



BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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Select Poetry.



A GENUINE POEM.

The annexed stirring old poem says the Home Journal, has the ring of the true metal, and is as applicable now as when it was written—for the philosophy is sound, and, therefore, universal:

Who shall judge a man from manners? Who shall know him by his dress? Papers may be fit for princes, Princes fit for something less. Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket May belittle the golden ore Of the deepest thoughts and feelings— Satin vests could do no more. There are springs of crystal nectar Ever swelling out of stone: There are purple buds and golden hidden, crushed and overgrown. God, who counts by souls, not dresses, Loves and prospers, you and me, While he values throats the highest But as pebbles on the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows, On forgets his fellows then; Masters—cultures—lords, remember That your meanest hands are men! Men by labor, men by feeling, Men by thought and men by fame, Claiming equal rights to snubbing In a man's crumpled name. There are loam-embroidered oceans, There are little weed-clad hills, There are feeble high-splashing, There are cedars of the hills; God, who counts by souls, not stations, Loves and prospers you and me, For to him all vain distinctions Are as pebbles on the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders Of a nation's wealth and fame; Titled laziness is poisonous, Fed and fattened on the same, By the sweat of other's foreheads, Living only to rejoice, While the poor man's outraged freedom Vainly lurches up his voice. Truth and justice are eternal, Born with love and light; Secret wrongs shall never prosper While there is a sunny night; God, whose world-head voice is singing Boundless love to you and me, Snubs oppression with its titles, As the pebbles on the sea.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE.

Bedford, June 15, 1855.

From the Boston Post.

Treason Triumphant in Massachusetts.

It will be seen by our legislative record that, though Governor Gardner vetoed the infamous personal-liberty bill, our know-nothing legislature signalled its Hegira by recklessly passing it into a law over the governor's veto!

The federal constitution has never been respected by the more rabid of the Massachusetts abolition fanatics; and for years "no union with slaveholders" has been their motto, while they denounced the constitution as "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell." Long before the fugitive-slave law of 1850 was passed, these were their sayings; and since this act was passed they have forced upon the more moderate of this party the measure of a nullification law, substantially the same with the personal-liberty bill, which is now on the statute-book.

But regard for the constitution, up to these evil days of know-nothingism, proved too strong for the efforts of fanaticism, and the cardinal measure of abolitionism was defeated. Thus, a bill of this sort was lost in the senate in 1850; a similar bill in 1852 passed the senate, but was lost in the house. But from that time the abolitionists have urged it with undiminished zeal; and at last they have triumphed by crawling into power under the mask of know-nothingism.

The bill passed both branches by heavy majorities, and went in course to the governor. It is utterly impossible for any, not stultified by fanaticism, to deny that it contains provisions of law exactly similar to those which the Supreme Court of the United States has pronounced null and void; which are directly repugnant to the constitution of the United States and laws made in pursuance of it; and which if carried out, inevitably involve a conflict with the State and Federal authorities. In such a plain case the governor could not do otherwise than exercise the veto power. To sign such a bill would be to sign himself a violator of his oath, and prove himself false to the constitution.

The veto of the governor states that he is unwilling to lead Massachusetts into a position hostile to the harmony of the confederacy, and hostile to the permanent interests of the Commonwealth. Well does he say that the stigma of an unconstitutional enactment can never be effaced. Well might he invoke the solemnities of the oath which the members had taken, in behalf of the rights, and the honor, and the integrity of Massachusetts.

The appeal fell without effect on the fanatical body to which it was addressed. What cared the abolitionists that composed it? What cared they for the decisions of the Supreme Court? What cared they for the facts stated by the governor, that both the attorney general and all the supreme justices of this State united to pronounce their bill, in clear and unmistakable language, at war with the Constitution of their country? They meant to be loyal to the laws and the constitution. They desired to array the State government against the general government; and the greater the array of opinion which the governor could rake up in support of the view that the personal-liberty bill would do this, the stronger was the argument with them for holding on to it! They made

haste, in both branches, to pass the bill over the head of the veto!

