

# Bedford Gazette.



Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

NEW SERIES.

## Select Poetry.



### GOOD TEMPER.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,  
Nor yet one half so dear;  
Tis worth more than distinguished birth,  
Or thousands gained a year.  
It lends the day a new delight,  
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;  
And adds more beauty to the night  
Than all the stars may yield.  
It maketh poverty content;  
To sorrow who pers peace;  
It is a gift from heaven sent  
For mortals to increase.  
It meets you with a smile at morn,  
It lulls you to repose.  
A flower for peer and peasant born,  
An everlasting rose.  
A charm to banish grief away,  
To snatch the brow from care;  
Tears to smiles, makes dullness gay—  
Springs gladness everywhere.  
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew,  
That gems the lily's breast;  
A talisman for love, as true  
As ever man possessed.  
As smiles the rainbow through the cloud  
When threatening storms begin—  
As music 'mid the tempest loud,  
That still its sweet way wing—  
As springs an arch across the tide;  
Where waves conflicting foam,  
So comes this seraph to our side,  
This angel of our home.  
What may this wondrous spirit be,  
With power unheard before—  
This charm, the bright divinity?  
Good temper—nothing more.  
Good temper—'tis the choicest gift  
That woman heavenward brings,  
And can the poorest peasant lit  
To bliss unknown to kings.

From the Detroit Free Press, Aug. 22, 1855.

## LETTER FROM GEN. CASS, On Know-Nothingism and the Power of Congress in the Territories.

DETROIT, AUG. 22, 1855.

To THE EDITOR OF THE FREE PRESS:—  
Sir—The public journals contain a letter dated July 24th, written by Gen. Houston, which perceives, by the papers of the day, that Gen. Cass has approved the platform of the American order, as proclaimed to the world by the convention at Philadelphia. I had observed the statements to which Gen. Houston alludes, and had let them pass unnoticed, for it would be a hopeless task to endeavor to correct all the misapprehensions and misrepresentations to which it is my lot, as well as that of all other public men, to be exposed in these days of party strife. And, indeed, I could not suppose that such assertions would deceive any one who had heard or read my remarks in the Senate of the United States, on the 5th of February last, upon the presentation of the resolutions of the Legislature of Michigan, instructing the Senators of that State to vote for an act of Congress prohibiting the introduction of slavery into the Territories of the United States. Upon that occasion, while declining to comply with those instructions, I took the opportunity to express my sentiments in relation to the new political move which sought to acquire and exercise power by secret combinations, bound together by the sanctions of an oath, which, it is said, made it the duty of its members to surrender their individual convictions to the expressed will of a majority of their associates. I then observed: "Strange doctrines are abroad, and strange organizations are employed to promulgate and enforce them. Our political history contains no such chapter in the progress of our country as that which is now opening. The questions of constitutional and policy, which have been so long the battle-cry of parties, are contemptuously rejected, and intolerance, religious and political, finds zealous, and it may be they will prove successful, advocates in this middle of the nineteenth century, boasting with much self-complacency of its intelligence, and in this free country, founded upon immigration, and grown prosperous and powerful by toleration. \* \* \* We want no new parties, no new platforms, no new organizations, and the sooner these dangerous efforts are abandoned, the better will it be for us, and for those who are to follow us in this heritage of freedom."

I might well suppose, after the expression of these views upon the floor of the Senate, and under circumstances of peculiar responsibility, that any further action on my part would be unnecessary to prove my consistency, as a disciple of the school of Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison and Jackson, in the rejection of a dangerous innovation, inconsistent with all the principles those patriots taught, and which, in effect, aims to transfer the great political duty of an American citizen from the light of day, where it should be exercised in this land of freedom, to secret conclaves, as to wise and patriotic decision. But the extract from the letter of Gen. Houston has shown me that these reports have received more credit than I had believed, and this consideration has induced me thus publicly to notice and to contradict them. My opinions, indeed, upon any subject, are but of little consequence, except to myself; but if they are worth referring to, they are worth the trouble of making the reference a true one.

I have no sympathy with this plan of political organization—none whatever, neither with the means it employs, nor the objects it seeks to attain. Its secrecy, its oath bound obligations, its control of the ballot box, its systems of pro-

scription, striking both at political rights and religious duties, and its inevitable tendency to array one portion of the community against another, and to carry deadly feuds into every corner of the land, of which we have just had a terrible proof, written in characters of blood, and are doomed to have many more, if this movement goes on, for this is but the first instalment of death, and how many others are to follow and to what extent, and when the last is to be paid, and after what lamentable vicissitudes it is known only to Him who foresees events and can control them—these characteristics mark it as the most dangerous scheme which has ever been introduced into our country to regulate its public action or its social condition. It is the Orangeism of a republic, scarcely better in principle than its monarchical prototype—of a republic whose freedom and equality justify as little as they invite the introduction of a machinery whose operation is concealed from public observation, but whose consequences are as clear as they are alarming.

