

# Bedford Gazette.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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## Select Poetry.



### A Mother's Love.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

A mother's love—ah who can tell,  
It makes the breast with feeling swell,  
It's deeper far than ocean sea,  
And breathes the soul of purity.  
It is a calm, a lovely ray  
That never in darkness shall decay.  
Not time, nor space, can chill the flame  
Though cold neglect it will burn the same.  
The rose in all its richest bloom  
Compared with it hath no perfume  
It is purer than the lover's sigh,  
More lovely than the rainbow dye,  
And brought on earth with it can vie  
Memory now brings in bold relief,  
A mother's love a mother's grief,  
Ah! when I took my last farewell,  
Ah! then a mother's breast did swell—  
Around her son her arms she threw,  
And would not, could not, say adieu;  
Then looking to heaven in silent prayer  
She gave me to the Almighty's care,  
Mother, I seem to love thee more,  
As I thy virtue's ponder o'er  
May I pursue thy bright career,  
And be like thee a shining light,  
And serve my God with fear.

## TAKEN AT HIS WORD:

OR,

### THE DOUBLE BRIDAL.

A few years ago I made one of twenty-nine passengers on board the steamer Emily Barton, bound up the Tennessee. A pleasant intelligent, good-looking captain, a good steward, and a social refined company, made the trip one of pleasure; indeed, long shall I remember the sunny Emily Barton and her superb living freight. One lovely summer afternoon, it was whispered that we were to have a wedding before the boat reached her destination, said whisper starting first and low near the stern somewhere in the vicinity of the ladies' cabin, and speedily making its way to the hall, the boiler deck, and even to the main, like the snow ball down the mountain, gathering size, form, and momentum, as it rolled forward, until the principals in the interesting scene were not only pointed out, but the person—some scraps of the history of each, fiction, fact and surmise, all hushed up ingeniously, leaving you in that half pleasant, half painful suspense and doubt that opens the eyes wide and strains the drum of the ear so tight to all transpiring around you. Well, we landed to wood at a magnificent beach bottom, the tall heavily leaved trees with their silver gray trunks making a deep, cool shade, while they, with the grassy green bank that bore them, were imaged in the glassy river, so clear, so true, that intervention only pointed the false from the real. Cutting this charmed spot in twain came a murmuring crystal spring brook scarce four spans wide, to lose itself in the mass of Tennessee waters, they in turn to be alike lost in the boundless sea.

No sooner was the staging out, than there emerged from the ladies' cabin a fine, manly looking fellow, dressed in faultless taste, intellect beaming in every feature, while over his face perfect happiness shone like the phosphorus on the sea. Leaning on his arm was a most lovable woman it ever has been our lot to behold, her fine hazel eyes (tell-tales they were) speaking deep emotion, and her expressive lip quivering with suppressed excitement, while her dress, step and grace was that of a queen. "There they are!" "That's her!" "Oh, how handsome!" burst from many a lip as we instinctively made way to let them pass to the altar, and where that we had about as clear an idea as a transcendentalist generally has of what he is talking about. But one thing we all seemed to know, that there was fun ahead, and to follow in the wake was the way to see it. As the ladies passed an arm was offered to each, and thus we marched out of the cabin, down the stairs, across the staging, and up the sloping bank.

Some fifty yards up the pair stopped, and joining hands, they stood with the clear water between them—bridged as it was by their twining fingers and crossed by a stream of love as pure as itself. All was silent—still—until broken by the minister's reading in an impressive manner, "And of the rib which the Lord God had taken from man made he woman and brot her of the man. And Adam said this is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, she shall be called woman because she was taken out of man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and cling to his wife." The bride slowly sinking on her knees raised her beautiful face, all covered with tears, and her clasped hands, and in the most touchingly sweet voice, tremulous with deep emotion, said:

"And now, O merciful Father, grant that our two lives thus united, may peacefully flow in one, even as this rivulet, until we reach the river of death, and undivided in faith and conduct, be permitted to enjoy Thine eternal smiles in the land of the pure and the blest. Every pulse seemed stilled, hoping, wishing for more of this beautiful drama. Not a word, not a movement from the throng, all, all was happiness. O, lovely panorama, how thou art given on this heart! The happy man was in the act of imprinting a kiss upon the smiling lips of his magnificent bride, when the clear tones of a manly voice started all from their pleasant reverie; the universal gaze rested on a handsome, tall Tennesseean, whose eagle eye spoke the man—a fit representative of a State where 'I can't stand this any longer. I can't b—"

Pardon, ladies, pardon: I have a proposition to make on the faith of a man who never lies or trifles. I must make it or die—so here goes.—Now, I will marry on this spot any lady that has the nerve to face such music; look at me, and if you can love me as sine loves, (pointing to the bride.) I'll promise to be a husband to you, and such a husband as she derives, and such a husband as a true-hearted man will make to the woman, who comes trembling under his wing. I further say that no spot nor shame attaches to my name, never shall; and this arm will support and protect the one who can trust to it. Who'll take?" and he ran his eye slowly over the handsome women around him; his earnest manner and novel speech had aroused an intense feeling; all was surprise and deep sympathy with the fearless, excited orator, when, to the astonishment and delight of every one, a fawn-like, blue-eyed girl, from the flowery banks of the Alabama, stepped to his side, and, looking confidentially up to his eyes, with her hands on his arm, said, "I am thine!" By this time his arm round her waist, and putting her curls (black as the raven's wing at midnight) looked steadfastly in her face for a moment, and signed the contract with a kiss that all the married ladies pronounced the genuine sort—perfectly satisfactory. Raising his flashing eyes with a triumphant expression from the pleasant job just mentioned, he said, "Where is that Parson? Send him right here—on this spot we will be made one. I never let such luck as this pass me by waiting a minute—so go ahead," and on that spot where they first met, were they solemnly united forever. When the words, "What God has joined, let no man put asunder," died away, a loud shout went up that awoke the echoes for a mile; every hand was extended to the happy, lucky, venturesome fellow, and every lady in that crowd pressed the lip of his young and handsome wife, (for a moment I wished I were her, but I instantly recovered my self-possession and thrust the weakness from me: women kissing each other always seemed a waste of sweetness to me, but they know the best.) Laughing, shouting, happy, we all returned on board. Our generous captain set a splendid supper; the clerk made out two certificates—they were signed by twenty-four witnesses, (five more made mine, you know, men and women all told,) everybody signed.

Then we danced, we laughed, we made children of ourselves—yes, made fools of ourselves. Be that as it may, when the water changed at night, the bluffs on the dark shores of the river returned only an unbroken echo of the hoarse coughing of the Emily Barton's engines, for we slept, and our dreams vainly tried to vie with the lovely reality of the evening.

From Philadelphia Argus.

### The Terrors of the Yellow Fever.

The accounts from Norfolk and Portsmouth in regard to the ravages of the Yellow Fever, are truly of the most appalling character. This visitation is as fearfully solemn as it is inscrutable and mysterious in the providences of Heaven. These gay and beautiful cities on the borders of the surging Chesapeake are not only rendered ruined and desolated places, but they have become literally vast Golgothas of horror and woe—a place of human skulls—while emaciated and ghastly living spectres flit occasionally along the streets and byways, as if anxious to avoid the dread and destroyer of the human family. Death is no respecter of persons. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the proud and the humble, all are hurled into nothingness and dust, scarcely at a moment's warning, by the insidious pestilence that stalketh forth in mystery and desolating wrath. In vain have been all the efforts of the most experienced and accomplished physicians to mitigate or arrest the course of the disease.—This is the more remarkable when we reflect that our country may be said to be the birthplace of the yellow fever, and that its ravages have been known and deplored ever since the discovery of this Hesperian continent by Christopher Columbus. Notwithstanding the acknowledged advancement of medical science, and the fact that even cholera has become a readily remediable malady, if taken in its earlier stages, there has nothing yet been discovered that seems adapted to either the prevention or successful treatment of this scourge. Our most eminent practitioners have in vain endeavored to account for the origin and cause of the disease. They are even undetermined whether yellow fever is contagious or otherwise, although it would seem that Pelion is now piled on Ossa in substantiation of the fact of its contagious character, in view of the desolating havoc it makes among all who venture within its virulent influence in the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth. We would be disposed to fling sarcastic opprobrium upon the medical art, did we not remember the utter insignificance and impotency of man in view of the wisdom and chastening power of his Heavenly Creator. In the midst of pestilence, and horror, and famine, lessons of humiliation may be learned, and the proud soul of man warned and allured from the sinful and deceitful things of time and sense. In health and prosperity we are too apt to forget the God who made us, and arrogantly assume to be gods ourselves in the ephemeral vanities and pomps of a terrestrial existence. Let the American people cast about them and ascertain why the present grievous chastisement is given—let them see at whose door lies the dread sin, that there must needs be the whip of scorpions and the lash of stinging asps, to redeem man from the briary paths of folly and transgression.

