. During the night the second boat was hoisted over the stern and dashed to fragments; the long boat was also broken to pieces on the house; so that out of five boats only two remained. At 9 o'clock, A. M., a heavy sea broke over the deck, which drove her on her beam ends. The masts were cut away and she partly righted. It was soon discovered that her hold had from 10 to 12 feet of water in it. All hands were immediately placed at the pumps, four in number.—The work at the pumps was continued all day and the following night, without effect in lessening the water. Every passenger except the females took their turn at the pumps, and the labor was continued for nineteen hours, with the momentary prospect of the ship sinking.—The next day was spent in throwing cargo overboard, in hopes of keeping the ship afloat. In the evening the work at the pumps was resumed; but during the night they became choked with corn from between the decks, and all hopes of escaping a watery grave seemed to be over. The gale had in a degree subsided but the sea continued to threaten the ship with instant destruction. All hands went to work again at throwing the cargo overboard, in order to lighten her—this having become our only hope."  
"The cheerful sound of 'sail, ho!' now lightened every heart; but soon a few of the crew began to make preparations to clear away the boat, and came aft for the purpose. I addressed them, giving them praise for their previous good conduct, but let them know that I would command the ship to the last moment.—As my arguments were backed by a six-shooter, they retreated to their posts, grumbling that 'one life was as sweet as another.' &c. &c.—The work of throwing over cargo was resumed and continued quiet. At half past 11, I then despatched a boat with my first officer, four sailors and the ladies and children for the sail, which was then about nine miles off. The sea continued rough, though the gale had much subsided, but the boat could not safely carry more than 12 out of the 37 on board. The boat was soon lost to sight from us, and it was a long time doubtful whether the boat would succeed in reaching her or attracting her notice. As my ship lay so low in the water from her masts being sprung, we were of course not seen, and could not hope to be, unless the sail came nearer.—We were however, after several hours of anxious watching, cheered by the knowledge that the sails had tacked to pick up the boat, and was soon after heading for the wreck. As soon as I discovered this, I despatched the only remaining boat with the balance of the passengers and four more of the crew for the brig, then about 4 1/2 miles off. At 5 o'clock, P. M., the brig lay to under our lee. She proved to be the brig Speed, of Yarmouth, from Baltimore, bound to Yarmouth, U. S. Our first boat was dashed to pieces soon after the passengers got on board so that only the second boat remained. The ship rolled heavily, and it was a most dangerous task to embark in the boat. It was finally accomplished, without accident of any kind, and the brig fled away, leaving the wreck of the State Rights to the mercy of the wind and waves.—When we left her she had opened amidships; several hulls and about twenty feet of her plank sheer was split, and she had settled to about 23 feet, four more than she drew when we left port, notwithstanding all we had done to lighten her. I have above given a brief detail of the circumstances attending the wreck of the State Rights, which fortunately was not attended with the loss of any of the lives placed under my charge."

**Beautiful Sketch.**  
It was night. Jerusalem slept as quietly as her hills as a child upon the breast of its mother. The noiseless sentinel stood like a statue at his post and the philosopher's lamp burned dimly in the recess of his chamber.  
But a darker night was abroad upon the earth. A moral darkness involved the nations in its unlighted shadows. Reason shed a faint glimmer over the minds of men, like the cold and inefficient shining of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown, his relations to heaven undiscovered, and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.  
It was at this period two forces of ethereal mould hovered over the land of God's chosen people. They seemed like sister angels sent to

earth upon some embassy of love. The one was of majestic stature, and in the well formed limbs, which her snowy drapery hardly concealed, in her erect bearing and steady eye, exhibited the highest degree of strength and confidence. Her right arm was extended in an impressive gesture upwards where night appeared to have placed her darkest pavilion; while on her left reclined her delicate companion, in form and countenance the contrast of the other, for she was drooping like the flower, when moistened by refreshing dews, and her bright but troubled eye scanned the air with ardent but varying glances. Suddenly a light like the sun flashed out from the heavens, and Faith and Hope hailed with exulting songs the ascending Star of Bethlehem.

