

Bedford Gazette.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA. FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1855.

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Select Poetry.



One by One.
One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength be below;
One will fade as others greet thee—
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given—
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed hand;
One will fade as others greet thee—
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow;
Every day begin again.

Every hour that flees so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each grain with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links—God's tokens,
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE.

Bedford, July 13, 1855.

From the Hartford Times.

HORRIBLE EXPOSITION

Of the Principles and Power of the KNOWNOTHING ORDER of Connecticut, founded on the actual Experience of Council No. 157, located in Lyme.

Unanimous action in Council.

Whereas the State council of know-nothings at its recent session in Norwich, in the gross violation of its constitution and laws, by which it professes to be governed, and contrary to every decision founded upon evidence and justice, did revoke the charter of this council on the representation of the presidents of two other councils in this town—Nos. 105 and 108; that a majority of its members voted at the spring election in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences, without fear or favor of any man; and therefore,

Resolved, That we can regard the action of the State council, in thus revoking our charter without even notifying us of such intention, in no other light than that of a base and tyrannical usurpation of power, oppressive alike to us and every subordinate council in the State.

Resolved, That this action has fully opened our eyes to the manifest determination of the order to crush out both freedom of speech and action on the part of its members; to utterly disregard its assurances and obligations, professedly made in good faith, whenever it shall best suit its secret, dark, and unwholesome purposes; and henceforth to regard no other law than that of passionate impulse and arbitrary proscription, which has ever been the last resort of those powers which have attempted to shield the most gigantic wrongs under the dangerous plea of necessity and absolute authority.

Resolved, That, in our opinion, the time has arrived for the alarm to be sounded in the ears of the people of Connecticut, and to inform them of the existence of a secret order in their midst which is striking a blow in the dark against our institutions of civil and religious liberty, and which, if suffered to go on, will soon destroy all we prize most dear in religion, politics, and morals.

Resolved, That we feel that we should prove false to our obligations to God and our country if we were to keep silent at such a time as this, and that we hereby set forth to the people the following exposition of the order, and the objections which arise in our minds to the principles of its organization and action.

On our admission to this order we had given to us the solemn pledge and assurance that no obligations would be imposed upon us which would conflict with those we had already taken, and owed to God, our country, and our families. For the sole reason that we acted as we were bound to do under the constitution of the State, and that we honestly complied with our sacred obligations as electors, we were ejected from the order, anathematized as unworthy of respect, underserving of any confidence or trust in any business transaction, and as deserving only the scorn and reproach of all good men. We were subjected to the most fearful denunciations because we would not surrender up to this most accursed of all despotisms our freedom of citizenship, and degrade ourselves down to the ignominious servitude of wearing a master's collar.

In view of such things, what honest man would contend that any obligations which might be imposed by the order are in the least binding or entitled to a moment's respect? Who would not go rather one step further, and say that man is guilty of perjury in the highest degree who would act with the order against his own honest convictions?

We believe if the parent for such a cause disowns the offspring, the obligation to keep the

secrets of such a parent is forever absolved, and the light of day should be permitted to penetrate into the dark recesses of this institution, so worthless, and at the same time so dangerous and destructive to the genius of American institutions. It is arrayed in warfare against the whole machinery of a republican government.

It has enticed the people from their homes in the still hours of darkness, and at its numerous places of meeting bound them to its foul and fearful purposes by administering the most horrid oaths, with one hand resting on the Bible, and the other raised toward Heaven, to yield themselves unreservedly to the control of this secret power, and even to deny to their families and the world that they hold connexion with the order. No person is permitted to hold an opinion which has not the sanction of the self-constituted mouth-pieces of the party. Within this temple of superstition Sir Oracle reigns supreme. The devotee who worships at its shrine is completely unmanned. He no longer feels nor acts his former self. In secret he steals away like a conspirator to the place where the most inveterate hatred is engendered against the descendants and countrymen of those brave men whose heroic valor assisted in achieving the liberties which we now enjoy. In the same manner, and often at the hour of midnight, he gropes his way back to his family again to report the hundred times-told lie of no connexion with this order. So much falsehood in the family circle, where the utmost confidence, truthfulness, and harmony should exist, has a direct tendency to produce suspicion and mistrust on the part of wives and mothers towards their husbands and sons; hence we find in every town where a council exists the female portion of the community are speaking out boldly their moral indignation against an order whose influence is so manifestly baneful upon all who are connected with it, whether nearly or remotely.

