

# Bedford Gazette.



BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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## Select Poetry.



From the Pittsburg Union.  
"NOT FORGOTTEN."

No! Thou art not forgotten,  
Though many days have past  
Since from thy soft and earnest eye  
The light on me was cast;  
Though the music of thy gentle voice  
No longer greets my ear,  
Thou art not wholly absent yet,  
Thy memory lingers here.

No! Thou art not forgotten;  
Each fragrant breeze that brings  
Low music in its wandering flight,  
Of thee, the absent, sings;  
The melodies of summer birds,  
The voice of youth and cheer,  
Remind me of thy own sweet tones,  
So gentle, pure and free.

No! Thou art not forgotten,  
For deep within my heart,  
Thy memory ever sleeping lies,  
And oft to life will start;  
For I have loved thee with a love  
That thought of change could know,  
And never shall my soul forget  
While still life's pulses flow.

I gaze on summer evening skies,  
When stars their curtains gem,  
And seem to see thy beaming eyes  
Smile sweetly forth with them;  
This earth bath much of loveliness,  
In blossom, leaf and tree,  
And often as they meet my sight,  
They speak to me of thee.

No! Thou art not forgotten;  
At rosy morn's first beam,  
And when the shadowy twilight  
Falls soft o'er vale and stream,  
When holy thoughts steal o'er my soul,  
And angel spirits bear  
To heaven my prayers for those I love,  
Thou art remembered there.

MINNIE.

## Pennsylvania Politics—Letter from William B. Reed, Esq.

PHILADELPHIA, July 29, 1855.  
To Hon. A. J. Curtin, Chairman of the Whig State Committee, Harrisburg.  
DEAR SIR:—I beg to state my position as a member of the State Committee, and desire to state the reasons which have led me to this conclusion. I am quite aware that these motives may have no interest either to my late colleagues or to the public, but I am not less satisfied that there is something in existing political relations calculated to affect personal character, and which admonishes every honorable man to be perfectly ingenuous and unreserved as to what he does. In this communication I mean to be so, and I shall be very glad, if I am in error on any matter of fact, that you will correct me.

I was appointed a member of the State Committee by the Whig Convention of 1854, which nominated Mr. Pollock and Mr. Darsie. To us was confided the duty of promoting the success of that ticket in its integrity—Mr. Darsie's success as much as Mr. Pollock's. We were bound in honor to do all we could for both these gentlemen, and I can confidently assume that if any human being, in or out of the Convention or the Committee, had hinted the idea that one of these candidates was to be sacrificed, it would have been met by a most indignant rebuke. There was not even an unrecurrent of intolerance then. These were Whig nominations, entrusted to the honor of a Whig Committee.

On receiving the intelligence of my appointment, I immediately wrote to the President of the Convention, begging, for personal and official reasons, to be excused from serving. Had I dreamed of what has since occurred, my withdrawal would have been peremptory, and I should have been spared the mortification of seeing the party, with which I have acted for thirty years, endangered, if not destroyed, by sinister and secret influences which I could not control and with which I might seem to be implicated. Yielding, however, to the urgency of old and kind friends, who seemed to think I might render some service, I consented to act. In one respect, and but one, (aside from the pleasant personal association we have had,) am I glad I served. It enabled me, and in this my colleagues of the Committee and our candidates cordially co-operated, to aid in assuaging the asperities of political conflict, and so to direct the canvass that little or no personal feeling mingled in it. Sure I am that no word of personal reproach or unkindness to Gov. Bigler, or any individual member of the Democratic party, emanated from the State Committee. It was in this particular a most decorous contest.

Having agreed to act, I took, as you are aware, my full share of duty, and attended every meeting of the Committee, one of which held three hundred miles from my home.

