

Bedford Gazette.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES.

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VOL. XXIV, NO. 2.

Select Poetry.



From the Plymouth Memorial.
The Little Frock and Shoes.

BY HENRY B. MITCHELL.

A little frock but slightly worn,
Of blue and white delain,
With edging round the neck and sleeves,
Lay folded neat and plain;
Beside a little pair of shoes,
With here and there a flaw,
Lay half concealed among the things
In mother's bureau drawer!

Summer had passed away from earth
With all her sweetest ties,
The birds had left their Summer haunts
For more congenial skies;
The twilight breezes sweetly played
Among the dews of even—
An angel left his home on high,
To gather flowers for heaven!

The angel near and nearer came,
Whose sister sick did lie;
Then gently laid her faded cheek,
And pointed to the sky!
The morning sun upon the bed,
The Autumn wind blew free,
The angel moved its silvery wings,
And whispered "come with me!"

We gathered round her dying bed,
With hearts to weep and pray—
And many were the tears we shed
When sister went away!
No bitter tears had she to weep,
No sin to be forgiven,
But closed her little eyes in sleep,
To open them in heaven.

We laid her in the earth's green breast,
Down by the village green,
Where gently waves the dewy grass,
And Summer flowers are seen;
And often when dear mother goes
To get her things to use,
I see her drop a silent tear
On sister's frock and shoes.

The Louisville Riot.

The following statement of an eye-witness, a highly respectable citizen of Louisville, details a few of the preliminary proceedings of the K. N. party, which very naturally led to the dreadful riot in that city. After the publication of such facts it is idle now to enquire who is responsible.

From the Louisville Democrat.
THE RIOT.

Messrs. Editors:—I believe a statement of the disgraceful conduct which occurred under my own observation, and in my own Ward, at the court house, on Monday, the 6th August, 1855, due alike to all parties, but more especially to all good citizens of Louisville. Between four and five o'clock in the morning I repaired to the court house, for the purpose of making some arrangements to distribute tickets. The polls were not yet open; I passed through the lobby out on the platform on Jefferson street, and saw upon the steps and in the yard some 18 or 20 men, nearly every one of whom carried a club or loaded stick. I was not able to identify any of these men, after a close reconnaissance of them. The election proceeded as quietly as could be expected until a report was put into circulation that the Democratic ticket was ahead in the Fifth Ward, and that it was a close vote in the Sixth Ward, when a cry was raised, "Move the d—d Sag Nicks! Down with the Dutch and Irish! G—d—n them!" In an instant several citizens were knocked down and run out of the hall. I stood my ground and saw officer Stanton make some effort to restore order, but saw him make no effort. This outbreak occurred between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock A. M. A party of these bullies took possession of the platform on Fifth street. I went out among them, and saw them offer yellow tickets to every man who came up the stairs. If they were refused, some of the crowd would ask them who they voted for; if for Morehead, well; if Democratic or Clarke, they were moved or knocked in the head. I laid my hand upon the shoulder of one of these men whom I thought I knew, and inquired what was the cause of his hand being in a sling; to which he replied he had bruised it. Judge my surprise when, in less than five minutes thereafter, I saw him knock down an Irishman with the same wounded hand, and upon it a pair of brass knuckles.

A friend of mine, and a gentleman, called me out and desired to know whether I was armed; to which I replied I was not, nor had I carried arms but on one occasion in Louisville, within a period of nearly a quarter of a century. He gave me one of his revolvers, and insisted upon my acceptance in a manner which led no doubt upon my mind of his friendship. [This gentleman is a know-nothing and an honorable man.] I repaired to the court house. Some three old gentlemen inquired of me if they could get to the polls other than through the dense crowd at the door of admission, upon which I directed them to the door, stating that several old gentlemen, from age and infirmity, had been, through the kindness of the door keeper, been admitted—among whom I named J. W. Breckenridge. After the admission of these, entire strangers to me, a rough looking customer, who had heard all that had been uttered between these men and myself, called me to account for it. He had a yellow ticket in the ribband of his hat, and a club in his hand. From his language, I was convinced that he was about to strike me. I stepped back and drew my pistol, stating if he raised his stick one inch I would shoot him in his tracks. A young man of good address threw his arm round his neck, stood between us, and backed the bully into the

crowd. I shuddered at the idea, that in a moment more I would, in all probability, have taken a life that I could not restore, and which it would be to all time a source of bitterness to me; hence, I returned the weapon, and went unarmed the balance of the day.