He who does not here behold the sure workings of demoralization and ruin must indeed be a poor moralist. But all these are evils of small magnitude and consideration when compared with some other gigantic wrongs with which it labors to curse our land. The scattering of a few pieces of red paper of a peculiar shape oblige every "revolver" to arm himself with bowie-knife and revolver or other deadly weapons, and follow the beck of their leader even to the shedding of blood. The Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and other fearful and bloody know-nothing riots, are but the legitimate workings of the order, and but the beginning of such scenes as were enacted on the soil of France under red republican rule.

Those who control and manage the affairs of this corrupt concern are in it for the spoils of office; and no means, however desperate, are left untried to compass this end.

The order is engaged in a crusade against religion, it revives the old spirit of persecution for opinion's sake, and of course rallies around its standard thousands who are always found more willing to fight against Catholicism than to practice their own profession. Odious religious tests which have been successfully reasoned down and removed from the statute of our State are speedily dragged from their leafy tombs and quickened to life. No Catholic is to be tolerated, no matter how sincerely he may revere his Maker; he is to hold no office in the gift of the people, have no part in the government nor interest in any of its concerns, while the atheist, deist, debaucher, infidel, Mormon, or Buddhist, is recognized as a good and worthy brother.

They have fearful apprehensions that the Catholic church will soon overrun and possess the country, to the ruin alike of republicanism and religion—and all this, too, when that church is in the most rapid decline in the old country, and while it is only continuing in its fold a moiety of those who reach our shores strong in their attachment to its cause! These apprehensions, then, are entirely unfounded in fact and opposed to common sense. It is only a trick of crafty political managers to bring to their aid the religious element of their country, while it is generating dissensions, sectarian animosities, and the rankest intolerance.

History and experience alike teach that no people were ever persecuted for opinion's sake without coming out in the end vastly increased in numerical strength and public favor. It is a saying, both old and true in all ages, "the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church." No form of religion has been put down by persecution of its professors.

This order swears its members never to vote for a foreign born citizen to fill any office in the gift of the people. Thus, birth-place, rather than virtue and intelligence, is made a qualification for places of trust and responsibility! What an absurdity is here! The know-nothing principles and practice would elevate a Benedict Arnold to the presidency, and at the same time proscribe such men as Lafayette, Hamilton, Montgomery, Gates, Steuben, DeKalb, Moultrie, St. Clair, Morris, and a host of noble and gallant men who freely spent their treasure and shed their blood in our glorious struggle for liberty. And are the people of Connecticut prepared to adopt such principles as these—principles which are at war with the machinery of the American government? We have too much confidence in their intelligence and honor to believe they will long submit to this great wrong. We feel confident that there are at this time thousands in the order who are similarly situated to ourselves, and who already see that its influence is for evil, and only evil, upon every interest of our country. We know of many in other parts of the State who feel with us in this matter, and who are resolved to come out and wash their hands of this foul and disgraceful business.

The foregoing is a brief statement of facts; no argument is needed to add to its force or develop more clearly the character of an organization which, while it ostracizes all those born in a

foreign land, draws into its coils thousands of honest and unsuspecting Americans, and then attempts to reduce them to a condition of servitude, strip them of their individuality, degrade them to the position of mere machines, and compel them at the bidding of their masters to disobey the dictates of their consciences, surrender their own thoughts into the keeping of others, and violate their oaths of allegiance to the State of which they are citizens.

Others may choose to submit to such atrocious despotism, but as for ourselves we denounce it as contrary to the genius of our institutions, at war with freedom of thought, and deserving the open denunciation of every true American.

Resolved, That the officers and members of this council affix their names to the above.

Resolved, That the papers in this State opposed to this organization are hereby requested to publish the foregoing.

B. P. BILL, President.

DANIEL S. SWAN, Marshal.

CHARLES A. TIFFANY, Instructor.