You will excuse the recapitulation. It is necessary to the illustration of the painful, and in my judgment, most discreditable sequel to what was so propitiously begun. In the winter and spring of 1854, two incidents of public interest occurred, which in my opinion were attended with the worst consequences—the passage of the Consolidation Bill, and the first election under it. To consolidation, in every form in which it was presented, I am proud to say I always was, and yet am, resolutely opposed. The principle was wrong and delusive—the details of the measure, as has been abundantly proved, were incongruous and imperfect—the machinery rickety—and the manner in which it was forced on the public, no one venturing to resist the spurious sentiment that was stimulated, was most unfortunate. Its sad results no one

new questions. The most sanguine enthusiast of this great speculation can do no more than hope for the very distant future. In the long run, (to use a favorite phrase,) it may succeed, but it will be a very long run indeed, of suffering and dishonor, and social disorganization and imminent bankruptcy. Every one of these results has in point of fact already ensued.—A huge municipality has been created which thus far cannot manage itself. Its Legislature is a miniature Harrisburg, translated to Philadelphia. The treasury is bankrupt. The credit of the community has been narrowly saved so far as the payment of mere funded interest is concerned, but prostrate in everything else.—New loans are familiarly talked of. New taxes are inevitable, and yet no one ventures to propose them. These I affirm to be the consequences—the bitter and the natural fruits of this consolidation scheme.

In May of last year occurred the first election under the new system. It was at this election that, for the first time, was developed a new and most dangerous element of political action, which has been running a short race of triumph ever since, but which now, I am happy to believe, is near its appropriate end. I of course refer to Know Nothingism or secret Americanism. How, or where, or exactly when it originated, no one knows—at least, no one out of its Councils, and I suspect, not very many in them. It is believed to have had a very impure origin out of this State, and to have been transplanted hither by hands already stained with a good many black political spots, bankrupts in fortune and character, spirits congenial to any device of fraud that might, under a cloak of secrecy, be perpetrated with safety. Such I believe to have been its origin, though I am equally well satisfied that such personal respectability and honest, though misdirected, sentiment has been infused in it since. No matter, however, how or where it began, the disease broke out with great violence in this city in the spring of 1854. Hundreds and thousands of sturdy Whigs, who have been fighting open Americanism all their lives and as many fierce Democrats, rushed into these lodges—were initiated by some mock ceremony, and swore that they would never vote or assist or aid members of one Christian denomination—that they would proscribe every naturalized citizen; swore, too, though nominal Whigs or Democrats, that they would break faith with ancient friends and abide by the decision of secret lodges—swore further to a code of dismemberment, which required them to conceal and to keep secret the names of those who were known to be members. Many a man who was ashamed publicly to preach intolerance and proscription, could do it safely in a secret council room. This system of denial and equivocation—a cardinal principle of Know-Nothingism led to some instances of personal degradation in this city which I do not like to think of.

It was not long after this election when the glory of triumph was brightest, that the Whig State Committee met for the first time in this city. I am confident in the belief that at that time this secret party had no considerable foothold in our Committee. I have no idea of recapitulating the acts or counsels of the Committee then or thereafter. You will do me the justice to say, that from first to last, in every form and guise, I opposed all affinity to this new party, and I am glad to do you the justice, that you were equal decided and resolute on the same side. We worked together most harmoniously. Then, too, it was that question of our duty to George Darsie was considered and discussed, and then we were, or seemed to be, unanimous, that it was a matter of duty and honor to support him. The fact is now confessed, I regret to say, that some of our Committee, thus pledged in fairness and honor, recognizing the superior obligation of a Know-Nothing oath, voted for Mr. Mott, the Democratic candidate, believing him to belong to the order. The same subject of discussion arose at a meeting at Pittsburg, with the same apparent result, though I have no doubt the scheme of sacrificing Mr. Darsie was in the meantime matured. It certainly was most systematically perfected, and thus one of the ablest and most upright public men in the Commonwealth, who, in spite of his nativity and a few years of infancy in Protestant Scotland, had been a Pennsylvania legislator for nearly fifteen years, was sacrificed at the bidding of a secret oath-bound association, composed, to a large extent, of individuals who openly claimed communion with party they betrayed.

