

Bedford Gazette.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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Select Poetry.



Abide with us, for it is Evening.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is dawning nigh!
Tarry with me! tarry with me!
Pass me not unneeded by!

Many friends, were gathered round me,
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last!
I am lonely: tarry with me,
Till the dreary night is past.

Dimm'd for me is earthly beauty:
Yet the spirit's eye would fain
Rest upon thy lovely features:
Shall I seek, dear Lord, in vain?
Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Let me see thy smiles again!

Hull my ear to earth-born music!
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer:
Feeble, tottering, in footsteps,
Sinks my heart with sudden fear:
Cast thine arms, dear Lord, around me,
Let me feel thy presence near.

Faithful memory paints before me
Every deed and thought of sin;
Open thou the blood-filled fountain,
Cleanse my guilty soul within!
Tarry, thou forgiving Saviour!
Wash me wholly from my sin!

Deeper, deeper from the shadows,
Faler now the glowing west:
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?
Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast!

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness!
While I sleep, still watch by me,
Till the morning, then awake me,
Dearest Lord, to dwell with thee.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE.

Philadelphia Election.
The Testimony of our Opponents!!

THE USES OF DISASTER.

Some months ago, when we had reason to believe that our suggestions would be received at least in kindness by those for whom they were intended, we warned the American party of the unity it was provoking and the disaster it was inviting, by the proscription and supremely selfish policy it was cherishing. We reminded that party, certainly in no factious or dictatorial manner, that, whatever might be its intention with reference to thousands who in many respects sympathize with it, its internal exclusiveness and external arrogance could not fail to drive them from its tickets, and compel them to join in any liberal effort to crush a political power whose surface displayed little else than tyranny of the most despotic character. For that effort we were rewarded by the jeers of the simple, the curses of the malignant, and the systematic, vindictive opposition, personally and politically, of the great bulk of the members of the order; and a list of discontinuing subscribers, embracing an hundred names, can testify how substantially we have been repaid for the frank expression of an honest conviction, touching the future destiny of the American party. That warning is still fresh in the recollection of our readers, and already the reaction provoked by the evils we desired to remedy, is beginning to tell with fearful fatality in that party, despite the maddening zeal that almost uninterrupted victory had inspired.

The four great cities of the State—Philadelphia, Lancaster, Pittsburgh and Allegheny—where Know-Nothingism first found a congenial soil, and where during the last year its candidates were triumphant by large majorities, have recently had municipal elections, resulting in either the discomfiture of the American party, or the election of its candidates by merely nominal majorities. In all but Philadelphia, the defeat was thorough and overwhelming, and in the city of Brotherly Love, where but a year ago the American ticket was chosen by from nine to twelve thousand majority, and nearly all the members of both branches of the Councils, its general candidates have but from two to three hundred out of a poll of nearly fifty thousand, and the Councils are barely saved from the fusionists. And be it remembered, the general candidates like the candidates a year ago, had the endorsement of the regular Whig convention, so that no necessary cause existed now to drive the Whigs from the ticket that did not exist last June, when the city was swept by unprecedented majorities. It may be true, as is plead in extenuation of the blow, that the late Councils were little better than an organized body of respectable plunderers, and that thereby thousands of votes were lost; but had the American party ceased in time to dream of its supposed omnipotence, and manifested its respect for public sentiment and the public welfare by presenting such candidates as would inspire unbounded confidence, instead of insolently defying all who did not bow submissively to its edicts, it could have more than maintained its overwhelming supremacy. As it is, it has now lost the dazzling prestige of its power, the great element of its success, and it must henceforth commend itself to the dispassionate judgment of the people by the advocacy of a liberal, enlightened and patriotic platform and policy, or its decline and fall will be the next chapter in its brief but brilliant history.