What else could be expected? Is not know-nothingism here completely under the control of abolitionists? Did not free-soilers, at the start, get control of the secret lodges? Did they not infuse their element into every test action so completely as to abolitionize the order? Could there be more convincing proof of this than the election of Henry Wilson for senator? Will he not push the free-soil programme even though it should dissolve this Union? By this time, after his recent abolition speeches, what have his southern national apologists done but to shut their mouths? for he abates not a jot of his abolitionism. In a word, every movement of the know-nothings here has pointed, step by step, to this result of a nullification law.

The passage of this bill, legalizing treason and rebellion, is the crowning proof of the abolitionism of the know-nothing order. It is thoroughly steeped in this element. It will hesitate at nothing to accomplish its plans.— Besides its religious persecution, besides its proscription for birth, here at length know-nothingism has reached the zenith point of resistance to the laws of the land. It has wantonly trampled under foot the constitution of the country!

Fraud in the Main Line Bill.

The fact has leaked out that a base fraud was perpetrated in the passage of the bill for the sale of the Main Line of the Public Works, by the late K. N. Legislature. The Harrisburg Union asserts that the bill as passed, and now a law by signature of the Governor, is not the bill that the House of the Legislature presumed they were passing; but that some of its provisions are vastly different. Read what that paper says:

Every man of the five hundred present in the Senate on the last night of the session, will remember that when the report of the committee of conference on the bill for the sale of the main line of our improvements was under discussion, every effort was made to have the amendments and the provisions of the bill read, so that Senators might know for what they were voting.—This was evaded. The provisions were not read. Several of these provisions were, however, stated by the members of the Committee, and discussed by the Senate before the vote was taken. One of these was as to the powers granted to the purchaser to construct a new railroad, so as to form a continuous line from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. It was stated by Mr. Peice and others, that authority was given to commence the road at Columbia, the end of the State railroad, so as to secure an entire line from city to city. This provision, if true, interfering with the interests of the Harrisburg and Lancaster railroad to the tune of at least a million, gave rise to a considerable discussion and a good deal of feeling. Here seemed to be a collision of interests between these companies; here was the "coup de partie;" here was the point upon which success or defeat turned—the finishing stroke.

It was seen that with this provision there was still some room for competition, and some small hope left that the Commonwealth might look for justice. Upon the bill as thus stated—giving this authority—the Senate voted. With this understanding, as clearly expressed as if it had been written in the bill and read by the clerk, at least three-fourths of the Senators, as we believe, answered to their names, and either rejected their vote or no. The report was adopted, the bill passed, and was sent to the Governor.

We say the bill passed. We correct ourselves—not the bill passed, but a bill was sent to the Governor, and by him signed. It is not the bill, however, which received the assent of the Senate. But it is a different bill; a bill which gives no authority to interfere with the interests of the railroad between Harrisburg and Lancaster; a bill which never passed the Senate, if it ever passed the lower house. A law now in force, but a stupendous fraud in reality. Between individuals, such an act would confer no power, convey no interest, secure no benefit. Any court would pronounce it void, and visit heavy damages upon any party who, knowing the circumstances, should pretend to use it to change the ownership of property, or to obtain advantage. We say let the fraud be proclaimed, and the public as well as any and all parties concerned, be notified that the next Legislature will be called upon to repeal the act, and to ascertain where the change was made, and who made it.

The following notice to Know-Nothings we find in the Marlborough Gazette:

"I hereby give notice, that the Order of Know-Nothings, to which I have been accused of belonging, and justly so, I now renounce and repudiate forever. In doing so, it is due to myself to state that no hostility towards the particular class of persons, whom the Order proscribes, prompted me to join them; but ignorant entirely of their principles, I was induced to enter their Lodge. I blush to think that I remained among them so long, and grieve to say that a want of independence alone kept me from renouncing them long before. Whatever others may say with regard to the course I have adopted, I care not, so long as I have the proud satisfaction of feeling once more like an honest man and a good American citizen." JOHN D. STONE. "Upper Marlboro", May 23, 1855.