How little the State Committee could do to avert this discredit, you very well know. The secret influence was around them, and upon them, and within them, and those who, like myself and others, were open and candid in their condemnation of this secret action and organization, were not fairly met or answered. The secret order was satisfied with rapid recruiting. The oaths prevented discussion or fair play.—It was confidently all-god and assumed that Mr. Pollock himself joined the order. From his own lips I have it that, at the time of his election, he was not a member of any party whose organization required him to proscribe any portion of his fellow-citizens, and relying on that assurance, I continued my exertions, and voted for him. I voted for the Whig ticket at the fall election. I voted for Mr. Tyson for Congress, though I confess I was perplexed by many rumors that he, too, had joined the order, and taken the requisite oaths. I could not persuade myself that a man at his time of life, who had pronounced so many elaborate discourses in favor of religious toleration, and who venerated with a faith so sincere and professing, the name of Wm. Penn—the friend and favorite of England's Roman Catholic King—I could not persuade myself that he had abjured the principles of his education, and sworn to this new allegiance. Had I lived in the first Congressional District, I should no doubt have voted for Mr. Morris, for there would have needed much more than rumor to convince me that he, the

ancient antagonist of Native Americanism, (which was at least a manly party), bristled, and joined the secret order. These were errors on my part, they were errors the side of fidelity to my friends and party.

After the month of September, 1854, the State Committee never met. Gov. Pollock and Mr. Mott were elected, and those of us who were excluded from the new common, had scarcely the heart to rejoice—the men of triumph in our opinion being so unworthy—and nothing to console us but the dim hope that things might turn out better than we expected.

In January, of this year, the new administration was inaugurated and the new Legislature met. Of the doings of that Legislature I do not speak, and especially of that scene of intrigue, the canvass for United States Senator. Though there was a nominal Whig majority, the name of Whig was ignored. A caucus was one of "Secret Americans" for which Whig Senators and Representatives were excluded; and within and upon that caucus, everything being veiled by what was thought to be safe secrecy, the influence of corruption, personal pecuniary and political, were thought to be brought to bear. What better illustration (I now appeal to your own observation,) could there be of the mischievous capabilities of this secret organization than Gen. Cameron's success in the "American caucus"? I do not omit the denunciation heaped on that gentleman. I think—aside, of course, from all question of right and wrong—that his consummate skill and capacity of accommodating himself to an emergency, deserved better success than he attained. He fought his enemies with their own weapons and beat them. If they minded, he countermined. If they plotted and organized in secret lodges, he constituted lodges of his own, or went into theirs, and beat them even at mystery. If they renounced past political fidelity, Whig or Democratic, he, without any family to Catholics and naturalized citizens, he swore as hard as they. It was with them all "Death to the Romans." Punic antipathy and Punic faith. I confess I do not see how any "Know-Nothing" can find fault with Mr. Cameron. And this accounts, in my poor judgment, for the feeble result of succession which took place from the Senatorial caucus. The deserters carried with them, as marks of shame in Know-Nothing eyes, the fragments of their broken oaths, and they were bound to hide it, or disguise it. And thus it ended. I am sorry to refer to all these matters, filled as they are with painful memories, but they are illustrative of the denomination of this secret and dangerous party to be passed in silence.

During all this time, the State Committee was not called together, and if it had been called had done little good. The melancholy fact had by this time developed itself, that out of the thirteen, of which number the Committee consisted, seven it was believed, had joined the secret order, some cheerfully and readily, and from congeniality of feeling and opinion; others I venture to say, reluctantly, blushing, and under what seemed an overbearing necessity.—Whether, hereafter when the account of these misdoings comes to be settled, any distinction will be made between those who readily aid those who unwillingly turned away ancient political opinions, is not for me to say.