Any other party than the one most interest-

ed, would not disregard these significant results bearing upon their future destiny; but with the American organization as at present constituted, it is but poorly fitted to profit substantially by the popular verdicts which have made it tremble in its strong-holds. The whole Philadelphia press, of all parties, have but one explanation of the extraordinary revulsion that has been brought about—all point to the illiberal, proscriptive and arrogant movements of the order as the rock on which it was split. Five thousand Whigs who cordially sympathize with its main principles, were literally driven into a fusion ticket, to vindicate their own self respect and strike down a political despotism that ignores all freedom in the elective franchise, and knows no merit in candidates beyond the often questionable endorsement of a secret council.—Chambersburg Whig.

PHILADELPHIA ELECTION.—"Sam" had a hard race in Philadelphia last week, and only escaped defeat by the skin of his teeth, where a year ago his nominees were elected by majorities ranging from 9000 to 12,000. But two general officers were to elect for the city—the Treasurer and Commissioner, and the Know-Nothing nominated Dr. Morton for the first and Mr. Hill for the last. The same gentleman had subsequently been nominated by the Whig Convention which the Know-Nothings controlled. A fusion was formed against them by the old line Whigs and Democrats, and Mr. Hagart, Whig, was selected for Treasurer and Mr. Sherry, Democrat, for Commissioner. The result was as follows:

TREASURER.	
Morton,	22,458
Hagart,	22,038
Morton's maj.	
422	
COMMISSIONER.	
Hill,	22,406
Sherry,	22,209
Hill's maj.	
197	

The Select Council contains 14 Know-Nothing to 7 Democrats and 3 Whigs. The Common Council stands 41 Americans to 34 Democrats and 3 Whigs. Last year both branches of the Councils were, almost unanimously Know-Nothing. The Daily Venus in commenting on this result, refers to the fatal arrogance that has marked the conduct of the Know-Nothing party in Philadelphia as well as elsewhere, and drew thousands of honest voters against them.—Repository and Whig.

The Liquor Question!

The singular and ridiculous character of the Act recently passed by the Legislature, for the purpose of restraining the sale of pernicious liquors, is attracting marked attention throughout the State, and we notice in a reading contemporary, the following opinion in reference to the Constitutionality of the law from the Hon. Jacob Hoffman, of that city. "The inconsistency of the law are well developed by the letter of Mr. H. —

Legal Opinion on its Constitutionality.

READING, April 19th, 1855.

GENTLEMEN:—In reply to your inquiry of yesterday, as to the constitutionality of the late act of assembly, entitled an act to restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors, and what remedy, if any, the people have against its enforcement, I can only say that I do not think its provisions are in conflict with the Constitution of the United States, or that of Pennsylvania.

It respects and protects all persons having paid for and received license during the time for which it is to continue. And, if even the act had gone into effect immediately after its passage, and had annulled all existing licenses, it could not have been declared void under any constitutional provision, as the power to repeal and annul laws of that nature by general laws, is inherent and must of necessity exist in the Legislature. It comes under the head of sovereign power and police regulation.

But, its abeyance of a direct and positive conflict with the letter of the constitution, does not, therefore, render it less odious, harsh and unjust in its operation and effect upon that portion of our citizens who are the owners and keepers of hotels and Taverns, and who, upon the faith of laws in existence ever since the first settlement of the Province of Pennsylvania, have invested probably over twenty millions of dollars. Investments, which, by the passage of this law, are, in a great measure, rendered valueless, without even attempting to suppress or prohibit the sale of and traffic in intoxicating liquors. This law prohibits, on the one hand, one class from selling, while on the other, invites and protects another portion of the community to do the same thing on a larger scale.

So long as the State sells for money the privilege of making and selling intoxicating liquors as a beverage, there can be no good reason for denying the privilege to proprietors of well-regulated hotels and taverns, especially when such legislation involves the destruction of their property, without protecting or improving the morals of the community, or increasing the revenues of the State.