Amid the gloom and havoc caused by the yellow fever, it is truly gratifying to observe the expressions of sympathy every where manifested in the United States, in behalf of the sufferers at Norfolk and Portsmouth. The heart-strings are rent and the bosoms of our countrymen swell in the burden of their grief and compassion for the sick and the dead. Every one seems willing to extend the benevolent hand, in aid of distressed humanity, in seeking

the means to arrest the appalling ravages of the disease. In Philadelphia about \$20,000 has already been raised for the Virginia sufferers, and contributions are still being made in a creditable and liberal manner. Twenty thousand dollars has been raised in Baltimore, \$18,000 in New York, while other places in the United States, without regard to sectionalities of country, have vied with each other in making handsome donations to the cause of love and philanthropy.

Every thing has already been done, and there will be no relaxation of effort to allay the pangs of distress and banish the disease, if in the power of mortals to achieve success, as the feeble instruments in the hands of an overruling Providence. Let us hope that the disease has now spent its force, and that the approaching cool weather will bring health and joy where now is only heard the voice of lamentation and dread cry of "bring out your dead!" The noble band of physicians and nurses from the North, merit the hearty esteem of a grateful people, while their devotion and self-sacrificing efforts in the cause of humanity, must meet with the signal approval of Heaven.

### Another Accident on the Camden and Amboy Railroad.

An accident occurred on the C. and A. Railroad on Saturday, near Beverly, caused by the breaking of the locomotive attached to the train which left this city at 2 o'clock for New York. The locomotive was thrown off the track by the accident, the engineer, named John Holland, killed, and a fireman and the conductor injured. The Tribune gives the following account of the disaster:—

"The locomotive, shivered to a wreck, the front truck having been impelled a distance of about twelve feet from the body of the engine, was lying on its side, fuming and smoking, and partially imbedded in the sand. It had proceeded about thirty feet along the left hand side of the track, until brought to a halt. The tender and baggage car had been impelled about thirty-six feet distant on the right of the track, and the front car, which remained upon the rails, was jammed up, and broken. The passengers in this car had a narrow and providential escape. Several succeeded in getting out of the doors, and some jumped through the windows. No one in it was hurt with the exception of one or two men who might have been somewhat bruised in effecting their escape. It was soon ascertained that no passenger was injured, when nearly all proceeded by the groans of the unfortunate engineer, who was seen under the wreck of the front passenger car.

The fireman was lying in the vicinity, and the brakeman was found at a distance of several feet from the engine, imbedded in mud, which was caused by the steam escaping from the locomotive. The passengers succeeded in extricating the engineer and fireman and they were conveyed to a neighboring farm house, when surgical aid was rendered. The leg of the engineer was completely crushed, and it was deemed necessary to amputate it. The poor man survived the operation about two hours, when he expired, expressing his regret that he could not once more see his dear wife and children. His name is John Holland, and his family consists of a wife and two small children, who reside in Mickle street, Camden.