I saw unoffending men knocked down in the court yard, and stoned off the yard fence by these bullies, and no attempt made to arrest any one of them, although I saw some of the police within reach of the offenders. Such unprovoked and cowardly attacks upon peaceable citizens, who came to the polls to record their suffrage, I trust never to behold or hear of in future. The passes to the polls were thus fully taken possession of. One stoutly built man ascended the steps, and was met above—"How do you vote?" I did not with distinctness get his answer, when he was struck, and staggered; got upon his feet and passed through the crowd, dealing out to his assailants some heavy blows. He was soon overpowered, and while in the act of throwing him over the banisters, Capt. L. H. Rousseau ran up, grasped the man and saved him from further violence. Here permit me to say, from years of acquaintance, I have ever regarded Captain Rousseau as a highly honorable and brave man; but never until last Monday did I fully appreciate his noble worth. His deeds of daring throughout the day were most worthy his well known character.

From two o'clock until the close of the polls I received but one or two votes; in fact, I may say from the time the polls were taken in the forenoon I got but few votes. I gave yellow tickets to two whom I believe to be my friends to carry through the crowd. They went in, discarded the yellow, and voted the Democratic ticket, for which I saw them knocked down on leaving the court-house, and no arrest made for these outrages. Between two and four o'clock, P. M., I called on from thirty to forty of my friends, and urged them to go to the polls, promising to protect them, but to no purpose. Most of these voters are by birth Americans, and all respectable and orderly citizens engaged in business. There are (if I am correctly informed) some twenty-eight of my friends on Jefferson street, between Fifth and Third, including three in the house of W. H. Johnston, Esq., also James McCullough, &c., &c., who did not or would not vote, in consequence of the disorder at the polls. But the most inhuman of all the acts of the day was reserved for the afternoon. A gang of rowdies had in keeping and tow a poor man all bloody, taking him to jail—for what offence I know not. As they rushed past my door, I went out after them. When nearly opposite the south-west corner of the court-house, a gentlemanly dressed foreigner, I believe an Irishman, was coming up the yard. He turned out to give the pass to the mob, when a part of them cried out, "Move the d—d foreigner!" and in a moment he was knocked down and beat almost to a jelly. One of the demons cried out for a hatchet to cut off his head. See One had a pitchfork, which some present stated he stuck into the poor man. At this moment Wm. G. Stewart, Esq., the generous and humane lawyer, having just come into town, ran into the crowd, pushed them right and left, and cursed them for a set of scoundrels, &c. This was the most unprovoked attempt to murder a poor unoffending man I ever beheld.

There were many more outrages committed, such as knocking down and kicking Mr. Cudmore into the door of my store, at which time Hon. W. P. Thompson was struck, in attempting to rescue Mr. Cudmore; an assault attempted on Mr. Hampton, an honorable and good man, &c. As I did not witness the origin or commencement of these and other cases, I leave them for others to detail.

Permit me, in conclusion, to say, I pen the above with feelings of sorrow, mingled with the most painful regrets. No man can feel, much less express the horror I have felt at these bloody occurrences; nor can I ever think of these scenes without a shudder. If I have uttered one untruth or done a particle of injury to any man or party in the above, I beg he will call upon me and convince me of it, and I pledge my honor as a man, to publicly correct it. I will be in November next a citizen of Louisville twenty-five years. Many of my best friends are among my political opponents—gentlemen whom the good and wise of all parties respect; nor have they thought the less of me for being a Democrat. If other evidence were wanting to prove this fact their hearty support in recording their suffrages for me on Monday last, ought to suffice. I venerate religion; I have no feelings of animosity against any order; nor can I believe religion was given to man to quarrel and fight about, but to escape to a better and happier world after death. My Democracy, founded as I firmly believe it to be upon the Constitution of the United States, with an abiding confidence in all constitutional acts of Congress, and a desire to act as honestly and fairly my part in all the business and social relations of life, at this time, and thus far, forms the whole sum and substance of my religion.—Hence I can never be arrayed against any Order, or do knowingly any party injustice.