I confess that, during this spring, I was anxious that our Committee should meet, if only to enable us to speak out, and to let an organized body in Pennsylvania have the honor of striking the first blow at the secret party. The elections in New York and Virginia, and the local spring elections in this city occurred first, and gave the wound from which the life blood of the organization is flowing away. Nothing could be more creditable to the nation—more fatal to this new party, than the almost contemporaneous election of Senator Seward an Governor Wise, the one a northern Whig, the other a southern Democrat; men of widely different opinions, but on this great question standing shoulder to shoulder in defence of the Constitution, religious liberty, and equality of political rights. It was proved to be beyond the power of any secret conclave or its missionaries of mischief, effectually to rally through length and breadth of the land the secret rebels to the Constitution.

On the 22d of July, ten months after we separated at Pittsburg, the Committee met in this city, and then I determined, and you will know, made no secret of my resolution, to bring this matter of Know-Nothingism before the Committee. I ask its action in the way of distinct and emphatic repudiation. I feel it my duty as a matter of self-respect. I believed in my Philadelphia fellow-citizens, whom I immediately represented, expected of me, at I think, having tried long to deserve their confidence, and having earned it, and being very proud of it, I properly estimate public opinion on this point. Here, in Philadelphia, this secret party drew its first breath and gained its first victory, and here, in Philadelphia, it met its first reverse and will breathe its last. No one can mistake its coming doom.

What occurred in the Committee you know. To the proposition to call a Whig Convention I cheerfully assented, meaning, so soon as a call was determined on, to ask the Committee by a manly declaration of principle, to treat convention on its inception from the suspicion which since this secret party has existed, has hung round every political body that has favored religious toleration, and who venerated with a faith so sincere and professing, the name of Wm. Penn—the friend and favorite of England's Roman Catholic King—I could not persuade myself that he had abjured the principles of his education, and sworn to this new allegiance. Had I lived in the first Congressional District, I should no doubt have voted for Mr. Morris, for there would have needed much more than rumor to convince me that he, the

1. Disapproval in the clearest and strongest form of all secret political associations as immoral and unconstitutional, opposed to the principles of our republican form of government, and utterly subversive of the confidence which ought to subsist among political friends.

2. Condemnation especially of that form of secret political association which proscribes American citizens on account of their religious opinions or their place of birth, this Committee and the Whig party recognizing in its broadest sense, that constitutional principle that every man has a right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and that organized political proscription on account of religious belief would be an interference with that right.

3. Disavowal by this Committee collectively and individually of any connection with or sympathy with any such secret political organization.

4. The assertion of the feeling common to every Whig of Pennsylvania, and to every many of other organizations, that the Nebraska and Kansas measures of the last Congress, the abrogation of the Missouri compromise line, and, as a part of the same system, the lawless and violent conduct of individuals since in Kansas, especially are abhorrent to the people of the North, and ought to be redressed.

5. That these measures were a wanton renewal of sectional agitation, for which in no sense are the Whigs of the North, and especially the Whigs of Pennsylvania, responsible.

6. That the restoration of the Missouri compromise line ought to be demanded and insisted on as a matter of right.

7. The reassertion of the Whig principles—the value of which every hour is confirming—of protection in some form to American industry, and especially, to the stable interests of Pennsylvania yet struggling into existence—the policy of peace and neutrality on the part of the general government, and resolute abstinence from all schemes of foreign aggrandisement and sympathy or affinity to foreign politics.

These resolutions, after a free discussion, were laid on the table, my own vote being the only one recorded in their favor; and yet I hope I may be permitted to say there were few of the Committee who did not, in their hearts and consciences, agree to every word in them. It is due to my colleagues to add that some of them put their votes on the resolutions strictly on the ground of expediency and a doubt as to the propriety of the Committee. With them, however, I know-Nothings, and, as such, under a paramount if not exclusive allegiance.