Gen. Houston gives credence to the report that I approved the platform of the American order, as proclaimed to the world by the Convention at Philadelphia. I am aware that changes have been made, both in the name and in some of the principles of this new organization. But these changes do not remove my objections to it. Its spirit of exclusion and intolerance remains, and with it, its evils and its dangers. It is a book to which I cannot be reconciled, whatever addition, whether the new one or the old one, is offered to me. There is, indeed, one principle laid down in that Convention which meets my concurrence, and that is, the declaration that "Congress ought not to legislate upon the subject of slavery, within the territory of the United States." I regret, however, that the body which thus pronounced against the exercise of the power did not also pronounce against its existence, but carefully pretermitted—  
To use its own words—the expression of any opinion upon that point. Still, I approve its action upon the subject, so far as it goes. It is a step in the right direction, and I should rejoice to see it followed by every political party in our country. It is a step, too, towards the security of political rights—this opposition to the legislation of Congress over the internal affairs of the people of the Territories, and among others, over the relation of master and servant, or that of husband and wife, or parent and child; for these matters of domestic policy are subjects which should be left to the Territorial communities, and to divest them of the power to regulate them is an act of unmitigated despotism. The negation of all power of interference by Congress in the internal government of the Territories, after years of opposition—of obloquy, indeed—it is fast establishing itself upon impregnable grounds. The misapprehension which has prevailed upon this grave subject is the most extraordinary political event of my time. One would naturally suppose that in this country the dogma of the right of internal government by an irresponsible Legislature over a distant community, unrepresented in the ruling body, would find but little favor, and that the power to establish and put in operation a government might well be defended, while the power to control all the concerns of human life would be left without an advocate. The difference is broad and practical, and should be the dearest to us, as it was the very consideration urged by our revolutionary fathers in their contest with the mother country, which began by argument, but ended by arms. It was asserted as early as 1774, when the Continental Congress declared that the English colonists "are entitled to a free and exclusive power of legislation in their several provincial legislatures, where their right of representation can alone be preserved, in all cases of taxation and internal policy, &c." In that great struggle, the patriots who conducted it conceded to the British Parliament the authority to organize colonial governments, but denied their right to touch the internal polity of the people; and for the support of that great principle, denied and derided as it is now, they went to war.

I observe that a highly respectable and intelligent gentleman, Gov. Hunt, of New York, in a letter just published, speaks of the Nebraska bill as "based on the absurd theory of territorial sovereignty." I never heard a man support that measure or approve it for such a reason. Gov. Hunt has mistaken the sneers of its enemies for the views of its friends. The Nebraska bill rests upon no such theory—upon no theory at all, but upon the stable foundation of the federal constitution, and of the natural rights of man.

I know of no one who claims sovereignty for the Territories. All concede their dependence upon the United States. But within this relation there are mutual rights and duties, and the questions—what power may Congress lawfully exercise, and are the people of the Territories divested of all rights?—must be determined, not by politico-metaphysical considerations arising out of the attribute of sovereignty, but by the constitution of the United States. To the law, and to the testimony. By that constitution, the general government is a government, not only of granted, but of limited powers, and Congress can exercise no authority which is not given by the great charter that brought it into existence. Let any man put his finger upon the clause of that instrument which confers this power of internal interference, and I will abandon the principle, long as it has been cherished by me. And that is many years, as will appear by reference to the *Globe* of March 31st, 1832, which contains an article written by me, and entitled "A Review of the Opinion of the Supreme Court in the Cherokee Case." In that article I observe that the clause of the constitution authorizing Congress "to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property of the United States, refers to territorial rights, and grants no jurisdiction over persons. Among other things I say:

"The power to dispose of, and make needful rules and regulations respecting the territory and other property of the United States, and from them, followed by the farm servants. The cries power to exercise general jurisdiction over persons upon it, are essentially different and indecibly audible groans from the poor girl; and, pendent. The former is general, and is given breaking open the door, she was found in the in the clause referred to; the latter is special, and is confined to the most horrible manner, and to the federal tract, the District of Columbia—stretched husband in a fit of raving madness and and to places purchased by consent of the Legislature of the State in which the same shall be for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock yards, and other needful buildings." This he was dragged from the room after a present and more fully developed in my Nicholson letter, hold him down. Aid was instantly sent for: lation cannot be found in the constitution, and unhappy victim was no more. Young Peyron service a thousand and one expressions in that was attempted to be put upon him, but his instrument, to prove it to be there: a diversity of struggles and screams were such that the doctor, or reference which, of itself, furnishes a strong and comprehensive test he should expire in the assistance against the authority, even if there were no other grounds of objection.