John Sterling, John W. Bill, Lodowick Bill, Gideon Rogers, Charles Stark, H. B. Daniels, Howlet K. Anderson, Stephen Sterling, David Quinly, Henry C. Piersons, C. A. Howard, Alfred Lester, Samuel Daniels, C. M. Beckwith, Charles E. Tiffany, James A. Bill, E. N. Lester, Frederic Fosdick, C. D. Sluman, John A. Peck, Reuben Lark, B. B. Huntly, R. N. Dennison, S. B. Ely, Daniel Daniels, E. B. Warner, Charles E. Smith, H. B. L. Reynolds, Oliver Chapel, S. B. Wood, D. A. Martin, F. C. Smith, T. J. Warner, G. W. Daniels, Noah Harding, E. E. Bump, Gep. A. Tiffany, John W. Bill, Gideon Rogers, H. B. Daniels, Joel Clark, Jos. W. J. Rogers, Wm. W. J. Warren, P. B. Sampson, John G. Hughes, E. M. Caulkins, C. O. Cone, J. J. Champlin, L. H. Maynard, Abner S. Ely, E. J. Warner, E. S. Lay, John Chapel, Ira Chapel, H. L. Huntly, R. N. Dennison, E. Strong, Wm. B. Fosdick, David Warner, P. F. Huntly, Elisha Miller, Ira Z. Congdon, E. J. Beckwith, Chas. E. Peck, Elisha Smith Peck, David B. Date, J. Congdon, H. B. Sission, Clement Fosdick, Gep. A. Tiffany,

The Stamped in Tennessee.

The trick of know-nothingism is now thoroughly understood and properly appreciated by the democracy of Tennessee. There are now few persons belonging to the lodges in that State who were originally members of the democratic party, and as for the old-line whigs, they repudiate the know-nothing organization with scorn and contempt. The reader will perceive from the subjoined letter that the "order" is in about as flourishing a condition in Tennessee as it is in the Old Dominion:

TO THE PUBLIC.

LEWISBURG, MARSHALL COUNTY, Tennessee, June 24, 1855.

The undersigned, citizens of Lewisburg and its vicinity, take occasion to state to the public that we were induced, by invidious persuasion, to join the "know-nothing organization." Among other devices, we were informed that there was nothing in the order that interfered with our principles, and that its object and tendency was to advance sound and conservative principles, and to put down demagoguism. A fair trial has satisfied us that no man who claims to be a freeman can be a know-nothing without a surrender of his rights and privileges; that it is at war with the spirit of republicanism, and virtually destroys the "power of the ballot-box."

We have, therefore, withdrawn from the association, and earnestly warn our friends against being caught in a snare so dangerous to civil and religious liberty. Many of us have been denounced for our withdrawal, but we care not for it. We intend to be free men, and to do our duty as such.

James F. Yowell, John M. Laws, James J. Murray, W. A. Jackson, George Collins, W. J. Blackmore, J. E. Yowell, S. G. Alston, R. A. Fraley, J. H. Hill, Elisha Collins, W. M. S. Jackson, R. M. Harvill, W. C. Squires, James M. Payne, Thos. N. Bowden, W. R. Phillips, John G. Coggin, Sam. Armstrong, S. D. Cunningham, A. J. Call, Thos. F. Brooks, Buck Collins, Willis Kerr, Hardin Kerr, N. Renfrow.

THE PROSPECT IN LOUISIANA.—The death-knell of know-nothingism in Louisiana has already been sounded, and all our private accounts agree in stating that there will be a speedy and general disbanding of the order throughout the State. A correspondent at New Orleans, under date of June 24, writes:

"The probability is strong that the know-nothings will disband in this State. Their doctrines on the question of Catholicism are bitterly denounced. The speech of Judge Rost, so long and favorably known as a leading whig, has had a wonderful effect. In this city below Canal street there will not be a corporal's guard of know-nothings in one month from to-day.—The democratic State ticket is powerful, and we intend to start our best men for city officers. Set us down all right."

From the Knickerbocker for June. SLEEPING WITH A RATTLESNAKE.

"You have a number of times spoken to me," writes a friend from whom we have received the following, "to tell you about the incident of my sleeping with a rattlesnake. But until now, I have not found time to give it to you; and even now, I am not in the condition or humor for writing. But you have the facts. Take them in hand yourself, and dress them up; but don't publish them as they are; for they are not in a condition to see the light." We'll see about that; at any rate, "we take the responsibility."

"It was, I think, for I have not my memorandum book of the day before me, in the month of August, 1836, that I found myself wandering through the great inland seas that begirt our Western country—(if not Western now, it used to be some time or other, and that, too, since the great rain storm in Noah's time) until I brought up at Fort Crawford, Green Bay.