During that discussion one of these gentlemen, as you will recollect, said with emphasis, and without a word leading to it, that if these resolutions passed he should resign. Till then no word which, by any possibility could be construed into a threat, had been whispered—certainly not by me. But the feeling and resolution were all along cherished that, if after all that had occurred, the sacrifice of Mr. Darsie, the discredit of last winter at Harrisburg, the insolent abandonment of the very name of the Whig party, and, above all, the prevalent suspicion that affected every one, these resolutions, or something like them, were not passed, my duty as a gentleman was very clear, to vacate, as I now do, my position. It is a resolution, I assure you, not lightly formed or which can be considered.

The resolutions affirmed this secret organization, with its proscriptive and evasive oaths, to be not only unconstitutional, but immoral! I deliberately reiterate that opinion, be its value what it may, without agitating another grave question, whether these combinations and these extra judicial oaths are not strictly unlawful.—It is a very safe kind of swearing for easy consciences when no penalties of perjury are risked. I am, by education and principle, opposed to all extra judicial oaths—having been taught long ago by one of the greatest lawyers Pennsylvania ever produced—one, too, whose memory I most affectionately cherish, that the administering or the pronouncing of any oath, except by authority of law, is an offence against the law. The example of this secret party is making them fearfully common—this taking in vain the Almighty's name—"this rash swearing not required by the magistrate" which the wisdom of more than one Protestant church condemns. I am free to say that oaths of exculpation are nearly as repugnant as oaths of initiation and proscription. Aside, I repeat, from all question of law, the whole secret organization is immoral, and degradingly so in this, that it exacts evasion and sometimes the denial of truth. If it does not now, it certainly did so once, in its prime of youth and pride of victory. The obligation once was, and I fear is yet, to evade the confession of membership if possible, and if not, expressly to deny it; and I have myself seen instances of this degrading prevarication which make the use of the word "immoral" almost too gentle.

One other word, and I have done. I shall look with deep interest to the constitution and action of the Convention which is summoned to meet at Harrisburg in September. I trust its action may be unreserved in the enunciation of principles—conciliatory to those who agree in principle and REPUBLICAN in every sense—and most so in this, that no whisper shall be uttered, no intimation given, that can be construed into an interference with religious liberty, which the Constitution guards, or with social or political rights, which the Constitution recognizes.

I am, very respectfully, yours,  
WM. B. REED.

A letter from Brookville, Jefferson county, says the prospects are flattering in that county for the complete overthrow of Know-Nothingism. The Democratic ticket stands a fair chance of being elected.

## A Story and a Warning.

The New Orleans Delta relates the following sad story, by way of admonishing its readers against any participation in the lottery mania, which is said to prevail very extensively in that city:

"A poor but industrious mechanic had been laboring for years to accumulate sufficient money to purchase a homestead for himself and family. On returning home each Saturday night he would place his weekly salary in the hands of his wife, and request her to lay it by. A few months since, knowing that he must have saved a couple of thousand dollars by his industry and frugality, and learning that a piece of property was for sale in the upper portion of the city which would be an advantageous investment, he called upon the owner, and it was offered to him at a bargain. Overjoyed with his good fortune, he hastened home to his wife, and conveyed to her the glad news and asked for the money to close the purchase. But, alas! there was no joyful response in the countenance of his better half, but bursting into tears she wept most bitterly, and refused to be comforted. The husband was astonished, and asked for an explanation. With heart averted, and voice interrupted by heart-broken sobs, she made known to her husband the startling fact—which fell like a thunderbolt upon him, crushing his brain and causing reason to totter and reel from its throne—that she had wasted all his hard earning in the purchase of Havana lottery tickets! The vacant stare from the eyes of the husband which met this astonishing disclosure plainly showed that he was no longer capable of appreciating his loss, but with a maniac laugh, wild and startling, he left his home, his wife, and little ones never more to return. A few days more passed, and his body was taken from the river. The coroner held an inquest upon it, and a verdict of suicide informed the public how he died; but why he died remained a secret."