Before his death was known a gentleman solicited contributions for his benefit, and every man on the train gave something nearly all giving expressions to their heartfelt sympathies for the unfortunate sufferer and his companion the fireman. The latter, whose name is Landon Thorne, gave evidence of serious external as well as internal injuries, although some hopes were entertained when last heard from on that evening that he might possibly recover. The brakeman was considerably scalded, but was enabled to walk about afterward. He doubtless owes his preservation to the fact of being encased in mud, thereby preventing the steam from having that effect it otherwise would. The conductor, who was on the front passenger car at the time, closed the door and prevented the passengers from rushing out, which timely precaution doubtless prevented more serious consequences. He was somewhat lamed, but his injuries are not serious.

On examination into the cause of the accident, we found that it originated in consequence of the breaking of the forward axle of the locomotive, which precipitated it off the track and caused the subsequent damage. The axle was 11 inches in circumference and 3 1/2 inches in thickness. It appeared to have been previously fractured, and by measurement it was found that 12 inch only was solid, which was evidenced by the brightness of the iron, the remaining portion being old and rusty. The enormous weight of the engine therefore had no more than that slight support, and the accident is easily accounted for.

From the first jar to the final shock was but a moment, and it is miraculous that no greater injuries were inflicted and no more damage done. Only one passenger car was smashed; the others were not even bruised.

The accident occurred about 25 minutes to 3 o'clock. The agents of the Company immediately telegraphed to Bordentown for men from the workshops at that village. They arrived about two hours afterward, with a sufficient number of laborers and the necessary implements to clear away the wreck. This was accomplished shortly before 7 o'clock, P. M., when the train, with another locomotive, proceeded on to South Amboy.

Mr. S. J. Rickett, of Charlotte, N. C., told us that the locomotive ran about 60 yards after the axle was broken. It then shivered to the left, and was almost turned round; being thrown entirely off the track, the tender went forward and was turned topsy turvy, and the baggage car thrown out on the right. The trucks of the forward passenger car, he saw the

engineer lying by the side of the engine, and the steam almost covered him from sight.

From the Philadelphia Argus.

### OVERTHROW OF THE "WOMEN ROASTERS."

"The sober second thought of the people is always elicited and never wrong," is a sentiment now universally acknowledged as a political axiom of great verity and force. Even the original utterer of the apothegm has long since realized its caustic truthfulness, as applicable to his own political career, although at the time it was enunciated, the "Little Magician" though he was styled, neither professed the gift of prophecy nor claimed to be a "prophet or the son of a prophet." The sentiment is particularly applicable now. The "sober second thought" of the people is everywhere repudiating Know-Nothingism, and absolving themselves from its bloody orgies and midnight treasons. The elections that have already taken place this summer, in a number of the States, prove that a wonderful and glorious reaction has begun in favor of the everlasting principles of Democracy, over the unprincipled demagoguism of the piebald factions, under whatever name and sectionalities they have rallied to the fight. From every section of the Union our ears have been greeted with the thunder roar of the unconquered and invincible Democracy. From the golden shores of California, laved by the halcyon waters of the Pacific, to the flower-gemmed vales and aromatic groves of the valleys of the Rio Grand, every breeze is laden with the exhilarating shouts of gladness for victors gained over the rampant midnight conspirators and their despicable allies, the abolition and jug-law proscriptionists and disunionists. Virginia, North Carolina, Alabama, Texas, Iowa, Missouri, Indiana, Tennessee and California; are found nobly proclaiming the doctrines of the Revolutionary fathers and yielding their unflinching allegiance to the principles of Jefferson, Jackson, Polk, and all the other glorious lights of Democracy which cast their resplendent and auspiciously illumine the face of the political firmament at the present hour. But one solitary State, thus far, has faltered in her duty, and permitted herself to fall from her high estate of chivalry and honor, before the bloody juggernaut of treason and proscription. The fair land of Henry Clay is once more the "bloody ground;" but the wild, uncouth savage men of the forests are not those who now have fallen before the death-dealing rifles of the "hunters of Kentucky!" No! the chivalrous State of the sage of Ashland has become the theatre for roasting women alive, because their fathers, and husbands, and brothers, though guilty of having been born in a foreign land, refused to "bow the knee to Baal," and acknowledge the sovereignty of oath-bound conspirators, midnight skulkers and dark-lantern assassins.—Even though Democratic progress has been temporarily stayed before the faggot and the murderer's weapons, the satellites of blood have achieved no civic triumph. They have, in sooth, barely escaped total disruption and utter annihilation. Instead of fifteen or twenty thousand majority, the Know-Nothingism, with all their juggery of horrid oaths, butchering of men and roasting of women and children, have carried their treasons to consummation only by the lean majority of less than five thousand votes. The elected officers take their places with a consciousness that they do not possess the privilege of the unawed and voluntary suffrages of a free people, but through the terrors of murder and conflagration. But even in Kentucky, the sober-second thought of the people will bring the day of retribution. Vengeance will surely come, and come it must with overwhelming force and power.