HENRY A. WISE.—Some three weeks ago, as the Wheeling train was passing along between Harper's Ferry and Washington Junction, having on board Henry A. Wise, a news-boy stepped up and asked him if he wanted to buy the life of "Sam," to which he replied, "No sir.—I'll write his life and the cause of his death in about two weeks from this time." The result of the election in Virginia last week shows that Mr. Wise has faithfully kept his word. All honor to the noble-hearted Virginian.

From the Utica Observer.

A Noble and true-hearted Irishman.

The name of William C. Bennett, the naval engineer who was met by Lieutenant Strain on the Isthmus of Darien, should be widely published and universally cherished by all who respect the highest qualities of generosity and humanity. Mr. Heady has, in several numbers of Harper's Magazine, given the reading public an idea of the awful sufferings of the gallant men who were engaged in the Darien exploring expedition—many of whom perished by absolute starvation. To the almost superhuman energy of the officer in command—Lieutenant Strain—is to be attributed the safety of those who survived. When Strain had at length found his way through to the settlements, he fortunately encountered Mr. Bennett, a "tall, well-formed, manly, noble Irishman." Strain, says the account, was reduced by long starvation from one hundred and forty-five pounds in weight to seventy-five, covered with sores, and clad in such habiliments as the negro Alcaide could furnish him; looking like a beggar, he approached the table where Bennett was engaged with his drawings. As Strain drew near, Mr. Bennett accosted him rather sternly, saying, "Well sir, what do you want?" The former replied, "I am Lieutenant Strain, Commander of the United States Darien exploring expedition." "My God!" exclaimed the warm-hearted man as he caught him in his arms, and pressed him to his bosom, while the tears rolled down his cheeks; "Ah!" said he, "we had given you up long ago as lost." He ordered dinner at once; told Strain he must remain there and recruit, while he himself, though then lame, would go back for his comrades. This Strain declined. He then supplied him with provisions, brought out nearly all the clothing he had, forced on Strain his poncho, turned his medicine chest and his pockets inside out, saying, "Take these to the poor men."

This was at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and at 5, p. m., Strain was on his way back to the rescue. Bennett remained to meet the *Virago*, a British war vessel, which was soon expected. As soon as her guns were heard he hurried on board, and by his earnest representations hurried forward with Lieutenant Forsyth and a company who had been sent to Strain's assistance.— Having joined Strain at Yaviza, the party pushed forward to succor the perishing. The difficulties encountered were so great that when it was found that the exploring company had turned back towards the Atlantic, Strain had reason to expect that his companions would give out and refuse to advance. No one could tell how far the party might be, and the search involved the same dangers from which Strain had barely escaped with his life. Bennett knew the danger, and spoke of the anticipated crisis of revolt, advising Strain to try and accustom his swollen feet to the use of a boot, saying, "You know when all shall turn back, you will I must shoulder our haversacks and take to the woods alone, till we find your men." This noble self-devotion, says Heady, of a stranger and a foreigner—this grand high purpose to cast his lot in with the distressed commander, and save his party, or perish with them—reveals one of those lofty, elevated characters which shed lustre on the race.

The natives gave out the next day, and Strain was compelled to draw his revolver and threaten their lives, to compel them to proceed.— Two days after they fortunately overtook the remains of the party, five of whom had perished. We have never read of a more thrilling scene than that of this rescue—four or five of the party only were able to keep their feet and meet their commander on the shore. Several died afterwards from the effect of their privations. The whole party were reduced to mere skeletons—there they lay, lacerated, ulcerated, frames of men, half covered with rags. Some were so changed, from emaciation, that Strain himself could not recognize them as they were stretched upon the ground, unable to get up. As Bennett, the noble Irishman, jumped ashore, and saw the hideous spectacle of scarred and almost naked skeletons, he seized each one by the hand, while tears poured like rain down his cheeks.