Judge McLean, of the Supreme Court of the United States, in some considerations published by him upon this subject, and to which I have elsewhere referred, well remarked, that "there is no specific power in the constitution which authorizes the organization of Territorial governments." He adds, "If this power be implied from the specific power to regulate the disposition of the public lands, it must under the above rule, be limited to means suitable to the end in view. If Congress go beyond this in the organization of a Territorial government, they act without limitation, and may establish a monarchy. Admit that they may organize a government which shall protect the lands purchased among the settlers, it does by no means follow that they may establish slavery." Judge McLean here brings the Constitution of the United States to the support of the good old revolutionary doctrine, that the right to establish colonies or territories does not carry with it the just power to interfere with and regulate the domestic concerns of the people who inhabit them. He pronounces slavery to be one of these concerns, saying that "it is a municipal relation of limited extent, and of an equally limited origin. It is a domestic relation, over which the federal government can exercise no control."

I have never known the time when the Democratic party was called upon by higher considerations to adhere, faithfully and zealously, to their organization and their principles, than they are at this day. Our confederation is passing through the most severe trial it has yet undergone. Unceasing efforts are making to excite hostile and sectional feelings, against which the Constitution is numbered. The continued assaults upon the South, upon its character, its constitutional rights and its institutions, and the systematic perseverance and the bitter spirit with which these are pursued, while they warn the Democratic party of the danger, should also incite it to united and vigorous action. They warn it, too, that the time has come when all other differences which may have divided it should give way to the duty of defending the constitution, and when that great party, coeval with the government, should be united as one man for the accomplishment of the work to which it is now called, and before it is too late. It is the American party, for it has neither sectional prejudices nor sectional preferences, and its care and its efforts extend wherever the constitution of its country extends, and with equal regard to the rights and interests of all. I believe the fate of this great republic is now in its hands, and so believing, I earnestly hope that its action will be firm, prompt and united, yielding not one hair's breadth of its time-honored principles, and resisting to the last the dangerous efforts with which we are menaced; and, if so, the victory of the constitution I doubt not will be achieved.

I am, sir, respectfully your  
Obedient servant,  
LEWIS CASS.

### A Terrible Tragedy.

We find the following account of a terrible tragedy, which recently took place at Lyons, in the letter of the French correspondent of the London Literary World:

A frightful case of hydrophobia is described in the Lyons journals, which, if the facts are correctly stated, would go to prove that this fatal malady can remain in the system as long as four years without development—a much longer period, I believe, than has ever been authentically shown to have taken place between the injury and its consequences; but there is some doubt as to the real nature of the disease, though unfortunately none as to the dreadful catastrophe which took place. A young farmer named Peyron, about twenty-five years of age, in the department of the Rhine, was married a few weeks ago to a neighbor's daughter. The young couple had been long attached to each other; but the parents of the bride had refused their consent on account of strangeness of conduct occasionally observed in the young man, who otherwise was a most eligible match, his parents being comparatively well off, and the son himself generally of exemplary good conduct. His passion for the girl became at length so violent that he declared he could not exist without her, and meditated suicide; went to the parents of the young woman, and after some entreaty, prevailed upon them to agree to the match.

Young Peyron at once recovered his spirits, the young woman was delighted, and the marriage was celebrated with all the rustic pomp and ceremony common in that part of the province, concluding with a grand dinner and the inevitable ball. The gayeties were kept up until daylight, when the company separated. The new married couple were lodged in one wing of the farm-house, separate from the main building; but, in some time after they had retired, cries were heard from the nuptial chamber. At first they were unnoticed; but at

strength was almost exhausted. The whalemen then came ashore and gradually hauled the line in. The body was within fifty feet of the shore, when renewed life appeared to have been given him, and with one dart he carried nearly all the line out. This was his last great effort. He was slowly dragged ashore, amid the wild excitement and tumult ever known in the vicinity of silver lake. Four or five ladies fainted on seeing the monster, who, although ashore, was lashing his body into tremendous folds, and then straightening himself out in his agony, with a noise and power that made the very earth tremble around him. The harpoon had gone entirely through a thick muscular part of him about eight feet from his head.