This act, (unlike the Maine law, which prohibits the making, selling, or drinking of intoxicating liquors) neither involves nor promulgates a principle, because it allows the same evil to be perpetrated by one set of men which it prohibits in another portion of the community. Hence, there is no justification in the sacrifice and destruction of so large an amount of individual property as is contemplated by the enactment of this law. No portion of the community petitioned or asked for its passage, or is in any manner law.

Judging by the result of the late election, the people of Pennsylvania are very properly equally divided upon the subject of the sale of intoxicating liquors. One portion is for and the other against prohibition. This law is in accordance

with the views and feelings of neither party. And, yet, strange and inconsistent as it may appear, it actually prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors by one section, and legalizes it. Its provisions are thus at once rendered anomalous as well as absurd. It is neither "desh nor fish."

It is difficult to determine whether its general scope or its details are the most objectionable. It prohibits Tavern keepers from selling or suffering liquor to be drunk in their houses, and confers upon the Courts the power to grant or withhold licenses from the liquor dealers. Thus, enabling the Courts to create a monopoly for the benefit of favorites, and those perhaps the most unworthy among the great number of applicants. Its tendency is to encourage rather than to diminish intemperance, by closing the spot and opening the bung. It denies the weary and exhausted traveller, who is compelled to stop at public houses, the right of buying from the landlord or of drinking it upon the premises, while it affords every facility to the resident population to obtain and drink it at pleasure. It tends to increase the rate of charges against those who are compelled to stop at Hotels, by depriving the keepers of the profits arising from the sale—while, at the same time, it transfers it to the liquor dealers, who neither entertain nor contribute to the comfort of the travelling and business community. Its title, which should indicate and explain the context of the act, is a cheat and deception upon the public. It purports to be an act to restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors. This is true, as far as it goes, but it does not embrace the whole of the act. To give the whole contents of the act by its title it should read thus—"an act to restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors, by less measure than a quart, and to encourage and promote intemperance by wholesale." For these and other reasons, this act should not have been passed by the Legislature, especially after the decision of the people against it at the late election; and should, therefore, be repealed by the next Legislature. And that, in my opinion, is the proper and only remedy left for the people against its force and operation.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. HOFFMAN.
To William DeBorbon, Conrad Beidler, Daniel Heusum and others.

THE SHIRT TAIL FIGHT.

Said my grandfather one evening:
About fifty of us had been engaged for several days in performing a secret duty, and were returning. We had to pass very near to the British lines, and to avoid being taken, and also to save a wide circuit of miles, we resolved to encamp in a secret place we knew of, through the day, and under the shadows of the night pass unseen on the direct course to Gen. Morgan's camp. The day was beautiful, and the spot we had chosen for our resting place was one of those grassy nooks, shut out from the rest of the world by lines of hills, impenetrable underbrush, and a gigantic forest; a small, but clear and deep stream ran by it, and the sun was at such declination as to throw half of the little spot in the shade. We laid down our arms, relieved ourselves of our knapsacks, and spreading the scanty store on the grass, ate with good appetite, refreshed ourselves from the limpid waters of the stream, and then each amused himself as he could.

After resting awhile some went in to bathe, and one by one, as the pleasure seemed to increase, followed until the whole party were in the stream. This lasted for about an hour, and most of us had returned to the shore and were dressing, when a new feature was given to the scene by one of the number saying that he was going to wash his shirt. Now, most of us had worn these peculiar garments two, three and four weeks, and some even longer, without their having them once washed, and there is no doubt of their needing it very much, for, mind you, the man those days who could afford two shirts—whole shirts—was a curiosity. The idea, therefore, was a good one, and many immediately began disrobing themselves again, and soon were busy as washer-women, rubbing away like filling-mills. As the pieces were finished, they were hung in the sun on the limbs of trees, or spread out on the grass. Many were still engaged in their washing; some were stretched on the ground in deep sleep, some were wrestling, some jumping, some collecting in knots, telling stories; nearly all naked as the day they were born; in fact, as happy as fellows could be with one shirt, and that drying in the sun, and but a morsel in the knapsack; when we were startled—yes, indeed, really frightened—by a volley of musketry, the balls of which whistled by us, fortunately only making a few flesh wounds.