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.—A circumstance of a somewhat extraordinary character occurred a short time since in one of the flourishing towns of the midland counties. A clergyman died, and his wife and daughters, on the third day after his decease, recollecting that no likeness remained, it was agreed, ere the grave closed over him, that the body should be unshrouded and a portrait taken. A young lady of some professional celebrity was engaged for the task. She, with the assistance of an artist, took the body from the grave, and, requiring the artist's attention, the sketch was deferred till noon. About 12 o'clock, at the foot of the bed, the lady commenced and went through an hour's work on this image of death. At this stage of the proceedings, by some unaccountable motion, the head of the death-like figure fell on the side. Nothing daunted, the artist carefully took the head to replace it, when, lo! the eyes opened, and staring her full in the face "the dead" inquired "Who are you?" The young "professional" without trepidation, took the bandage from the head and rubbed his neck. He immediately saw the shroud, and laughed immoderately. The artist quietly called the family; their joy may be imagined, but cannot be described. That evening, he who had laid three days in his shroud, bemoaned by mother and sisters with agonized tears, gladdened their hearts by taking his accustomed place at the tea table, and at this moment is making an excursion in North Wales.—Bedford (England) Times.

## Singular Deception.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from Whitehall, in that State, says: This place was formerly called Skeeneborough, in honor of Major Skeene, an officer of the British army, to whom a patent of the land was granted. The ragged mountain which bounds the village on the northeast is still known as Skeene's mountain. On the side of mountain stood the house in which Major Skeene resided. The site of it is still pointed out, though it is now occupied by a more modern dwelling. A strange story is told of an ingenious fraud perpetrated by Major Skeene. An annuity had been bequeathed in England to his wife to be paid to her in the language of the will, so long as she should remain above ground.

It happened one day that Mrs. Skeene died. Her husband unwilling to have the annuity cease, placed her in a lead coffin, with a glass plate in it, through which she could be seen, and kept her in the cellar, but "above ground." Once a year he forwarded to England the requisite affidavit of some person that he had seen Mrs. Skeene at such a date, and that she was "above ground," and the money was accordingly paid over. This fraud was practised a number of years, until some kind neighbor communicated to the parties interested in England the whole story, and the annuity was of course stopped.

## Editorial Life in California.

A San Francisco gives us the following, in reply to a correspondent, who assured his readers that editors in California were rather peaceably inclined:

"In order that we may more fully demonstrate the manner in which the California editor passes his time, and the pleasing incidents that daily occur to him, we will sketch a brief outline of his duties and the style in which he executes them every twenty-four hours. First—gets up in the morning at ten o'clock; dresses himself, puts on his hat, in which are six or seven bullet holes, and goes to a restaurant for breakfast. After breakfast, he starts for the office to look over the papers, and discovers that he is called a scoundrel in one of them, a liar in another, and a puppy in another; he smiles at the pleasing prospect of having something to do; fills out and despatches three blank challenges, a ream or two of which he always keeps

on hand, ready printed, to save time; commences writing a leader, when as the clock strikes eleven, a large man with a cowhide in one hand, and a pistol in the other, and a bow-knife in his belt, walks in and asks him if his name is —; he answers by knocking the intruder down two pair of stairs with a chair.—At twelve o'clock, finds that his challenges have been accepted, and suddenly remembers that he has a little affair of that nature to settle at the beach that day at 3 o'clock; goes out, kills his man, then comes in and dines on stewed grizzly. Starts for the office, and while going there gets mixed up in a street row, and has the heel of his boot shot off by accident; laughs to think how beautiful it was done; arrives at his sanctum, and finds an "infernal machine" upon the table; knows what it is, and merely pitches it out of the window; writes an article on "moral reform," and then starts for the theatre; is attacked on the corner of a dark alley by three men, kills two of them and takes the other to the station house. Returning to the office at eleven o'clock at night, knocks a man down who attempts to rob him, kills a dog with a piece of paving stone, gets run over by a cab, and has the tail of his coat slit with a thrust from a knife, and two bullet-holes put through his beaver, as he steps within his own door; smiles at his escape; writes until two o'clock, and then "turns in" with the happy consciousness of having two duels to fight the next day. No wonder that California editors are objects of jealousy. Hereafter our eastern contemporaries will please do us the justice of believing no correspondent who may intimate anything at variance with conclusions which may be drawn from the above picture.