The snake, or animal, is fifty-nine feet nine inches in length, and is a most disgusting looking creature. A thick slime covers his hideous length, a quarter of an inch thick, which, after being removed, is almost instantly replaced by exudation. The body of this creature is variable in size. The head is about the size of a full grown calf; within eight feet of the head the neck gradually swells up to the thickness of a foot in diameter, which continues for fifteen inches, and then tapers down the other way, constantly increasing in size, however, as it recedes from the head, until the body of the monster has a diameter of over two feet in the center, giving a girth of over six feet. It then tapers off toward the tail, which ends in a fin which can be expanded in the shape of a fan until it has three feet across, or closed in a sheath. Along the belly, from the head to the tail, are double rows of fins, a foot in length—not opposite each other, but alternately placed.

The head is a most singular affair. The eyes are very large, white, staring and terrific. Attached to the edge of the upper and lower lids, which are like those of a human being, a transparent film, or membrane is seen, which, while it protects the eye of the animal, does not interfere with its vision. He has no nostrils or gills, apparently. The mouth of this serpent, or whatever it may be, is underneath—is almost a counterpart of the mouth of a fish called a sucker, possessing the same valvular power, pursed up—but it can be stretched so as to take in a body the diameter of a foot or a foot and a half. No teeth can be discovered. A hard lumpy substance extends in two parallel lines around the upper and lower part of the head. His color is a dusky brown on the sides and back, but underneath the belly it is of a dirty white. It is sinuous like a snake, but has a long its back, and on each side, a row of hard substance, knob-like in shape—the largest raised four inches from the surface of the body, and before night hundreds and hundreds of people from the neighboring towns and villages had collected to see this wonder. The animal still has the harpoon in him. It passed through the muscular portion of the back, and touched no mortal part. He lies in the water, an ingenious contrivance of ropes having been placed on him while he was on shore, keeping his body in a curve, preventing him from getting away or proving dangerous. He can use but his head and tail, with which he occasionally stirs up the water, except when he rears it up as if looking around, and presents a most fearful aspect. When raving he expands his mouth and exhibits a cavity, blood-red, most terrible to look upon. As he does this, air rushes forth with a heavy, short puff. I have no more time to write you. The hotel is full, and people here a great difficulty in getting a meal at the village. Some of them go up to Castle to get their meals. The whalemen contemplate keeping the monster in his present position until an agent of Mr. Barium arrives, who has been telegraphed. He is expected here to-night. Very truly your friend and subscriber.

Correspondence of the Buffalo Daily Republic.

### A WELL TOLD STORY.

PERRY VILLAGE, N. Y., Aug. 13, 1855.—

This part of the country is wild with excitement. The immense snake, with various descriptions of which the papers have been crowded for two weeks back, is at length captured. You have undoubtedly heard all the particulars of its appearance, the many doubts and sneers as to the existence of a *Jusur nature* of this character in a lake but four miles long and not quite three quarters of a mile in width. At any rate it never has been doubted. Daniel Smith, an old whaleman, came here about two weeks since, after hearing of the appearance of the creature, and while here had the good fortune to see him. He immediately sent to New York for an old shipmate of his and his "sons," and on Friday last both arrived with harpoons, cordage and everything necessary to catch a monster.

Many strangers who were stopping at the Walker House in this city, attracted to this part of the country by the excitement in regard to the monster, and who had obtained no glimpse of him, laughed at them for their pains; but they kept on with their preparations in spite of sneers and jeers. Boats have been stationed over the lake for upward of eight days, and the two whalemen had a sharp look-out kept all the time besides watching themselves.

This lake has several outlets. The largest of which runs through this village and finally empties into or becomes Genesee river. In the vicinity of this outlet he was seen first, and on Sunday came to the surface, displaying about forty feet of his long, sinuous body, remaining, however, but a very few moments. The boats were on the watch all Sunday night. The whaleman had 1200 feet of strong whale line in their boat, the end of which ran ashore and fastened to a tree.

On Monday morning everything was on the alert. The shores were lined with townspeople and strangers, and every body seemed much excited. About nine o'clock the animal made appearance between the whaleman's boat and the shore, revealing twenty or thirty feet of length. He lay quiescent upon the surface, then the whaleman's boat moved slowly towards him—Mr. Smith, of Covington, pointing Lilly-iron in the air, (a Lilly-iron is a patent iron, a heavy cutting knife being attached to the middle to the end of the iron by a rivet, so that the knife enters the body of an animal in a movable blade turns at right angles in a wound, and being entirely blunt and flat on one side it is impossible to extricate it except cutting out.) When they had got about ten feet from the animal the iron whistled through the air and went deep into his body.