The sound of musketry, although it surprised us at first, we were too much accustomed to hearing to remain long under a panic; so the next moment found each man of us in possession of his musket, and himself covered by a tree. We had not long to wait before a large body of British broke through the underbrush, which had before concealed them, and rushed with fixed bayonets upon us. But their progress was suddenly checked by our fire, which laid a large number of them dead before us. We had not time to reload, when the enemy again charged down upon us, and we were forced to give way. We ran some distance, and reloading, stood our ground. Up to this time we had not thought of the condition we were in, when one of the officers, all at once, cried out, "Boys, will you lose your shirts?" then casting our eyes around quickly, we gave a shout: "Now for our shirts!" and rushed forward like so many naked devils. As soon as the British came to our view, we poured in a well directed fire, and immediately charged with the bayonet. So suddenly had this movement been made, having supposed that we were still running the other way, they were completely surprised, and then came their turn to run. After them we shouted still with our new watchword "Shirts!" The officers of the enemy having at length succeeded in securing

the attention of their men, wheeled them, and gave us a return fire, which killing, as we supposed, some of our party, we again took to our heels; and the redcoats, taking up our cry of "Shirts!" came pell-mell after us. Again we turned and charged the British running, they in turn again charging upon us, each party shouting "Shirts!" until finally it became a regular shirt-tail fight.

At length, becoming somewhat exasperated with the game, and constantly reminded of our shirts by the enemy screaming it in our ears, and recollecting, too, that we would not cut a very pretty figure returning to quarters *san calottes*, we made one desperate charge, and finally succeeded in gaining the day by driving the British from the field. Several of our party were wounded but none killed. Not so with the British. The dead were scattered all over the little green space, and through the woods; and putting on our garments, and leaving the dead to be buried by their own people, we took the circuitous route which we had avoided in the morning (thereby having been obliged to fight a little battle) and reached the camp about midnight, where we caused no little merriment, and often afterwards, as we related our adventure of the "shirt-tail" fight.

Discovery of a New People on the West-tern Continent.

A discovery which even in this age of almost daily revelations of antiquities and wonders of remote times and people, most strike the world with wonder, has just been made by the officers of the ship-of-war Decatur.

It will be recollected that the Decatur sailed from Rio in company with the Massachusetts (propeller)—that they parted company, and that for some weeks the loss of the Decatur was looked upon as certain. She was afterwards discovered by her consort, part way through the Straits of Magellan, and was towed into the Pacific by the Massachusetts. The New Orleans *Pionneur* of the 1st inst., publishes a letter, received from O. H. Green, dated on board the Decatur, off the Straits of Magellan, Feb. 16, and which contains some statements so startling that we make the following extracts. From the apparent respectability of the source, we see no reason for doubting the narrative, remarkable as it is. The writer says—

There being no appearance of a change of weather, I obtained leave of absence for a few days, and accompanied by my classmate and fellow, Dr. Bainbridge, Assistant Surgeon, was landed on Terra del Fuogo. With great labor and difficulty we scrambled up the mountain-sides, which line the whole south-west shore of these Straits, and after ascending 3,500 feet, we came upon a plain of surpassing richness and beauty; fertile fields—the greatest variety of fruit trees in full bearing, and signs of civilization and refinement meeting us on every side. We had never read any account of these people, and thinking this island was wholly deserted, except by a few miserable cannibals and wild beasts, we had come well armed, and you can judge of our surprise.

The inhabitants were utterly astonished at our appearance, but exhibited no signs of fear, nor any unfriendliness. Our dress amused them, and being the first white men ever seen by them, they imagined that we had come from their God, the Sun, on some peculiar errand of good. They are the noblest race I ever saw, the men all ranging from 6 feet to 6½, well proportioned, very athletic, and straight as an arrow. The women were among the most perfect models of beauty ever formed, averaging 5 feet high, very plump, with small feet and hands, and with a jet black eye which takes you by storm. We surrendered at discretion and remained two weeks with this strange people.