"At that point, Captain E. B. Birdsall, of the Third United States Infantry, (poor fellow, he has fought his last battle,) and now stumbers with the dead of a thousand years ago) procured Mackinaw boats, a sufficient number to accommodate the whole detachment, which consisted of about one hundred and fifty United States Dragoons, on their way to Fort Des Moines, on the Mississippi river—each boat accommodating some twelve or fifteen soldiers, with the necessary camp equipment, provisions, &c.

"Thus provided and fully provisioned for the journey, the oars were let fall, and we threaded our way up the Fox river, a portion of the way quite a rapid stream, and with many formidable rapids, with grand and lesser chutes to pass over, until we arrived at Fort Winnebago, a post at that time considered beyond the reach of civilization. A portage of half a mile from the Fox to the Oniscans river, and our boats were again launched, and we pursued our way down the last named river until we struck the Mississippi, some few miles below Prairie du Chien.

"I should, perhaps, have stated ere this, that it was our invariable custom to sleep beneath our tent on shore every night. Soon after striking the Mississippi, our tents were pitched one night, as usual. It was not long before the camp fires gave token that the evening meal was in preparation. In due time, the guards were set, silence reigned in the little army, and naught was to be heard save the regular tread of the night-watch, as he paced his silent round.

"I had no idea when I 'turned in' that night, that I was to be unconsciously turned out before morning. But I was mistaken. During the night, our camp was visited by a furious rain-storm. The water descended in torrents, and disturbed in his lurking place an enormous Kattlesnake, who, it would seem, took up his line of march with, I presume, no very correct idea of his destination, but with a commendable desire, I doubt not, to provide himself with shelter from the pitiless storm, that was raging about, and invading his dominions, the broad forest, of which he had probably been an undisturbed occupant for many years.

"I cannot for one moment imagine that his snakeship had any penchant for my quarters, but it so happened, that about one o'clock at night, or rather morning, he brought up at my tent, and acting upon the old proverb, only a saying—'of a yart in a storm,' he pitched in, without as much as saying, 'fly your leave, Sir,' and the first intimation afforded me that I was to be honored with his distinguished presence, was the fact that he was insinuating his cold, wet and horrid carcass directly across my legs, just above my knee joints. Having outraged himself thus far into good society, he seemed to be entirely satisfied with himself, with me, and, for ought I know, with the rest of mankind, and the comfortable quarters into which he had thrust himself unbidden; for I am very certain, had I been permitted to make choice of a companion for the night, my tendencies would not have been in that direction. But here he was; warm, quiet, and free from the storm, and seemed mightily inclined, so far as I could discover, to tarry for a while. But by this time I began fully to realize my own position. I had assumed, in the first place, as all the indications were that way, that it was a snake, and my imagination in the second place led me to suppose it was a rattlesnake. Of course I had no positive knowledge on the subject, for his entrance had been unannounced; but I thought I had a right to make that assumption, and to govern myself accordingly.

"But the thought of such a companion was horrible! A sleeping partner, too—a snake, so forbidding in every possible aspect, that, even at this time, although nearly nineteen years have rolled over the incident, it makes me shudder in ever limb to think of it! But that was not the question uppermost in my mind at that time. The question was: 'How can I get rid of him?' And it was a nice question, too—one more easily conceived than executed. I knew the fix I was in; I was fully aware of my position; for my presence of mind had not for one moment deserted me.

"Although an intruder—although he had presumed to perch upon my mat without a license—still I was aware that this kind of his species was to be treated with great respect and consideration, until I had got, at least, beyond the reach of his murderous fangs. I commenced, therefore, the process of sliding my legs out from under him—not, to be sure, at a pace of two-forty—but imitating more the speed of the snail, and almost holding my breath during the operation. I was fully aware that my only safety lay in this. Perhaps I might have got rid of him in a more summary way, but in doing it perhaps I might have placed him in a position unsuited to his dignity, and contrary to his ideas of propriety, and most probably retaliation would have followed on his part, and I should have come out second best. But I found my plan working well, and persevered in its execution.

By dint of great patience, I finally, after a labor of ten minutes or more succeeded in finding myself free from my disgusting companion. I at once threw off my mosquito bar that surrounded my ground bed, stepped over my blankets, drew on my boots, as a matter of precaution, not knowing the precise locality of my pleasing and amiable companion at this time. I now seized a shillalah that I knew was standing in a corner of my tent, for it was as dark as Egyptian darkness itself, and commenced flailing my scatty bed with an earnestness that would have been highly amusing to a disinterested looker-on. I continued this healthful exercise for some fifteen minutes, in the fond hope that some of my random blows, and although given in the dark, and without any knowledge of the locality of his snakeship, might be so fortunately directed as to finish the career of my enemy. But I was in total ignorance of the result, and had no means at hand by which I could throw light on the subject.— True, I had candles, but what were they to me without matches?—and of them I had none.