Years rolled away, and the stranger was seen in Jerusalem. He was a meek, unassuming man, whose happiness seemed to consist in acts of benevolence to the human race. There were deep traces of sorrow on his countenance, though no one knew why he grieved, for he lived in the practice of every virtue, and was loved by all the good and wise. By and by it was rumored that the stranger worked miracles; that the blind saw, the dumb spoke, and the dead leaped to life at his touch; that when he commanded, the ocean moderated its chafing tide, and the very thunders articulated he is the Son of God. Eury assailed him with the charge of secrecy, and the voice of impious judges condemned him to death. Slowly and thickly guarded he ascended the hill of Calvary. A heavy cross bent him to the earth. But Faith leaped upon his arm, and Hope, dipping her pinions in his blood mounted to the skies.

**Massachusetts Prizing Committee.**  
**Making Love in a Nunnery!**  
Testimony of the Lady Superior.  
Boston, April 10, 1855.

The Legislative Special Committee, appointed to investigate the charges against the Nunnery Committee, held an adjourned meeting at the State House this morning. At the opening of the meeting, the Chairman, Mr. Carpenter, of the Senate, stated that he was absent from the Senate board at the time of his appointment on the committee, and as he was a party directly interested in the investigation, he deemed it to be his duty to decline serving, which he should do on the opening of the Senate. He therefore called upon Mr. Griffin, of Charleston, of the House, to take the chair. The committee had summoned the ladies connected with the school at Roxbury, one of whom, the Lady Superior, Mary Aloysia, was present at the opening of the meeting.

The Lady Superior was accompanied by Samuel May, Esq., who stated that she had with her a statement of the transaction, signed by five ladies who reside over the school.  
The Sergeant-at-Arms then administered an oath to the Lady Superior, after which the statement was read by the chairman of the committee. The statement is mainly the same as that published in the *Advertiser*. The committee then proceeded to an examination of the Lady Superior, who testified as follows:  
I should judge that the committee numbered about twenty individuals; I attended them in their examination of the house; one of the committee, who gave his name as Mr. Evans, turned after the others had left and told me he was once a Catholic in St. Mary's Church, Baltimore, and that he desired to return to the church; he asked me if I would give him permission to visit me, saying he would like to have some pleasant conversation with me; I declined giving him permission; he asked if the Bishop would object to his visiting me; I said he would not, though we received but few visitors; he shook hands with me twice and appeared very familiar; I was much offended at his conduct then, and feel more indignant every time I think of it; I told the committee when they entered the room that a lady was sick; when the members of the committee entered her chamber I was present; they bent so close to her that she has since stated that she felt their breath; I had previously desired the patient to remain quiet, as if asleep, if the committee entered; while I was conducting a part of the committee, other members of it were going about the house by themselves, examining the closets, sinks, &c. I was not present when one of the gentlemen took hold of the rosary. Upon being asked if she could describe the gentleman who desired an interview with her, the witness replied that she could not well describe him, but that she could recognize him if she saw him.

Mr. Evans, of the Senate, was then introduced, whereupon the witness said that he was not the gentleman who requested the interview, and who gave his name. Subsequently, Mr. Fiss, of Boston, was introduced, when the witness said that was the gentleman who gave his name as Evans.  
The Lady Superior was then further questioned by Mr. Charles Hale, of the *Advertiser*, as to whether she had read the articles in the *Advertiser*, and whether she regarded the statements therein as correct. The witness answered in the affirmative to these questions.  
Mr. Dawley, of the Senate committee, then questioned the witness more particularly as to the conduct of the committee on visiting the chapel. She stated that the members of the committee to the number of ten had opened the door before she arrived. She had intended to have opened the door and admit the committee; but the door was opened before she had time to do so, and there were so many gentlemen about the door that she could not enter herself.—While in the chapel, the gentlemen were engaged in loud conversation, which she considered very improper. The lady at her devotions in the chapel was startled when the gentlemen entered, and attempted to leave by a door which she found locked. One of the gentlemen asked her several questions, which she declined answering in the chapel. The gentlemen followed

her without the chapel, when the conversation was resumed.  
Samuel May then interrogated the witness as to the scene in the chapel, but her answer did not vary materially from her previous testimony.  
Several other gentlemen then put questions to the witness, when the meeting was adjourned to meet to-morrow morning at half-past nine o'clock, to hear the testimony from the other ladies of the institution.  
The Lady Superior was accompanied by a sister of Bishop Fitzpatrick and by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien.