Respectfully,
Thos. M. Hicks.
LOUISVILLE, August 10, 1855.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—An accident occurred on the Morris and Essex Railroad on Monday evening, by which the 4 o'clock, P. M. train from New York, was delayed for several hours, and the subsequent trains both ways thrown out of their regular time. A cow, which was about a mile east of Morristown, in the cut through Ford's Woods, ran up the bank to escape the engine, but fell back, and her body, after passing under the engine and tender and first car, was caught by the next car and shockingly torn to shreds. The car was also thrown off the track, and the wheel-truck so twisted and buried into the ground that it was found impossible to restore it, and for want of sufficient screw-jacks, &c., the train did not get on its way till about midnight. Fortunately no injury occurred to the passengers.—*Newark Ad.*

CAUSE OF THE TRAGEDY AVOWED.

We are at last enabled to furnish direct evidence of the Louisville tragedy, on Monday last, was the result of the preparations and proscriptions of the Know-Nothings. Not to speak of the practices of that party in disfranchising citizens by excluding them from official station, nor yet of the long and persevering course of abuse and denunciation of the Louisville Journal, and cowardly attacks upon peaceable citizens, who came to the polls to record their suffrage, I trust never to behold or hear of in future. The passes to the polls were thus fully taken possession of. One stoutly built man ascended the steps, and was met above—"How do you vote?" I did not with distinctness get his answer, when he was struck, and staggered; got upon his feet and passed through the crowd, dealing out to his assailants some heavy blows. He was soon overpowered, and while in the act of throwing him over the banisters, Capt. L. H. Rousseau ran up, grasped the man and saved him from further violence. Here permit me to say, from years of acquaintance, I have ever regarded Captain Rousseau as a highly honorable and brave man; but never until last Monday did I fully appreciate his noble worth. His deeds of daring throughout the day were most worthy his well known character.

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From the Cleveland Plaindealer, Aug. 4.
The Sons of Clay and Webster and their Father's Old Organs.

Those conversant with the political history of the country, no further back than ten or a dozen years, will recollect the Louisville Journal as the peculiar organ of the great Kentucky orator, the "emblematic," as his friends were wont to style him, of the principles and talents of the Whig party of the Union; while the Boston Atlas performed a similar part to the "emblematic" S-nator from Massachusetts, the then idol of the "solid men" of Boston.

In those days the editors of these journals still flattered themselves that either CLAY or WEBSTER, and perhaps both, would yet reach the Presidential chair, and dispense its patronage and favors. What wonder it would have excited, then, to have words of disparagement, however slight, in such journals, of either of the two great leaders of the Whig party—or even of their offspring!

But times have changed! Clay and Webster are in their graves, and never can wield the power and the patronage sought by the "Journal" and "Atlas" to be bestowed upon them.

Each, however, has left a son—an only son—and now, while the Louisville Journal is pouring out the hot lava of its bitter and vindictive wrath upon the young Clay far no other reason, in fact, than because he has taken up arms against the anti-American, anti-Republican, "Know-Nothing" organization, the Boston Atlas follows suit, and vents its spleen upon the son of its former patron and idol.

In a late article from that paper, in reference to the failure of the Walker "filibustering" expedition into Central America, it says:

"Billy Walker ought to have been hanged long ago for his misdeeds in Lower California, but the Government of the United States failed to bestow upon him the hempen noose. Mr. Kinney was in the power of the authorities, and bamboozled them all. Mr. Fletcher Webster, who was very directly engaged in the speculation, still holds office under the government."

"Mr. Kinney," too, by the way, now so sneeringly and so uncharitably spoken of by the Atlas, was, in days gone by, as is well known, a special favorite and trusted friend of Daniel Webster. But, the Lion is dead, and many who fawned upon him as upon Clay, while they yet lived, now that they have descended to their graves delight in taunting down their children and their friends.

This, we suppose, is a fair specimen of the vaunted gratitude, and magnanimity of the press of that party.

How the Voters were Whipped In.

Just before the election in Tennessee, the Knoxville Whig, fearing there might be members of the Order of the Know-Nothing lodges who, on the day they deposited their vote, would assert the independence and rights of freemen, published the following oath, which, during the early part of the canvass, had been stoutly denied. There can be no doubt of its authenticity now, as it has been published to the world by Brownlow, one of high priests of the order. He was explaining why Know-Nothings must support Rodgers for the Senate:

"When we were initiated into the Order, we took the following obligation or oath, administered upon the Holy Bible, and not having withdrawn from the Order, and not intending to do so, we feel bound by every consideration of honor and duty to support Rodgers:—

"You do solemnly swear before Almighty God and these witnesses, that so long as you are connected with this organization, if not regularly dismissed from it, you will, in all things, political or social, so far as this order is concerned, comply with the will of the majority, when expressed in a lawful manner, though it may conflict with your personal preference."