I finally got on part of my clothes, threw my cloak around me, took my umbrella, for it was still raining in torrents, and sallied forth into the camp. But here I was no better off.—The rain had extinguished the camp fires, and darkness reigned supreme. The sentinel was at his post, but it was useless to trouble him with my story. My umbrella soon became useless as a protection against the drenching storm, and I was forced back to my tent for shelter.— But here all was doubt and uncertainty. What had become of the snake? There was a possibility that I might have killed him, but there was an uncertainty about it. But I ventured back, and drawing out my rifle case, which had served me for a pillow, I sat down on it, near the entrance to the tent, resolutely determined to watch the waning hours until day-light should reveal to me the result of my labors.—

The reader may imagine my thoughts, but it will be difficult to describe them. At length—some-d almost like an eternity—the dawn broke upon another day. It was like a new life, a new being, a new existence. Again the life blood began to course freely through my veins, my heart had gone back to its usual resting place, and was again performing its accustomed functions. The first rose tints of morning satisfied me that my enemy was not in sight.— Where was he? Was he lurking in some sly corner, ready to strike whenever I should approach him? Certain it was he had not coiled himself about my legs, nor had he wreathed himself about my body or neck! Where was he, then? Perhaps I had killed him. Lucky thought. Why had it not occurred to me before? Again I seized my stick, the same identical one with which I had performed such wonderful deeds in the dark, the night before, and with this I raised the blanket up, and there lay my sleeping companion, my bed-fellow, now sleeping the sleep of death. After this occurrence, I slept in my boat, and there was an additional tent for the use of the soldiers. But the reason for this was to them a mystery.

Flood—Loss of Life.

The painful intelligence and destructive disasters which it falls to our lot as a public journalist this day to record are without any preceding parallel in the history of this place. Last evening, soon after midnight, the rain began to descend in torrents, and continued for three hours without cessation, which caused a sudden rise of the Cananda and Crosby Creeks. At sunrise the morning, most of the streets were like so many aqueducts and torrents of water and large quantities of lumber, flood wood, and other rubbish were passing rapidly down them.

We understand the wife and one child of Mr. James Holloway were drowned, about 2½ miles west of this village, in their efforts to escape from the house when surrounded by water.—The other members of the family narrowly escaped with their lives. We also bear reports of other deaths by drowning, of narrow escapes, &c., but the reports are too indefinite for us to attempt to publish them.

The disasters resulting from the flood are painful in the extreme, and beside the loss of life, which is a mournful calamity indeed, the losses sustained by the destruction of property and crops within the village and vicinity, it is impossible to make any thing like a definite estimate. The damage in the village alone exceeds tens of thousands of dollars.

Earthquake at Baltimore.

Baltimore, June 28.—A great shock, supposed to have been an earthquake, roused half the city this morning, causing many of the inhabitants to fly to the streets. In the Eastern section of the city some windows were broken by the shock. It was followed by a rumbling noise. The shock was felt in the country at a distance of seven miles from the city. In some portions of the city, the people were so much alarmed that they ran into the streets in their night clothes and were fearful of returning to their houses. The shock continued about ten seconds, causing the houses and furniture to vibrate sensibly. Many of the persons who had been turned out of their beds by the shock were afraid to get up, and they remained up until daylight. The hour at which the shock was felt was eighteen minutes after 12 o'clock.

The powder mills in the vicinity of the city have all been heard from and no explosion occurred there. The shocks were not felt in the newspaper offices, owing to the noise and jarring of the presses.

A report prevailed that Beatty's powder mills eight miles below the city, exploded shortly after midnight, and that the shock was by many attributed to this. The passengers by the train from that direction say that no explosion occurred at Beatty's though the concussion was sensibly felt there. The shocks, it is now settled, were the effects of an earthquake.

The Bay steamers report that the shock was very sensibly felt on the Bay. The waters were greatly agitated while the weather was calm.

The weather is very hot to-day. The thermometer is at 65 in the shade.

[SECOND DISPATCH.]

Baltimore, June 28, 9 P. M.—The shock of the earthquake last night was felt for many miles around the city. It is represented as resembling a heavy crash, followed by a rumbling noise, jarring and rattling houses for twenty seconds.