**From the Montrose Democrat of April 5th.**  
**More Expenses.**  
TO THE PUBLIC.—Feeling it my duty to expose the Order of Know-Nothing, to which I have been attached, I have thought to do so publicly, that others may take warning and be saved the disgrace which attends the obligations of a member of that Order.  
About the first of January last, I was invited to join the Order in the township of New Milford. The appointed night I was taken to the room over the store of Mr. Morse. I was taken to the ante-room where an officer of the Council met and asked me if I was willing to take a pledge to keep the secrets of the Order, which I answered in the affirmative. I was then taken to the Council room and asked the following questions:

1. What is your name? 2. What is your age? 3. Where is your residence? 4. In your religious belief are you a Roman Catholic? 5. Where were you born? 6. Where were your parents born? 7. Is your wife a Roman Catholic? 8. Did either of your ancestors take part in the American Revolution? 9. Are you willing to use all offices of honor, trust or profit, in the gift of the people; and do you promise to vote for them to the exclusion of all aliens and foreigners, and Roman Catholics in particular, for all State or government offices? 10. Who invited you to be present on this occasion?

I was told to lay my hand upon an open Bible, in which was placed a Cross. This I obeyed. The following oath was then administered to me by the officer.  
[We omit the oath for the reason that it agrees precisely with the oath of the first degrees as published in Mr. Watson's statement last week, and we are crowded for room.—*Editors Dem.*]  
The signs and grips of the Order were then explained to me. [We omit the signs and grips, for the same reason that they also compare exactly with those published last week.—*Editors Dem.*]  
The password I do not recollect. The traveling password is "Yorktown," and the explanation, "the place of final victory." On giving this, and the name and residence of the person traveling, he can enter any lodge in the United States.

I was instructed to always deny being a Know-Nothing, and told me that I could do so, for that was not their name, but the right name would be explained to me when I should take the second degree. I became so disgusted with the thing that I concluded that the first degree would answer my turn, and so withdrew. I therefore did not get as deeply into the mysteries of the Order as others have.  
The Scripture says that "she that deceiveth maketh a lie."—and upon reflection I saw that I was sworn to lie when I denied being a Know-Nothing, for this is the name by which the community know the Order.

After I was initiated I was told that I must take no newspaper that opposed the Order, and was recommended to take the *Montrose Republican*, as that was a paper worthy of our patronage. Prospectuses for that paper were in the Lodge, and all were recommended to take it in a Lodge Club, as we could get it cheaper, they said, in that way.  
What I have seen of the Order, I regard it as a great moral and political evil, calculated to debauch public sentiment and deprave the morals of the community. It inculcates a system of deception, falsehood, and fraud, and no conscientious man, I am convinced, can remain a member. I have known men to come in the Lodge armed with pistols and deadly weapons, and the whole machinery of the Order is calculated to familiarize the youth, especially, with scenes of profligacy, deeds of darkness and of crime, by teaching them that their actions are hid with impenetrable cloths, and shielded perhaps from punishment by the assistance of their brethren in the Jury box or on the Bench.

In this section of the county the Order is rapidly sinking, and its obligations are fast falling from the neck of those upon whom they have been imposed. Surely, Christian men cannot satisfy their consciences to a secret oath that requires them to deceive and tell untruths daily. If they respect the obligations of Christianity, they must despise those of the Know-Nothing, and, at the ballot box, unite without distinction of party, in putting down a power that is calculated and intended to corrupt all the springs of social and political life.  
EDMUND SMITH.  
New Milford, March 28, 1855.

The undersigned, citizens of New Milford, have been acquainted with Mr. Smith, many of us from his boyhood, and we assure the public unacquainted with him, that he is a man of unimpeachable character, and deserving the fullest credit for truth and veracity.  
NORMAN TANGLEY,  
DAVID MATHEWS,  
A. A. PERKINS,  
JOHN WILLIAMS,  
RUFUS WALLWARTH,  
D. McMILLAN,  
ELLIOT ALDRICH,  
J. H. SUTPHIN,  
WM. C. WARD.

A SNAKE BREAKING A MAN'S RIBS.—A most heart-rending transaction occurred at Madison,

Ind., on Tuesday last, to a gentleman named McDonald. He was admiring a beautiful collection of every description of reptiles on exhibition there. He foolishly attempted to handle a large snake, which coiled around his body, and, with his entire strength, succeeded in breaking three of Mr. McDonald's ribs.—*Louisville Dem.*

**From the Philadelphia Argus.**  
**The Democratic Party!**  
While all sections of parties in New Hampshire have been absorbed in the Know Nothing organization, the Democratic party in that State maintains nearly its full strength. It loses some two thousand votes, and is beaten by the combined factions; but it does not lose its position nor its honor.