The reader will be glad to hear that this noble stranger received, in a separate letter from the Secretary of the Navy, the thanks of our government for his devotion and his services.

MR. WISE IN WASHINGTON.—BAD POLICY FOR THE KNOW-NOTHINGS.—Mr. Wise, resting in Washington from his recent extraordinary labors in the Virginia canvass, was there called upon at his hotel by the exultant democracy, including, no doubt, a large number of office-holders, and was congratulated upon his supposed election with a serenade, and called out for a speech. But, we are sorry to say that he was cut short by the hootings, yellings and other interruptions of a disorderly body of men, supposed to be Know-Nothings, and was compelled to give it up. Such conduct as this on the part of his opponents is without excuse, and if persevered in, its natural consequences will inevitably extend to riots, bloodshed and end in a state of public excitement and disorder creditable to a free and intelligent people. We have had some inklings of this in the late election disturbances at Cincinnati and Louisville. The moral effect of such proceedings as those in Washington on Saturday night against Mr. Wise will be to drive away respectable and high-minded men from any association with the party concerned. The true policy of the Know-Nothings is to show themselves in their public conduct worthy of public confidence. If they persist in a different course they must expect soon to fall into the bad repute of the hired bulleas and ruffians who have done so much to demoralize and destroy both the old political parties in this city. Let decency be a public rule of action among the Know-Nothings, or they will surely sink into the same public contempt.—M. Y. Herald.

Flour has become a mere drug in the

markets of California. The Chilean importations, after paying \$1.35 duty, have been sold recently, at San Francisco, for less than five dollars per barrel. Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the merchants of San Francisco have commenced the exportation of breadstuffs to New York. At the last accounts a clipper ship, of 1500 tons, was loading with wheat, and others are to follow. This is a plain indication that the people on the Pacific coast are no longer in need of breadstuffs from the eastern States. They are able to supply themselves, and if any deficiency should occur, they can supply it more cheaply by importations from Chili than from New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

Terrific Whirlwind in Illinois.

We have accounts from Chicago of a most terrific hurricane and whirlwind in the town of Jefferson, Cook county, and other places north and west of that place. On Tuesday afternoon a revolving funnel-shaped cloud passed swiftly along near the ground, about sixteen miles north of here, carrying up large sticks of wood, stones, &c. It described a semi-circle towards the southeast, twisting off large trees, and whisking them out of sight instantly. The whirlwind then broke in two and disappeared, but almost immediately formed again, and passed directly back, north and west, with redoubled violence. It struck a heavy frame house one mile from the Illinois and Wisconsin Railroad, tearing the roof instantly off, and almost immediately afterwards taking the whole house up the spout with all its contents.

Nine persons in the house were drawn up and hurled down in different places. Four of them were instantly killed, and others mutilated beyond any prospect of recovery. The whirlwind then passed over a post and rail fence, leaving not the slightest vestige of it. It next took up a barn, and threw it upon the horse and cattle it contained, crushing them at once. The timbers of the house and barn were hurled down to the ground with such violence as to bury them almost out of sight! The house belonged to Mr. Page, whose wife, son and two grandchildren were killed. Additional intelligence from the locality more than confirms the above. Accounts are given of persons being carried up one hundred feet in the air and then hurled down with great violence. A number of eyewitnesses have testified to the ravages of the tempest, and describe it as most terrific. The same afternoon, a severe hail storm occurred in this city, after which the sky presented a very singular appearance to the northward, and the weather changed from the most oppressive heat to the most chilling atmosphere.

Execution of Parks, the Murderer.