The ship is in sight that will carry this to you, and I must now close; only saying that the official report of Dr. Bainbridge to the Department, will be filled with the most interesting and valuable matter, and astonish the American people. The vessel proves to be the clipper ship Creeper, from the Cinchi Islands, with Guano, for your port, and I will avail myself of this opportunity to send you a specimen of painting on porcelain, said to be over three thousand years old, and an image, made of gold and iron, taken in one of their wars many years before the Straits of Magellan existed.

Their teachers of religion speak the Latin language, and have traditions from successive priests, through half a hundred centuries. They tell us that this island was once attached to the main land; that about 1600 years ago, by their records, their country was visited by a violent earthquake, which occasioned the rent now known as the Straits of Magellan; that on the top of the mountain which lifted its head to the sun, whose base rested where the waters now flow, stood their great temple—which, according to their description, as compared to the 200 feet square, and over 1100 feet high, built of the purest granite marble.

They number about three thousand men, women and children, and I was assured the population had not varied two hundred, as they prove by their traditions, for immemorial ages. As the aged grow feeble they are left to die, and if the children multiply too rapidly they are sacrificed by the priests. This order comprises about one tenth of the population, and what the ancient Greeks called "Gymnophists." They are of one peculiar race, neither will they admit a stranger into their order. They live, for the most part, near the beautiful stream called Tanacan, which takes its rise in the mountains, passes through the magnificent valley of Lenua, and empties into the Atlantic at the extreme south-western part of the Island.

The residence is chosen for the sake of their frequent purifications. The diet consists of milk, curdled with sour herbs. They eat apples, rice, and all fruits and vegetables, esteeming it as the height of impiety to taste anything

that has life. They live in little huts or cottages, each one by himself, avoiding company and discourse, employing all their time in contemplation, and their religious duties. They esteem this life but a necessary dispensation of Nature which they voluntarily undo as a penance, evidently thirsting after the dissolution of their bodies; and firmly believing that the soul at death, is released from prison, and launches forth into perfect liberty and happiness. Therefore, they are always cheerfully disposed to die, bewailing those that are alive, and celebrating the funerals of the dead with joyful solemnities and triumph.

Watching for a Tiger.

The spot I selected was at the edge of a tank, where a tiger used to drink. There was a large tamarind tree on its banks, and here I took my post. A village shikaree accompanied me; and soon after sunset we took up our position on a branch, about 12 feet from the ground. I should first mention that we had fastened an unfortunate bullock under the tree for a bait. Well, we remained quietly on our perch for a couple of hours without anything stirring. It might be 8 o'clock; the moon had risen, and so clear was the light that we could see the jackalls at the distance of a half a mile, snaking along towards the village, when a party of Brimparries stopped to water their bullocks at the tank. They loitered for some time; and becoming impatient, I got down from the tree with a single rifle in my hand, and walked towards them, telling them that I was watching for a tiger, when they started off immediately.

I was sauntering back to my post, never dreaming of danger, when the shikaree gave a low whistle, and at the same moment a growl arose from some bushes between me and the tree. To make my situation quite decided, I saw the shikaree's black arm pointing nearly straight under him, on my side of the post. It was evident that I could not regain the tree, although I was within twenty paces of it. There was nothing for me to do but to drop behind a bush, and leave the rest to Providence. If I had moved then the tiger would have had me to a certainty; besides, I trusted to his killing the bullock, and returning to the jungle as soon as he had finished his supper.