All who are members of the Order, and continue to be, have the same obligation resting upon them, and if they have any regard for their honor and a solemn duty, they will vote for Rodgers, though he may not be their personal preference."

All things, political or social! Well might ex-Governor Brown, in commenting on this horrid oath, exclaim, "what unbounded power!"

LOUISVILLE.

The past week has been one that Kentucky and the world will long remember. But one week ago and how many in all the enjoyment of life now lie in an untimely grave. But a short week ago, and our city was ranked a paragon among her sisters for health, wealth, peace and prosperity. Behold her now! The bleeding victim of a base political warfare—behold her lamenting the lives of some of her best citizens, who for years stood by her through all her difficulties. Oh, ingrate, heartless set, thus to wring into despair the proudest city in the Union; to make her feel that her fair name which never yet the breath of calumny had stained, be made the mock of foreign fools to laugh and carp at. Days, months and years, may pass away, but the dreadful and disgusting scenes of murder, arson and robbery will still live fresh in the memory of every son of Louisville. The widow, orphan and homeless one, will remember the day that deprived them of their homes, their husbands, their parents, and their happiness. Their curses and imprecations will soar aloft to Him who sees and knows all, and will fall with fearful fatality on the heads of the foul perpetrators.—*Louisville Times.*

Singular Adventure of a Lost Child.

On Saturday, the 6th ult., a child of Henry Nicholson, residing about two miles north of Rockaway, went into the woods with an older brother to hunt the cows. The boy was only about five years old, and by some means got separated from his brother, who came home without him. The mother then started in search of him, but he could not be found. On Sunday, the parents, aided by a few neighbors, searched in vain, and in the afternoon some seventy persons turned out to scour the woods, but they found no trace of him. On Monday probably over one hundred persons were searching the woods in all directions, and on Tuesday and Wednesday, it is said, that two hundred were searching, but without discovering him. On Thursday morning, a young man from Denmark Forge, concluded he would search, and accordingly went from his house to Beach Glen, directly across the mountain, which overlooks the Glen. On the top of that mountain, lying on a rock, he found the child alive and bright, but very thirsty and hungry. He had lived on berries, and told his discoverer, that he was looking for the red cow, and had not found her yet. Being very timid, it is supposed that he had heard the calls of the men looking for him, and hid himself, for they went several times through the mountain where he was found. For the same reason he had not dared to approach the houses at the Glen, which were in sight. When found he had given up hope of finding his way home. He had been without food from Saturday noon until the next Thursday forenoon, about five days, except the berries he picked in the woods. During that time he had not had a single drop of water.—The little fellow was disinclined to tell his adventures, but called loudly for bread and water, which were given him sparingly at first. The boy is now as well as ever.—*Newark (N. J.) Advertiser.*

Resuscitation from Drowning.—The Glasgow Herald mentions a remarkable case of resuscitation from drowning. Miss Murdock, a young English lady, was bathing with a girl named Shaw, when the latter got out of her depth. Miss Murdock placed her out of danger, but herself sank to the bottom. She lay there for fully five minutes, when the body was recovered, cold and inanimate. A gentleman had her conveyed to his house, where the body was rubbed with brandy, mustard applied, and bath put in requisition. To the surprise of all she gradually recovered. The case is mentioned as giving encouragement for the trial of remedial measures, however cold and inanimate the body may be when brought out of the water—excepting, of course, in cases where submersion has taken place such a length of time as to preclude all hope.

Greensburgher Murdered in California.

On Tuesday morning last, a deep gloom was spread over our town, by letters received here from California, announcing the cold blooded murder of our former fellow citizen, Capt. Geo. Kettering. Capt. K. was extensively known and esteemed in this community as a kind-hearted, patriotic and honorable man. Some five years ago he went to California, where he continued about two years, and was very successful in acquiring money, when he returned to his family. After remaining with his family in this vicinity for about a year, he returned to that country about eighteen months ago. Fortune still favoring him, he was expected home in the fall to enjoy the fruits of his industry with his family, when he was stricken down by the hand of an assassin. The following letter from C. A. Lippincott, to his son Henry Kettering, of the "Westmoreland House," which we have been permitted to copy, gives the particulars of the diabolical act. The family and friends of Capt. Kettering have the sympathy of the entire community.—*Greensburg Argus.*

JAMESTOWN, CAL., July 13, 1855.