James Parks, who was convicted at Cleveland for the murder of Wm. Beaton, was executed in that city on Friday last. He had attempted the day before to destroy himself, by cutting his throat. Some incidents of his execution are thus described in the Cleveland papers:

About fifty persons were present at his execution, including the Sheriff and officers of the jail, his counsel at his late trial, reporters for the press, and citizens who had been invited. There was a strange seriousness in every countenance, and a mysterious silence in every cell; for all the prisoners were carefully locked up. Parks lay on a pallet in the corridor, securely handcuffed and manacled, presenting a ghastly picture to the spectators, who had been held before them the pale face and the rigid limbs of the man who had for more than two years furnished the people of Northern Ohio with an ever new subject of conversation, with a never-fading image of all that is cold, calculating and fearless. And there he lay with scarcely the power to harm an insect—a picture, which, if it had belonged to a better man, might have moved a heart of stone to pity. At ten minutes after eleven o'clock, the Sheriff asked him whether he was ready. He replied in the affirmative, and his limbs were unbound, not, however, before he made a solemn promise that he would attempt no violence upon himself, a promise which, it is but justice to say, he faithfully kept. Marshal Fitch, Dr. Strong, and Mr. Bosworth, the jailer, assisted the Sheriff to dress him. They put on him simply a fine linen shirt, a pair of dark-colored pantaloons without suspenders, and a pair of coarse wollen stockings. He then called for a cigar, lit it, and smoked calmly for about fifteen minutes, during which time he was evidently trying to quiet his nerves. He even tried to seem cheerful, and requested Dr. Strong who, he said he had learned, was a skillful phrenologist, to examine his head; but he spoke in a trembling and sepulchral tone, plainly showing the terrible emotions which he endeavored to conceal. At times his nerves were violently agitated, and great drops of cold sweat would come out all over his face; then he would wipe off the sweat and seem perfectly calm; but the terrible imprint of death seemed to be written there in plain characters, legible without spelling. Perhaps no idea connected with the tragedy, was half so painful as that of the pale-faced man staying up his nerves, in order to be choked to death according to law. The unfortunate man made a long speech from the drop, in which he strenuously protested his innocence. He closed thus: "You observe that I am not attended by any clergyman. I have tried through life to ascertain the right way by the study of morals and ethics; but I have not always done right. I have read the Bible thoroughly, and had I conformed to the precepts of Jesus Christ I should not now be here; but we cannot undo what has been done. Would to God I could; but I am not guilty of this murder. (Starting suddenly from his seat and stepping on the drop.) I am ready to meet my God; I am not guilty of murder, either premeditated or otherwise." He sat down, wiped the cold sweat off his face, and his limbs were pinioned; he then rose up and the rope was adjusted round his neck. He requested the sheriff to permit him to give the signal, and a handkerchief was handed to him. Just before the white cap was drawn down over his face, he

exclaimed in an audible voice, "I die an innocent man." He gave the signal, and at precisely four minutes past one o'clock, the drop fell, precipitating him about six feet, and breaking his neck at the first joint.

From the New York Tribune, June 4. Suicide in a House of Ill Fame.

One of the most distressing suicides which have occurred in New York for many months, was committed in the house of the notorious Cinderella Marshall, No. 54 Leonard street, on Saturday evening. The victim was Thomas Bailey Rossum, formerly of San Francisco, California, where he was a prominent man, held the office of Register, and where he left a wife and two children.

Deceased had been in this city about a year, and was said to have lost money by gambling. His manner of living was said to be extravagant. He lived for a while at the Prescott House, but latterly at the Carlton House. About two months since deceased became desperately enamored with a girl living at No. 54 Leonard street, and wanted her to marry him, but this she firmly refused, and his mind, which did not appear to be right before, got quite deranged. On the 21st of April, it will be remembered, he attempted suicide at Miss Marshall's, by taking laudanum, but on being conveyed to his lodging and receiving medical treatment, he recovered. His physician then discovered that Rossum was partially insane, and had him properly cared for. It was thought he had quite recovered, but on Saturday evening it appears that, still deranged and enamored with the girl in question, he went to Miss Marshall's with two loaded pistols in his pocket. He wanted immediately to see the girls alone in the parlor, and wanted her to marry him, declaring that if she refused he would blow his brains out. The girl refused to marry him, and also to see him on this occasion.