It was terrible to hear the moans of the wretched bullock as the tiger approached. He would run to the end of his rope, making a desperate effort to break it, and then lie down, shaking in every limb, and bellowing in the most piteous manner. The tiger saw him plain enough, but, suspecting something was wrong, he walked growingly around the tree, as if he did not observe him. At length he made his fatal spring with a horrid shriek rather than a roar. I could hear the tortured bullock struggling under him, uttering faint cries, which became more feeble every instant, and then the heavy breathing, half growl, half snort of the monster, as he hung to his neck, sucking his life's blood.

I know not what possessed me at this moment but I could not resist the temptation of a shot. I crept up softly within ten yards of him, and kneeling behind a clump of date, took a deliberate aim at his head, while he lay with his nose buried in the bullock's throat. He started with an angry roar from the carcass, when the ball struck him. He stood listening for a moment, and then dropped in front of me, uttering a sullen growl. There was nothing but a date bush between us; I had no weapon but my discharged rifle. I felt for my pistols, but they had been left on the tree. Then I knew that my hour was come, and all the sins of my life rushed with dreadful distinctness across my mind. I muttered a short prayer, and tried to prepare myself for death, which seemed inevitable.

But what was my peon about all this time? He had the spare guns with him! O, as I afterwards learned, he was trying to fire my double rifle; but all my locks have bolts, which he did not understand, and he could not cock it.—He was a good Shikaree, and knew that was my only chance; so when he could do no good, he did nothing. If Mohan had been there, he would soon have relieved me; but I had sent him in another direction that day. Some minutes passed thus.

The tiger made no attempt to come at me; a ray of hope cheered me; he might be dying. I peeped through the branches—but my heart sank within me when his bright green eyes met mine, and his hot breath absolutely blew in my face. I slipped back in despair, and a growl warned me that even that slight movement was noticed. But why did he not attack me? A tiger is a suspicious, cowardly brute, and will seldom charge unless he sees his prey distinctly. Now I was quite concealed by the date leaves; and while I remained perfectly quiet I still had a chance.

Suspense was becoming intolerable. My rifle lay useless at my side; to attempt to load it would have been instant death. My knees were bruised by the hard gravel, but I dared not move a joint. The tormenting mosquitoes swarmed around my face, but I feared to raise my hand to brush them off. Whenever the wind ruffled the leaves that sheltered me, a hoarse growl grated through the stillness of the night. Hours that seemed years rolled on; I could hear the village gong strike each hour of that dreadful night, which I thought would never end. At last the welcome dawn!—and oh, how gladly did I hail the first streaks of light, that shot up from the horizon, for then the tiger rose, and sulkily stalked away to some distance. I felt that the danger was past, and rose with a feeling of relief which I cannot describe. Such a night of suffering was enough to turn my brain, and I only wonder that I survived it. I now sent off the peon for the elephant, and before 3 o'clock old Goliath had arrived. It was all over in five minutes. The tiger rushed to meet me as soon as I entered the cover, and one ball in the chest dropped him down dead.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF DENTISTRY.—The Rev. James H. Hartzell, of Quickly, Ill., has lately been supplied with an artificial jaw-bone

for a natural one. It appears the Rev. gentleman was for a long time afflicted with a bony tumor, and about ten years ago underwent an operation, when it was found necessary to excise the entire lower jaw-bone, severing it on both sides as far back as within half an inch of the angle of the lower maxillary. Articulation was thus destroyed and also the power to masticate, while his face presented an unnatural and repulsive appearance. Four years afterwards he procured a gold plate which being furnished with teeth and fitting the cavity left by the removal of the bone, restored the patient the power both to speak distinctly and masticate certain kinds of food. Lately, however, the plate became very defective, and a few days ago Dr. Forbes, of St. Louis, inserted in its stead an artificial jaw-bone, which, it is stated gives the patient's mouth and chin such a natural appearance that no one would detect without accurate examination that anything had been done more than putting in a set of teeth. He could articulate with distinctness immediately after its insertion, and sleep well at night without its removal.

Wonderful Lake.