We notice that the Democrats of Kentucky have just thrown down the gauntlet to the Know Nothing party. So everywhere in the South; so everywhere in the North. On the other hand, throughout all New England, in the Middle States (with the exception of New York), and in the South and part of the west, the whig party has ceased to be—has merged its existence in the secret organization and under the proscription banner of this new political sect.

In New York the Seward whigs under the spur of an impulse of self-preservation, have not only kept out of this underground conspiracy, but have with great gallantry and spirit, arrayed themselves against it. But they stand alone. They are perhaps a minority of the whig party in that State; but in the Union they are not only in the minority, but without national connection or countenance—with their leader safe in the Senate, they perhaps can bear this condition of comparative isolation, till the turn of affairs brings them to their true position; but the chances are equal that they will be thrown out of all connection with what was once the whig party of the Union. As to the Democratic party, we think it a matter of sincerest congratulation that the opposition to it has taken this shape. They stand uncontaminated by the stain of this proscription faction. From Maine to California, they are free from the beginning. Their opponents have selected the principles of proscription for the issue of the contest of 1856. The Democrats will accept the issue; and if the end does not show that the opposition to the Democracy is now, as ever, fated, pre-destined, to confusion, disaster and defeat, then it is because the motives and feelings that have animated and actuated the republican masses of these States, have ceased to influence their minds.

**Spring Elections.**  
We notice that, throughout the State, a very general disposition towards a Fusion of the elements opposed to Know-Nothingism was apparent at the late township elections. As a matter of course there was a little awkwardness and constraint in the first attempt in many places, and where that was the case it was unsuccessful; but wherever heartily and sincerely entered into the result was generally favorable. In Somerset county it succeeded in a large majority of the instances in which it was tried; in Beaver county an even number of the townships so far reported were carried; in Westmoreland county, the *Intelligence* (which is a K. N. paper) says that the people did pretty much as they pleased, and that is equivalent to saying that they did not do as the K. Ns. pleased; in Chester county the Fusionists have carried all the townships heard from at the last report; and in Lancaster, according to the report of the *Examiner*, the Fusionists carried forty out of fifty-five districts. The *Washington Commonwealth* gives a complete list of the results in that county, but fails to say anything of the issues presented at the polls.

The *Lancaster Examiner* says:  
"We have examined the returns of the several townships with some care, and guided by the best information we have been able to obtain respecting the issues decided in the various districts, we have come to the conclusion that at the present time there is an effective and reliable anti-Know Nothing majority in the county of from two to three thousand votes. The best sifting we can give the returns from the recent township elections, indicates such to be the case."  
"If all who are opposed to allowing secret oath-bound societies to control the politics of the county will unite in support of the same candidate next fall—and we have no doubt that such will be the case—they can succeed by at least twenty-five hundred majority, and probably more. The Know Nothing flood has apparently reached its highest point in this county; and although new members are occasionally added, the withdrawals and expulsions will be more numerous. One peculiarity of the Know Nothing disease is, that no person has it twice. It resembles the measles in this respect, which nearly everybody is bound to have once—but only once."

"The 'sober second thought' is already beginning to operate. Before next October, many proud and noble spirits which are already fretting under the bonds they so thoughtlessly self-imposed, will have escaped from the tyranny of the order and joined the band of outside freemen!"  
"The *Beaver Argus* is alarmed at the Fusion movements in that county, and strives to stir up old party feelings to prevent their success.—There was a time when artful appeals to the prejudices of Whigs and Democrats would have kept them apart, irreconcilably; but that time is past, and the sooner this fact is appreciated the better. It is one of the favorable indications of the day that men hitherto divided by the bitterness of 'old grudges' can now be brought in hearty co-operation.—*Pitts. Gazette.*

"I DIE A TRUE AMERICAN."—This exclamation, attributed to Pool, the New York pugilist, shortly before his death, was emblazoned upon a banner at his funeral. The object of Pool's Know-Nothing friends, in displaying this banner, was to induce a riot, if possible, by creating the impression that the bully prize-fighter had been killed by "bloody foreigners," and that his death was to be avenged by his "American" friends. They could not succeed, however, in kicking up a riot, as they had hoped; and it now turns out that Pool never used the language attributed to him, and that all the parties implicated in his murder, Baker, Hyler, Linn, Van Pelt, Paudeen, McLaughlin, Irvin and Morrissey—are native-born citizens of the United States. There is not a foreigner among them. What is to be done now? As they are all Americans, we presume they are entitled to a procession for the heroism they exhibited in murdering Pool without any foreign aid.