MR. HENRY KETTERING: At the request of your brothers, Adam, Michael, and John, I address these lines to you. The painful duty devolves upon me of imparting to you, and other members of your family, the sad intelligence of your father's death. It occurred at Algerine Camp, on Tuesday evening, 10th inst., and the circumstances attending are of a shocking nature. He was shot and killed, almost instantly, by a young man named Wm. H. Worth. I will give you the particulars as they were obtained by the Coroner's jury, of which I was a member:

About ten days since, the residence of Judge Brunton was entered and robbed of some \$13,000, and the Judge nearly murdered. It caused a great deal of excitement, as no clue could be obtained to fasten suspicion on any one. Worth had been out from home on the night of the robbery, and had stated that he called at the Judge's house on his return home, about two o'clock in the morning—and has since explained why he called—but finding no one up, he kept on his way. Your father, upon hearing this, is said to have remarked that it gave room for suspecting Worth, or that he suspected Worth of being implicated in the robbery.

Worth hearing these reports in circulation, traced them to the above remark uttered by your father, and went to his house for the purpose of making him retract what he had said. He was accompanied by two men, named Finny and Sutton, all well armed. They found your father sitting by his door, in company with a man named Jones, who lived with him. Worth requested a private audience with him, as he had something private to communicate. He was requested to enter into the house—the rest remaining outside. They repaired to the back room, and W. was heard to say, "Captain, you have circulated reports about me, implicating me in the Brunton affair; I have traced them to you, and you must retract." Your father refused, and Worth told him, "You must sign this paper." The captain was then heard to say, "Don't cock your pistol on me, sir!" Worth replied, "You have got your hand behind you" which being denied, W. said, "You are a liar!" and a cap was heard to snap, then the report of a pistol and the cry of "murder!" Pistol shots followed in rapid succession, eight or nine having been fired, when W. emerged from the building, and with his friends, who were standing at the door, procured their horses and delivered themselves up to the Sheriff of Sonora. Jones, in the meantime, alarmed at his own safety, had fled. As soon as the neighbors could reach the spot, they entered the house and found your father reclining against the side of the building, but he was dead. Your brother Michael was in Camp Seco at the time, about three miles from the scene, and John and Adam were at their camp on Table Mountain, still further off.

The Sheriff, Coroner, and a Justice of the Peace were sent for, and the body suffered to remain in the position it was found, and the house closed. Upon the arrival of these parties a postmortem examination was held; and eight bullet wounds were found upon his person, besides two blows upon the head from a blunt instrument, probably inflicted by the broken revolver that was found on the floor, as it bore marks of having been used in that manner.—Your father's pistol was found under him, in his sheath, showing that it could not have been used. It is thought that W. fired five shots from his revolver, the first cap having snapped, and then broke it by striking him with it. He either had two pistols upon his person or another was handed to him, with which he completed his work, as we found the mark of eight balls upon the body and one through the side of the house. One bullet entered the head above the left ear—one in the breast—two in his arms, and four in his legs. The parties are lying in jail, and it is thought, will undoubtedly be committed to await their trial of murder.

Your father had many friends, who accompanied him to the Masonic grounds in Sonora. The lodge to which he belonged here are taking charge of the corpse. Your brothers are all in good health, and with the other members of your family, received the heartfelt sympathy of all. You will hear from them by next mail.

Yours truly,
C. A. LIPPINCOTT.

CHOLERA AT PERRYVILLE, MD.—We mention the fearful ravages made by the cholera, at Perryville, Md., in the family of Joseph Rain, stating that he was then down with the disease. He has since died. The family consisted of husband, wife, and six children. In a week's time all of them died except a lad, who has recovered. Three of the children were unwisely sent to the almshouse, where two of them died; and, what is most unfortunate, they have infected the premises there, two of the inmates having since died.—*Baltimore Sun.*

FATAL ACCIDENT AT FARMINGDALE, L. I.