Miss Marshall seeing that Rossum's manner was alarming, sent for Capt. Carpenter, of the Fifth Ward Police. When the Captain entered the house, Rossum was sitting in a parlor on the second story with a pistol in his hand. The Captain in a consolatory tone requested Rossum to give him the pistol and to accompany him to the Station House and talk his trouble over.— The pistol was accordingly given and Rossum followed the Captain down stairs until he got within three steps of the floor, when he drew another pistol which the Captain did not know he had, and with it he blew his brains out.— The unfortunate man fell at the bottom of the stairway and instantly expired.

Coroner O'Donnell held an inquest upon the body, yesterday, and a large amount of testimony was taken, but in substance as given above. Mary Jane Smith, the young woman to whom the deceased was attached, was put on the stand. (She is a handsome girl, 25 years of age.) Her testimony went to show that the deceased had paid marked attention to her, and offered his hand in marriage on several occasions, which she refused. He told her he had been divorced from his wife. On meeting refusals he manifested anger, and said that unless he was married to her he never could be happy. On one occasion he got angry and handled her roughly, hurting one of her fingers. She did not know whether he was insane before he became acquainted with her. The Coroner's Jury rendered a verdict of "Suicide by a pistol-shot while partially deranged."

The deceased was a native of Baltimore, about 40 years of age. It was understood that deceased would be buried by some friends in Greenwood Cemetery. By a despatch from Philadelphia, we learn that Rossum formerly kept a tailor shop in that city, and was appointed by Gen. Taylor Collector of the Port of San Francisco, which office he filled until removed by Gen. Pierce. His wife is a Philadelphiaian, and was deserted by him about a year ago, when he returned to San Francisco with his eldest daughter, leaving three younger children dependant upon their grandmother. It is reported that he left San Francisco worth \$30,000.

A Rich Joke.

A gentleman in this place, played off a rich joke on his better half the other day. Being something of an epicure, he took it into his head to have a first-rate dinner. So he addressed her a note, politely informing her that "a gentleman of her acquaintance—an old and true friend, would dine with her that day." As soon as she received it, all hands went to work to get everything in order. Precisely at 12 o'clock she was prepared to receive her guest. The house was clean as a new pin—a sumptuous dinner was on the table and she was arrayed in her best attire. A gentle knock was heard, and she started with a palpitating heart to the door. She thought it must be an old friend—perhaps a brother—from the place they once moved. On opening the door, she saw her husband with a smiling countenance.

"Why, my dear," says she, in an anxious tone, "where is the gentleman you spoke of in your note?"

"Why," said her husband complacently, "here he is."

"You said a gentleman of my acquaintance, an old and true friend would dine with us to-day."

"Well," said he good humoredly, "am I not a gentleman of your acquaintance, an old and true friend?"

"Oh!" said she, distressingly, "is there no body but you?"

"No."

"Well I declare this is too bad," said his wife, in an angry tone.

The husband laughed immoderately—his better half said she felt like giving him a tongue lashing—but finally they sat down cozily together, and for once he had a good dinner without having company.

named Henry Herring, aged about 13 years, while performing some duty on a boat, fell over into the canal. An alarm was immediately given, a boat-hook procured, and the body taken out. He had been in the water only five minutes, and it is stated that he had every appearance of coming to life; but his rescuers tied a rope around his neck, and threw him back into the canal, where he remained until the next morning; they alleged as a reason for so doing, that they thought the law required him to remain in the water until an inquest could be held.

An Item of Interest.