## TRUE.

At a Whig convention held in Philadelphia, on the 24th ult., a series of resolutions were adopted, from which we extract the following. The truth of the charges here preferred against the Legislature and the Councils of Philadelphia, cannot be questioned by any one who has observed the conduct of either body. People may shut their eyes if they choose, for a time—determined not to see—but they will feel it all the more severely in the end, that they may depend on.

Those who judge of the tree by its fruits—and we know of no better plan—have here an opportunity of forming an opinion as to the nature and tendencies of Know-Nothingism:  
**Resolved**, That the progress of this (Know-Nothing) element in the Commonwealth has corrupted the integrity of political action, by substituting responsibility to secret combination, for responsibility to public opinion and the popular will openly expressed. That it has seriously impaired the confidence between those who profess the same opinions, saps the foundation of personal and national morality, and degrades its adherents by unworthy subterfuges and evasions—and that its fruits have been the worst Municipal and State Legislation with which, for many years, we have been afflicted.

**Resolved**, That the effect of this new and spurious organization may be traced too clearly at Harrisburg, where the State has narrowly escaped the ignominy of a Senatorial election, which was the confessed aim of pecuniary corruption, and where we have seen, through the agency of our own Representatives—known members of this secret combination—the Presidency of the United States offered to a New York adventurer, and the interests of Pennsylvania laid at his feet to be trampled on.

**Resolved**, That the conduct of the present Legislature, elected by the same secret influence, in increasing the Banking Capital of the Commonwealth, and exposing the community to the inevitable danger of an inflated paper currency, deserves, and now receives, our earnest reprobation.  
**Resolved**, That with deep humiliation we are compelled to trace the same influence and effect in our Municipal Government,—increased and increasing expenditure with accumulating debts as its first fruit—heavier taxation—a system of pecuniary jobs without restraint, and a course of personal and official conduct, as exhibited in weekly records, having the necessary effect of destroying public confidence and respect.

**LOVE, JEALOUSY AND MURDER.**—A correspondent of the *Richmond Dispatch*, writing from Wytheville, Va., under date of the 2d inst. states that on Saturday night last a most shocking tragedy occurred in Wytheville, by which one of the oldest and most influential citizens of that town was instantly killed, and three other persons dangerously wounded. The particulars of the bloody affair are as follows:—For some time past, a man named J. Austin Graham has been paying his attentions to the daughter of a wealthy old gentleman named W. H. Spiller, who is reported to be worth about \$200,000. Graham was unsuccessful in his suit, from the fact that the young lady loved, and was engaged to be married to a physician named Dr. Hamet. Graham, on account of this state of things, has been very violent, and threatened to take the life of his rival the first opportunity that offered. On Saturday night, about 10 o'clock, he entered the Wytheville Hotel, kept by Mr. Thomas J. Boyd, where Mr. Spiller, the father of the young lady, was sitting, in company with Mr. C. F. Trigg, Teller of the Exchange Bank at Abingdon, Mr. C. Cox, an attaché of the hotel, and a Mr. Terry, of Wytheville. Graham drew a revolver, and commenced firing into the crowd, killing Mr. Spiller at the first fire. Mr. Cox is very badly wounded, but will, it is thought, recover. Messrs. Terry and Trigg were wounded, but not seriously. The murderer fled immediately after the commission of the bloody deed, and at last account had not been arrested.

## TO-MORROW.

To-morrow is a time that never comes. It is the rainbow, albeit we see its base resting on the hill directly in our path, is still, no matter how far we may advance, just as far removed as when we first commenced pursuit. To-morrow is written by angels among the stars, and comes not here, save in the dreams that hope whispers to our heart.

What we most prize and cherish, and long for, lies often in the to-morrow. Our ideas, our holiest affections, our sympathies, our souls' highest yearnings centre there; and wealth, and fame, and all that man believes his blessing, beam out of to-morrow, as the purest diamonds in the dark, and light us towards their pursuit. Therefore it is that we honor and love, and worship to-morrow; we could not live and enjoy ourselves without it. It never comes, it is true, more than the *ignis fatuus* come to those who follow it—but it brings pleasant dreams, and fills our slumbering ears with sweetest music, and binds up our weak hearts with resolutions; and for such noble offices it has our hearty denison.