In a moment, the whole length of the monster was lashing the air, at a bound revealing his terrible enormous length, and then making the torse coil in every direction, he described rapid circles and arcs of circles, with such swiftness the eye could scarcely follow him, when he darted off in another direction towards the upper part of the lake, the suddenness of his movement almost dragged the boat under water. Line was gradually given him, and, after a space of half an hour, it was plain that his

From the Washington Union.

### Another Know-Nothing Outrage.

The atrocities committed by the know-nothings of Louisville have recently been feebly imitated by the Know-Nothings of Sidney, Ohio. The following letter appears in the Ohio Statesman of the 22d instant:

SIDNEY, Shelby County, Ohio, August 19, 1855.

DEAR SIR: Last night, about 11 o'clock, the Catholic frame church was made a pile of ruins. A keg of powder was put under the building, with a train scattered along the street, which was fired with burning shavings. There is no doubt the incendiary deed was committed by a set of Know-Nothing rowdies, such as have just wrought devastation in Louisville.

I trust, for the welfare of our country, that the better class of the American people will soon arouse to a proper sense of what this awful spirit of blind persecution for opinion's sake is fast leading to. The better class of Know-Nothings here appear to look with disgust upon these terrible proceedings; but who can tell whether they are sincere. The real friends of religious liberty in our community charge, without reservation, that the destruction of the Catholic church here is one of the fruits of the Know-Nothing crusade.

The blowing up of the Catholic church will do for a commencement. The election in Ohio takes place on the 9th of October, which will afford the Know-Nothings of Sidney an opportunity of exhibiting their proficiency in such light crimes as murder and arson, by way of enforcing their favorite doctrine, that "none but Americans shall rule America."

While Know-Nothings are blowing up Catholic churches, and shooting and burning Catholics, men, women and children, it would be as well to pause a moment for the purpose of ascertaining whether any retaliatory steps have been taken by those who profess that faith which is now the special object of the murderous persecution of Know-Nothingism.

The Norfolk correspondent of the Baltimore American (Know-Nothing in its proclivities) writes as follows:

"The praise of Mr. O'Keefe, the Catholic pastor of St. Patrick's church, is on the lips of the Catholics as well as Catholics untiring exertions in nursing and attending to the wants of the sick and dying of every class and persuasion."

Another correspondent of the same paper writes as follows:

"There are five Sisters of Charity nursing at the hospital, and from what you know of these self-sacrificing and truly pious women, you can readily imagine that the sick lack no comfort that ind-fatigable and judicious attendance can administer. Indeed, by the establishment of the hospital, and the attendance there of the Sisters, not only an immense amount of suffering has been spared the poverty-stricken creatures who have been taken there, but many a life has been saved for which there would have been no hope otherwise."

The New York Express, a leading organ of the Know-Nothings, bears the following testimony:

"All honor to the noble-hearted women who stand by the bedside of the sick and dying in the fever-stricken cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth! All honor to Miss Andrews, and the Sisters of Charity, who have left, or are leaving, a wholesome atmosphere, to brave the storm of death for the sake of doing good; but shame—eternal shame—upon those false Christian professors whose craven hearts have urged them to seek safety in flight!"

We will not designate the class of "false Christians" justly obnoxious to the censure of the Express, but we will indulge a faint hope that the piety, zeal, and self-sacrificing spirit of Catholic clergymen and Catholic Sisters of Charity, so beautifully and nobly displayed throughout the whole of the prevailing epidemic in Norfolk and Portsmouth, may be the means of securing in at least two cities of the Union the safety of the persons, dwellings, and churches of Catholic citizens.

A CATHOLIC CHURCH BLOWN UP.—The Catholic Church at Sidney, Shelby County, Ohio, was blown up by powder on the night of the 18th. We copy the following from a letter to the *Ohio Statesman*:

Our village has been in much confusion since yesterday morning, caused by the blowing up of the Catholic church on Saturday night. It was one of the boldest and most daring acts that I have known, being done on Saturday night about 10 o'clock, the church standing only the width of a street from a dwelling house.

EXPRESSIVE IF NOT ELEGANT.—Gen. Geiger, one of the speakers at the late K. N. Convention in Ohio, must have been greatly disgusted at the nomination of Chase & Co., by the previous Convention. The Reporter says—"He compared the nomination of the 13th of July to a splendid stew, made of fine game—squirrels, rabbits, woodcocks, quails, turkeys, &c.—and some one coming along and pitching a skunk into the pot; hide, hair, smelling bottle and all."

A WISE ANSWER.—"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an injudicious parent. "But, ma, I like her; she is a good little girl, and I'm sure she dresses as pretty as I do, and she has lots of toys." "I can't help that, my dear," responded the foolish mother—"her father is a shoemaker." "But I don't play with her father—I play with her; she ain't a shoemaker."

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