MURDER AT WOMESDORF.—A shocking murder occurred at Womesdorf, in this county, yesterday (Friday) morning, the particulars of which are thus given to us:

A man named John H. B. Selbert, aged 25 years, son of William Selbert, of Womesdorf, wished to marry a young girl of some twelve or thirteen years of age, named Catharine Bouch, residing with her mother, in an adjoining house, and was repeatedly heard to declare that if she refused to marry him, she would marry no one else. On the morning stated, he watched his opportunity, when the members of both families were absent, and attacked the girl in the yard, seized her by the throat and choked her until she was senseless, then took an axe and beat out her brains, causing instant death. He then took her body to the edge of the woods, across her forehead, with the edge of the axe. Selbert was immediately arrested by constable Kendall, and was taken before John M. Stephen, Esq., by whom he was committed to answer the charge at the November Court. The prisoner was lodged in jail.

Selbert, it seems, was from his youth addicted to fits of insanity. The desire to marry the girl—a mere child—was of course regarded as the whim of a lunatic, and not much thought of. His constant intercourse with the object of his regard, who lived in the next house, appears to have driven him to desperation. He first attempted to commit suicide by taking laudanum, but drank a bottle of ink instead. His next thought appears to have been to kill the girl, probably intending to kill himself afterward.—The butchery is of too horrible a character to suppose that it was perpetrated in cold blood—but be that as it may, the matter will be thoroughly sifted by the Court when the case comes up for trial. The affair has occasioned a great excitement in Womesdorf.—Berks and Sch. Jour.

## Appropriate Present.

The following is taken from the Louisville (Ky.) Democrat, and may well be called an appropriate recognition of the claims of George D. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal to immortal remembrance:

LOUISVILLE, August 7, 1855.  
Geo. D. PRENTICE, Esq.—DEAR SIR: I have been requested and instructed by the ladies of Bardston to present to you, in their name, the urn which the bearer of this note will deliver to you as a slight testimonial of their appreciation of your distinguished services in behalf of the American party. They feel that the country is much indebted to you for your devotion to the great principles on which our government and party are based, viz: the burning of the churches of the impudent Papists, the roasting, steaming, and frying alive of the vile Dutch and Irish women and infants, so victoriously, triumphantly, and gloriously achieved in this city on last Monday night by men whose souls were inspired and arms nerveed by your patriotic instigation.

This urn contains some of the trophies won by the "American" party on Monday, viz: The hearts of Dutchmen, the ashes of Irishmen, the brains of anti-American infants, and a portion of the burned flesh of Quinn, (brother of the deceased Popish priest,) all of whom were burned alive on Monday night, for the safety and perpetuity of our national welfare. The offering will be the more acceptable, we are assured, when you are informed that the charred and burned particles, and the brains of infants herewith tendered, are the remains, the identical remains, of the women and infants who so shamefully fired upon and killed the brave men of the great American party, who died "breathing lofty aspirations in the cause of liberty, the Union, and the national prosperity."

Accept, sir, this NOLOCUST—these remains of women and rascally Dutch and Irish sucking infants—as a testimonial of your devotion to the protection of "American rights."

SAMUEL BLACKSMITH.

The intercourse of friendship is a cordial for the heart. It beguiles the hour of grief, gently weans the thoughts from the selfishness of sorrow, and gives the mourner to feel that earth is not a wilderness.