We have been permitted to copy the following paragraph from a letter received in this city by a gentleman from his son, now on board a whaler in the Pacific Ocean. The letter is dated Lahaina, (Sandwich Island) February 26th, 1855, and the vessel is now on her return home. He says—"I will tell you a little about the cruise we have had in the Arctic Ocean. We made Behring's Straits about the 3d of July last, but did not get into the Arctic Ocean until the 6th of July, on account of a very severe gale, so that you may see that I did not spend a very pleasant Fourth of July. After getting into the Arctic Ocean, we had very foggy weather the first of the season, so that we could not see any whales. About the middle of August, we spoke one of the English Government ships in search of Sir John Franklin, and they told us that there were plenty of whales up by Point Barrow. We started for that point, and reached it on the first of September, when we fell in with a good many whales, and took nine of them, which made us six hundred barrels of oil. I tell you, father, it was pretty cold work.—The Captain thought there must be some larger whales farther up—so we pushed our way through the ice, until we got up as high as 75 degrees North latitude. That was as high as we could get, on account of the ice, and it was as high as any ship was known to go. Here we fell in with another English Government ship—the *Plover*. She had been frozen in the ice three years and one month, and we were the first ship she had seen for that length of time. You may be sure they were glad to see us. Her crew were all well, and had lost but one man in all that time. Their search for Sir John Franklin's ships had been fruitless. They had travelled over two hundred miles on sleds over the ice. You would be surprised to see the ice-bergs floating about. I have seen them as high out of water as the tops of our masts. There are large quantities of field ice floating about, upon which you can see waldruses lying asleep, as well as sea lions. In latitude 55 we lost a fine young man with the dropsy. He was from New York, and his name was Alexander Fosberg. He was about 20 years of age.—*Pennsylvaniaian*.

A PREDICTION TEN YEARS AGO FULFILLED.—The late Dr. Duncan, of Cincinnati, who was known all over the nation as a thorough going and indefatigable Democrat, ten years ago made a speech in the House of Representatives that contained a prediction which is now in the process of fulfillment. Said Dr. Duncan, in a spirit of prophecy, speaking of the Whig party: "I begin with the unprincipled practice they have of changing their name. They have changed their name with the periodical return of every Presidential election; and this for the purpose of concealing their principles and deceiving the people. Their last name was whig, and that name they kept as long as it would answer their purpose; but they will never fight another battle, under the banner inscribed whig, again. Having exhausted the political vocabulary, they return to the abuse and persecution of the Irish and Germans which characterized the party in the Administration of the elder Adams. Nothing is longer to be feared from a change of name. The people contemplate them as they do a stranger, who gives himself a new or different name in every town or village through which he passes."—*Eng.*

A SAD CASUALTY.—THREE GIRLS DROWNED.—We copy the following from the St. Louis Intelligencer: "A deplorable accident occurred two weeks ago near Fort Smith, in Arkansas, on the Cherokee side of the Arkansas river. Five young girls had gone into the river to bathe and amuse themselves. The river is very shallow, and can be forded almost anywhere, but in places, there are shoals, where the water is very deep. The girls were bathing and playing along the edge of a large sand bar, where the water was no more than knee deep, when one of them suddenly got into one of these deep places; two others went to her assistance, and all three were drowned; while, frightened by their cries and struggles, the two remaining girls ran as fast as they could to the shore. The very seclusion and privacy of the spot that tempted the girls into the water rendered it impossible to get assistance in time to save them. Two of the drowned girls were sisters, daughters of Mr. Jackson King, the other a Miss Collins; their ages from thirteen to fifteen years. The bodies of the two were recovered the evening of the accident, the other not till several days afterwards."

On Thursday last, Constable Smith arrested George Carr, of Dublin Township, charged on oath of Mr. John M. Hedding, with setting fire to his premises on the 19th of March last. It will be recollected that the store and dwelling houses of the Messrs. Hedding, were entirely destroyed, together with the furniture, regalia and other property belonging to the Fort Littleton Lodge of Odd Fellows. Carr is said to have made some bad threats against the Messrs. Hedding, and also in reference to the Odd Fellows. He was taken before Robert Campbell, Esq., who committed him to answer the charge. He is now in jail where he will likely remain until the next term of our Court, which commences the 1st Monday of August next.—*Fulton Democrat*.

POPULAR IGNORANCE.—The Morris Jerseyman learns that on Saturday the 19th inst., at the Rockaway basin of the Morris Canal, a boy