As has been already remarked, the rapid decline in the fortunes of Know-Nothingism, has no parallel or precedent in the political history of our country. Built upon a foundation of sand, and with Janus-like principles to suit the peculiar views of the various sections of the country, appealing only to the prejudices and passions of the multitude, affiliating with abolitionism and all other isms which run stark mad at the North, conniving at the destruction of the fundamental principles which lay at the bottom of our governmental structure; in fine, a party of men and not of measures, it is any wonder that Know-Nothingism is rapidly losing even its temporary hold upon the people? Swift as a meteor it has passed through the political sky to fall, at last, like another Lucifer, to ignominy and Nothingness. Repudiated by its former warmest adherents in the North, and nearly every step in the South by the gallant and chivalrous Democracy, it may be fairly said to be now struggling in the throes of complete inanition and ruin.

The Know-Nothing party has never been, is not, and cannot be national. It lacks that ingredient without which man cannot coalesce. It has no harmony, unity of feeling and action, nor adherence to immutable truths. Accordingly, the spirit of reaction is now being felt over the entire length and breadth of the land. The thunder storm has passed over our heads, and in its terrific progress has purified the political atmosphere. It has not destroyed the Democracy. "Truth crushed to earth must rise again." The proud edifice, erected by the master-spirits of the Republic, has nobly withstood, like another Sebastopol, the futile onslaught of its "allied" enemies, and looks down with complacency upon their impotent rage and power. It stands forth as a beacon of consolation to the mariner tossed on the waves of political life and encourages him to seek the only haven which can lead to safety and happiness. The cohorts of Know-Nothingism have been unable to withstand the shocks of the serried ranks of the Democracy, and have been put to rout by their determined exertions and patriotism. Let the good work go on. To the prowess of the Democracy of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania are now directed the anxious eyes of all true patriots in our land. Upon the prejudices and Supremacy of Democratic prin-

ciples depend the best interests of the Union.—We feel and believe that the voice of the people of this State will soon be heard, as the lion's roar, to the utter discomfiture of the myriads of treason and horror.

### The Pestilence.

Yellow Fever at Norfolk and Portsmouth.

A fellow has been arrested in Baltimore, who under guise of collecting funds for the relief of the sufferers by yellow fever, had raised considerable money in that city. He passed himself off as 'Dr. Nevin.' A letter in the Baltimore American states that the deaths in Norfolk on Sunday week numbered over sixty, and on Saturday forty. New cases were multiplying with frightful rapidity, and the supply of coffins had run short. There was also a difficulty in getting graves dug. Among the deaths reported were the President of the Common Council, the teller of the Virginia Bank, the chief book-keeper of the Exchange Bank, and W. H. Garrett, a devoted and efficient member of the Association. The correspondent of the Baltimore American, from whose letter we quote the above facts, says:

"There has not been a bale of hay here for several days; and the Doctors' horses have nearly given out. Send us some oats and hay for the horses, and a blacksmith or two to shoe them, as there is nothing of the sort here.—When a vehicle loses a linchpin it becomes useless, as there is no one here to replace it.

"This is now believed to be 1000 cases in this city, but the disease has somewhat abated in Portsmouth, probability for want of material to act upon. There is said to be not more than 500 cases in Portsmouth, and the deaths there are not so numerous. Mayor Fisk is still, dangerously ill."