As the evening train for Greenport was leaving Farmingdale about 6 o'clock on Saturday, Joseph Brown, a resident of Babylon, L. I., in attempting to get on the cars after they had started, was thrown under the wheels, and five cars passed over him; the first wheel passed over his legs and rolled him further on the track, the next car passed over him higher up, and the last went over his body, crushing him in a fearful manner. The train was stopped as soon as the accident was made known to the engineer, and immediately returned. Our informant was among the first to reach the spot, and found him laid by the side of the track covered with a piece of sail, his head supported by another piece. On the covering being partially removed that he might be recognized, a sickening sight presented itself, a pool of blood having flowed to some distance, the only sign of life being a sort of convulsive breathing motion, which continued but a short time; he was not at all conscious after he fell. His age was about fifty-five. One son was on the train and remained with him. It was supposed by those who saw him attempt to get on the train, that he was intoxicated.—*N. Y. Tribune, 11th.*

THE LIQUOR LAW OF CONNECTICUT.—INCREASE OF DRUNKENNESS.—The New Haven Palladium, of the 27th, has the following notice of the effect of the liquor law in that State. The Palladium says:

"Probably there is more intoxicating liquor retained in Hartford at this time than ever before, and evidently there is more drunkenness. A stringent law will not make men moral and temperate. The liquor generally used at this time is said to be a very deleterious article, and is doing much harm. A laborer remarked the present week to one of our merchants, that he knew of twenty-three places on one short street where liquors were sold. The town rum agency is also in full blast, dealing out large quantities. Club rooms have multiplied to a fearful extent, and hundreds of families in which liquor was unknown before August last, now keep a variety, and ask their friends to drink. This one feature alone is doing incalculable mischief. The fashion of keeping liquors upon the family side-board is fast coming into use, and its evils are as great as those of the rum shop.—The liquor law is the parent of that evil."

THE MAINE LAW IN MICHIGAN.—We do not know what could be more cowardly than the manner which the friends of the liquor law are enforcing it in this city. It is perfectly notorious that the retail liquor traffic is openly and boldly carried on from one end of the city to the other, and that the wholesale traffic is unrestrained. It is perfectly notorious that whiskey is daily unloaded upon our docks, and that there are immense stocks of liquors in store for sale. Yet the efforts to enforce the law are confined to half a dozen arrests per week of small retailers—some of the smallest in the city. There seems to be an intention to annoy individuals, rather than a desire to stop the sale of spirits, for the sources of the traffic are untouched—the wholesale dealers are unmolested. No attempt has been made to put in force the search, seizure and nuisance clauses of the act. Why is this. The law exists—why do not its friends carry it into full effect? They dare not. They know in their hearts, that in its main features it is invalid—that it is an oppressive, outrageous and unconstitutional enactment. They dare not carry it into effect.—*Detroit Free Press, Aug. 2.*

ANOTHER RECENT.—Mr. Brown, editor of the Marion, Indiana, Republican, formerly a whig paper, announces that hereafter he will be found battling with the great democratic party of the country. The Rock Island Democrat says:

"The editor of the Republican is not the only whig editor in the north who has lately had to join the democracy, owing to the fact that the leaders of that once powerful party have merged it into the abolition know-nothing proscription party. Thousands of patriotic and national whigs among the masses are also joining the democracy, rather than lend their aid to the disorganizing and traitorous schemes of the abolition demagogues and fanatics of the north.—We again assert that the next presidential race will be between the abolitionists, know-nothings and disunionists on the one side, and the national democracy, aided by all national whigs on the other; and in such a contest, who can doubt the triumphant success of the democracy, the party that has ever upheld the constitutional rights of all sections of the country, as guaranteed to them under the constitution?"

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.—About 2 o'clock last Sabbath, a stranger, carrying an oil cloth bag in his hand, was seen staggering in Main street, opposite Bank, it was supposed from the effect of liquor; but on turning into the entry to go up a flight of stairs to Dr. Constable's office, he fell, and in less than fifteen minutes expired. Upon inquiry it appeared that he was one of several boarders at a house which had been closed, and he was left in it sick with the fever, without attendance or necessities of any kind; that in the last stage of the disease, when the victim is mocked with the deceptive consciousness of returning health, he went out in order to go to the hospital; but had just strength to reach the spot mentioned when he became exalted, and death closed the scene. His name, we learn, was Stapleton, an Irishman, about two years in the country, and had been employed in the Navy Yard. In somewhat more than an hour he was taken away in a hearse for interment.—*Norfolk Herald, 14th.*

In the long run those who work slowly and gradually at one business succeed the best. It takes a man about seven years to get acquainted in one channel of business.

"I say, Bill, Jim's caged for stealing a horse."
"Served him right. Why didn't he buy one and not pay for it, like any other gentleman?"