In the town of Manlius, ten miles from Syracuse, Mr. Meriam examined, some time since, a wonderful lake, situated in the bottom of a circular, crater-like indentation, upon the summit of a high hill.—The entire crater is about five hundred feet in perpendicular depth, and is filled to within about two hundred feet of the top, with clear cold water, which when looked at from the top of the steep bank, assumes a vivid green color. Before sunrise upon a bright morning, grasses may be discovered by the eye, from every part of the bottom. Trees that fall into the water become encrusted with a green coating, which, on being exposed to the air, hardens to stone; and the boys in the vicinity procure small sticks, thus encrusted, from the water, and cutting out the woody part, make whistles of the stone incrustation. About the lake is found a sort of concrete, formed by the water, and somewhat resembling pumice stone.

The waters of "Green Lake," as it is called, are often in a state of ebullition, caused by the escape of gases from below, and wood taken from it gives a strong sulphurous smell upon being burnt. Several years since a singular phenomenon exhibited itself here. The son of the farmer who owns the spot was plowing upon a small level spot of ground in the vicinity, when suddenly he heard a roaring of the waters behind him, and looking back he saw the lake in a state of great commotion, rising and beating against its rocky barriers in great waves. He hurried home affrighted and alarmed, but when he returned with his father to the place, everything had resumed its former peace and quiet. Upon the borders of the Green Lake, one November morning, Meriam found a garden of frost flowers, beautiful beyond description—the growth of the preceding night. They resembled the white pond lily in shape and size, with the exception that the stems were shorter. The outer leaves were opaque on the edge, but the stem portion was transparent.—Their discoverer plucked one and carried it in his hand for a distance of about a mile, until it gradually dissolved in his hand, just as the dreams and aspirations of a young and sanguine heart melt away when exposed to contact with the rude realities of life.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN BELOIT, WIS.—

From a private letter at Beloit, we learn the following particulars of a dreadful tragedy which occurred in that place on the morning of the 23d ult. The wife of a citizen of that town was awakened from her sleep on the morning of the 23d, by noise which she heard in an adjoining apartment. In a moment more she saw a gleam from a dark lantern, held by a man in that room, and screaming with fright awoke her husband, who was sleeping at her side. As he sprang from the bed the intruder fired at him with a pistol, the ball just missing his head and burying itself in the pillow. Snatching a double barreled gun from the wall he discharged both barrels at the intruder. The contents of one barrel entered the man's head and the other his body, killing him instantly. Leaving the body where it fell, the gentleman and his wife proceeded to the nearest neighbor, told him what had happened, and induced him to return with them to his house. But imagine the feelings of the neighbor, himself a man universally esteemed and respected, to recognize in the mangled body of the dead robber, his own son!

Upon returning to his house, the father found his son's room unoccupied, the window opened, and a rope ladder extending from the window to the ground. The gentleman who shot the robber had suffered the loss of two gold watches some time before, in a mysterious manner, and now attributes their theft to this person.—Chicago Tribune of Friday.

SLEEPING SEED CORN.—

The blackbirds, crows, and cut worms, have ruined the prospect of many a fair field of corn, and obliged its owner to devote it to some other crop, after the beautiful blades have come up and made a fine start. Sleeping the corn in saltpetre or copers water, will give it such a taste as to make it disagreeable to the birds, and it is said to be also to the cut worm. Soaking the corn in water and then rolling it in tar and plaster will also act as a preventive.

NATIONAL WHIGS.—There are national whigs in the North who have not yielded to the secret order. This is a circumstance of some importance, now that the whigs of the South are invited into the know-nothing trap. In Pennsylvania such whigs as Josiah Randall, Charles Gilpin, W. M. Meredith, Joseph R. Chandler, Hon. I. E. Hiestler, and W. B. Reed, all well known for their ability and their services in the ranks of the old Clay party, are boldly opposed to the secret party, and they contributed greatly to the defeat which overtook the latter on Tuesday last in the city of Philadelphia.