Dr. Rizer, of Philadelphia, was taken with the fever yesterday, and is being most faithfully nursed by Dr. Webster. Dr. Rizer is quite ill, and made his will this morning, anticipating speedy death, though his friends have hopes that he may recover.

"A peculiar kind of fly, never seen in this vicinity before, has made its appearance since Saturday, both here and at Portsmouth, and has destroyed nearly all the fruit. Among the other trials we are called upon to suffer are clouds of most voracious mosquitoes, which swarm around you both in and out of doors, and sting you almost with the smart of a bee."

It will be perceived that the number of cases of fever now in the city is stated at 1000. A letter to the Richmond Dispatch says that the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, who has been constantly among the sick in all parts of the city sets down the number at from 1000 to 1200, and the writer believes the statement to be correct. The large increase of cases and deaths is attributed to the recent change in the weather, from a clear atmosphere to a damp and disagreeable one. One of the letters in the Richmond Dispatch says:

"Mr. Z. Sykes, the assistant Inspector of streets, gives us a gloomy picture of the melancholy scenes he is doomed to witness in his daily rounds. The other day he had occasion to inform us to inspect a lot on Charlotte street. He found in the yard three curly headed little children romping about, rolling on the ground, with unkempt hair, and dirty, tattered garments. He inquired for their father—'Pa—Pa is dead.' 'Then, where is your mother?' 'Ma—Ma is dead too.' 'Yes,' added the youngest, and a big ugly black man came and carried them away directly they were dead.' 'Good God!' continued Mr. Sykes, shocked at the scene—'and who have you to take care of?' 'No body sir.' 'Who gives you anything to eat?' 'Mary the colored woman next door, gives us some bread every morning.' Never, said Mr. Sykes, have my feelings been so pained—the forlorn condition of the little orphans—their tender years, and childish insensibility of their great loss, made me sick at heart, and I could not restrain my tears! We need not add that the bereaved innocents were taken in charge by the Howard Association, and will be duly provided for."

The Herald informs us that in consequence of experience having demonstrated the too great liability of northern physicians to contract the fever, it is strongly recommended by the health and other authorities of the city that their services shall for the present be dispensed with, and those only employed who are accustomed to a Southern climate, and to yellow fever practice. This, we suppose, will receive attention in Philadelphia and other northern cities. From sunset on Saturday, week, to sun set on Sunday, there were four hundred new cases in that city, and the expenditure for the relief of the suffering averaged \$800 daily. An appeal to the counties of Virginia for aid is contemplated.—The collections in Philadelphia have now reached an aggregate of sixteen thousand and ninety-eight dollars. The nearest approach to this is the amount raised in Baltimore, which exceeds eleven thousand dollars. The Richmond Dispatch estimates the total number of deaths by fever since the commencement at about six hundred. Dr. Smith, of Columbia, Pa. who arrived on Thursday week, and the nurse who accompanied him [Mr. Craven] is the hospital sick with the fever.

CANDRIA COUNTY.—A boy named Banks, eleven or twelve years of age, son of Mr. Banks, who keeps the lock at the one mile dam, was killed on Friday last, in the following painful manner.—He was standing by the windlass which opens the upper gates, when a boat which was entering the lock was permitted, through gross carelessness, to run with such velocity against the gates, as to suddenly force them open, causing the windlass instantly to revolve, a spoke or arm of which struck the boy on the back of the head, and crushed it so horribly as to cause death in a short time.—*Johnstown Echo.*

DEATH OF THE RICHEST MAN IN CALIFOR-

NIA.—The papers from California bring us intelligence of the death of Capt. J. L. Folsom, who was believed to be the richest man in San Francisco. He went out there poor enough with the New York regiment of volunteers.—One-third of his real estate he leaves to his nephew, G. Dr. Folsom, who is at school in Ohio, and the other two thirds to the children of Mrs. Forrest, his sister. These are subject to an annuity of \$5,000 per annum to his mother. His personal property he divides between his mother and sister.