At York, Pa., the shock was very severe, rousing the whole city, and causing great consternation.

IMPORTANT SUPREME COURT DECISION.—The Supreme Court in Banc, at Harrisburg, recently gave a decision which may or may not, as the case may be, be of vast importance to men marrying wives encumbered with real estate or personal property. In the case in question, "by an antenuptial agreement the husband covenanted that the wife should have her property to her own use as long as she lived, and dispose of it by her will to whom she pleased; and further covenanted with the wife, her executors and administrators, that he would not sell or otherwise convert to his own use any part of her property; there was also another provision, that he should be indemnified out of her estate for any debts he might have to pay for her." Upon her death the next of kin brought suit to recover the property, and the Delaware County Court decided in their favor; the husband, however, carried the case up to the Supreme Court, when Judge Black, on behalf of his associates, held "that upon the death of the wife, intestate and possessed of personal property, the husband was entitled to take it under the intestate act, there being nothing in the antenuptial agreement to prevent its operation." He therefore reversed the decision of the Delaware County Court, and gave judgment for defendant.

CAUTION—PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.—Last

Friday evening, Mr. Lewis, of this village, soon after retiring for the night—heard a groan or exclamation, as from one in distress. He at first thought it was made by some one in the street. Not being fully satisfied, he thought he would search for the cause. He went directly to the door of the chamber occupied by Miss —, living in his family. He knocked, it was fastened; but on calling her, she unlocked the door, and rushed out, followed by such a volume of smoke, as to nearly stifle one. Mr. L., by prompt exertions succeeded in extinguishing the fire, which in a few moments would have been beyond control. He examined, and found the father bed, straw bed and bedding, about one-half consumed, the candlestick on the bed, unsoiled, and a book there! It seems that the girl had indulged herself in the too common practice of reading after retiring, and had fallen asleep, with a burning candle on the bed." But a moment more, and her life would have paid the forfeit for this dangerous practice. As it was, she escaped with only a slight burn on the arm, from the wrist to the elbow, but she felt as though she would fall before she could unlock the door. We publish this as a caution.—Ash-tubula Telegraph.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.—We learn from the

Palladium, that when the southern delegates in the Philadelphia Hindoo convention saw that they were to lose their northern free-soul brethren, they besought them to stay, with tears in their eyes—but the abolitionists "shook off the dust from their feet" and departed. We should like to have seen that lachrymose parting! That reading of soul and body, which must have characterized the parting scene among such dear friends! That of "Ruth and Naomi," though remarkable for its disinterestedness, did not approach this in sublimity. We think we see Rayner and Crane hanging upon the necks of Wilson and Sperry, and sobbing in that agony of grief which knows no consolation! begging them not to desert, and offering to give up everything possible! While the latter, erect as two pillars of granite, are impervious to their briny effusions and agonizing protestations of endearment. "It was too late!" the "Rubicon was passed;" and with a stoicism worthy of patriarchal days, abolitionism filed out of the hall, leaving its dejected southern friends "like Niobe," all tears. We trust the sweeper of the hall respected the sacredness of that grief—allowing the sweepers to dry their tears, before he turned them into the street. There is one aspect of the case, however, which strikes us as peculiar—viz: that when "the south offered to give up everything," the Yankee political peddlers to whom the officers were made (and who are proverbial for having "an eye to the main chance,") did not propose to accept a slave or two apiece, and thus settle the difficulty. Those who know them best would have dared to risk such an offer.—New Haven Register.

NEW AND SINGULAR DISEASE.—A very

extraordinary disease has lately made its appearance in a few families in this city—some of them eminent in wealth and position—which has confounded our physicians, because of its novelty. At first they classed it under the head of Erysipelas, but it would not bear that classification. Some of them have given it the name of "the plague." It appears at first in some discolored spots, say on the face—and extending, without suppuration it soon destroys life as if by a general mortification. If suppuration takes place, it passes off; but if not, death is sure to follow. There is no contagion about it, and it is not epidemic in any form. One or two physicians have resorted to its first appearance, and cut out the plague spot on its first appearance, and so have saved life. Fever and delirium attend the progress of the disease, if "the spot" is left to spread. It is not the plague, for it is not contagious or epidemic—but what is it? The plague may be imported—may have been imported into the south of France, from Turkey—but it may be some new disease, which like the cholera, is to destroy the human race.—New York Express.