### Negro Conspiracy in Mississippi.

The Marion (Miss.) Republican gives an account of the discovery of a negro conspiracy at Garlandville, Jasper County. It says:

"A trustworthy negro on a neighboring plantation, after having received pledges of secrecy, revealed the existence of the conspiracy to an overseer, and requested him to repair to a certain place, in the midst of a dark, unfrequented swamp, and see for himself. The overseer did not go, but the next morning he took with him some friends and went to the spot designated by the faithful negro. There they saw every indication of a large crowd having been assembled; horses had been tied up, fires kindled, and from appearances, they calculated that upward of one hundred negroes had there assembled on the preceding night. They left the spot, and the neighborhood was quickly alarmed. Several negroes were taken up, and among them the leader. The greatest excitement was prevailing in the county; a council was held, and it was decided that the negroes should be hung immediately; ropes were procured, and the sentence of the council was about to be executed, when the crowd relented, fearing lest the innocent should perish with the guilty.

"The negroes were then severely whipped, and they confessed that the conspiracy extended throughout a large section of country; that there existed several other organizations, which they called 'schools,' in the neighborhood, and that their object was to organize in sufficient force and march, increasing their force as they went, to a free State. No arms or ammunition of any kind could be discovered; but the negroes confessed that they were to meet at Garlandville next Saturday night to make a start. When asked why they selected that place as a rendezvous, they could give no reason, and the presumption is that they intended to sack the place and murder the inhabitants. Two white men, they say, have been among them, but their names were not known to the negroes, nor was anything developed which could identify them. Arms and ammunition are probably concealed somewhere, as such a scheme would not have been attempted without them."

A Very intelligent Irishman tells the following incident of his first experience in America. I came to this country several years ago, and as soon as I arrived hired out to a gentleman who farmed a few acres. He showed me over the premises, the stables, cow, and where the corn, hay, oats, &c., were kept, and then sent me in to get my supper. After supper he said to me: "James, you feed the cow, and give her corn in the ear." I went out and walked about thinking "what could he mean? Had I understood him?" I scratched my head, then resolved I would inquire again; so I went into the library where my master was writing very busily, and he answered, without looking up, "I thought I told you to give the cow some corn in the ear." I went out more puzzled than ever. What sort of an animal must this Yankee cow be? I examined her mouth and ears. The teeth were good, and the ears like those of a fine old country. Dripping with sweat, I entered my master's presence once more. "Please, sir, you bid me give the cow corn in the ear, but didn't you mean the mouth?" He looked at me a moment, and then burst into such a convulsion of laughter, I made for the stables as fast as my feet could carry me, thinking I was in the service of a crazy man.

DISTRESSING SUICIDE.—It is our duty to record a distressing case of suicide perpetrated by the wife of Mr. William Horning, of Fernanagh township, on Tuesday afternoon of last week. The deed was consummated by tying a silk handkerchief around her throat and placing her hands across the foot rail of a bedstead and letting her weight fall upon the handkerchief. Mr. Horning was from home at the time the act was committed. Aberration of mind is the cause assigned.—*Juniata Sentinel.*

EXECUTION OF REBELS AT CANTON, CHINA.—It is stated in the China Mail, that the thousand of men brought to Canton as prisoners are now being decapitated at the rate of one hundred and fifty a day. The editor, who witnessed some of the executions, says: "With a sharp knife a slice was cut out from under each arm. A low suppressed and fearful groan from each followed the operation of the weapon. Dexteriorly as butchers, a slice was taken successfully by the operators from the calves, the thighs and then from each breast. We may suppose, we may hope that by this time the sufferers were insensible to pain; but they were not dead. The knife was then stuck into the abdomen, which was ripped up to the breast bone, and the blade twisted round and round as the heart was separated from its holding. Up to this moment, having once set eyes on the victim under torture, they had become fixed as by fascination; but they could be rivetted there no longer. A whirling sensation ran through the brain, and it was with difficulty we could keep ourselves from falling. But this was not all; the lashings were then cut, and the head, being tied by the tail to a limb of a cross, were severed from the body, which was then dismembered of hands and arms, feet and legs, separately.

Whispers already circulate in Paris about a divorce between Louis Napoleon and the Empress. It is said that she never can become a mother.