Bedford Gazette.

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Select Poetry.

Fruit and Flowers.

When God first framed this world of ours,
For beauty and for love,
Each attribute would try its powers,
Its varied skill would prove.

All, all but Mercy had a share,
And she stood silent by,
Gazing upon the work so fair,
With earnest, longing eye.

The Father saw her darling face,
And read her wishes too,
And said, it is a sinless place,
What is there you can do?"

She quickly sent her searching eye
Through our earth's fresh green bowers,
Then murmured with a gentle sigh,
"There's neither fruit nor flowers."

A smile the wished commission gave,
Then swift as light she flew,
Her wings of violet to lave
In Eden's morning dew.

Up rose the sun; but what a sight
Met his admiring view—
The bursting buds speak their delight
Through tints of richest hue.

The flowers on every side look up
With wonder to the sky;
While nestled in each tiny cup,
Fruit germs lay lovingly.

New songs were borne upon the breeze,
New joy earth's dwellers feel:
For e'en the birds and humming bees
Their bliss cannot conceal.

But when this happiness to spoil,
The monster sin appeared,
Thistles and thorns from out the soil
Their heads as quickly reared.

Then Mercy wept, for well she knew
She had no power to stay
The curse that man upon him drew,
By leaving wisdom's way.

But still her work she must pursue,
And soften his sad hours—
Choice fruit upon the rough thorns grew,
Upon the thistles, flowers.

From the Pennsylvanian.

THIRTY THOUSAND FREEMEN IN COUNCIL

To acknowledge Fealty to the Constitution of their Country, and Abash the Foes of Liberty and Equality!!

Last night was a glorious one for the Democracy of Philadelphia, because the theme was one which gladdens the heart with patriotism.

There are moments when the human soul laves itself in the pure fountain of Liberty.—It catches inspiration from its own harmony, and imparts the fullness of joy to all within its influence. Who could restrain their feelings at a sight like that in Independence Square, with such an event to commemorate? A CONSTITUTION, framed by the wise and valiant, to lift man from his degredation, the world over, and make him the peer of his fellow? Oh! what a theme for eloquence! The loftiest thought that ever animated the brain of the ancients, fell far short of this great reality. How grand the conception!—how ennobling the patriotism! With ardent love should we cherish the inheritance—with what valiant breast defend the sacred trust! Our fathers were selected by the God of Nature as the sponsors of Liberty, and He has made our hearts its chosen sanctuary. Shall we shame their memories by a forfeiture of the security, or defile the abode with the presence of prejudice? Never, never! Equals our Constitution makes us before the law, and equals the grave proclaims us with his sepulchral voice! Why then should puny man desire to mar the harmony of Nature, by attempting to build up offensive distinctions in society.

The human heart is not "*all evil*," and he who wrote that libel did not understand its workings. From what springs that expansive benevolence which marks the history of this age? It ramifies the globe, and exalts mankind wherever it flows. Its quenchless spirit is the effect of that Christianity which recognizes all as brethren. Why should the Secret Order, in its warfare upon the sons of other climes, seek to destroy the vital element of Christianity? Why strive to arm brother against brother, and disgrace a Union cemented with the blood of all nations? Priceless is the legacy—and while the patriot's heart feels the enlivening glow, our Constitution will be defended against all profanation.

What a gratifying assurance we had last night from thirty thousand voices, that no sacriligious hand shall strike one truth from the Declaration of Independence, or one right from the Constitution of our Country. And this was no unmeaning annunciation—for it sprang from hearts determined to beat in the full enjoyment of freedom, or cease their throbbings forever. Resolute in their own resistance to tyranny, they will repel every attempt to establish a degraded *caste* among our citizens, or to interfere with the rights of our Southern brethren. The States entered the Confederacy as equals, and as such they must continue, or the brightest hopes of mankind will have perished for ages in the future.

But no such calamity can happen our Union, nor can our naturalized citizens be reduced to a *caste*, while justice animates the Democratic party, or valor and truth dwells within its organization. The cheering exclamations of the thousands gathered within the shadows of Independence Hall last night, attests the sincerity of their hearts. *Equal and exact justice to all*, of whatever clime or creed, is both the spirit and letter of our Constitution, and adopting it as the motto of the gallant Democracy of the whole Union, with a resolution to cling to its principles, success must eventually crown our efforts. The East and the West—the North and the South, are equals in the Confederacy, and the rights of each, are the rights of all.—Let no miscreant hand attempt to detract from either.

It was a glorious sight to behold thirty thousand freemen, with their patriotic banners and gallant devices, marching to the sound of enlivening music, to acknowledge their fealty to the Constitution, under whose protection we have grown to unparalleled greatness as a Nation. On our prosperity the people of Europe look with a longing eye, while the Despots view us with an envious frown. Why should we not cheer the former, by our example, to the accomplishment of their own liberties?

At an early hour, the Square was joyous with the presence of thousands of the friends of the Constitution. Friend grasped the hand of friend with delight, as he uttered a patriotic sentiment. No mean and narrow prejudice disgraced the scene; but all were indeed brethren. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. When the processions from the several Wards began to arrive, with their lanterns and banners, nothing could exceed the storm of welcome which greeted their presence. On they came from every portion of our extended City, amid peel on peal of cheering. The bands, which were more numerous than we have ever before seen on any occasion, burst out into the very soul of melody, and filled every one with gladness. Never before was Independence Square filled with so many voters. All doubt of success in October, was scattered to the winds, and thirty thousand voices responded to the sentiment, that "we must be victorious, because our cause is one of *Truth and Justice*." The speaking was of a most excellent character, and every one present felt assured that the Constitution will be preserved in all its purity and strength.

The main stand was most tastefully decorated. A temporary arched gas pipe, with innumerable burners extended over the entire front of it. In the centre was a very handsome star formed of a large number of jets of gass. Being directly in the middle of the main pathway, the effect from the southern gate was grand. Temporary gas pipes were extended some distance down the walk from the stand.

The entire stand was most elaborately festooned with the American flag, while the strings of flags on either [illegible] below.

Immediately in front of the stand at an elevation, was a large and magnificent piece of fireworks intended to represent the "SON OF FREEDOM." It was one of Mr. Jackson's best efforts, and elicited general admiration.

As early as half-past six o'clock, there were over fifteen hundred persons in the yard, witnessing the preparations being made for the monster meeting, while the air resounded with some score of juvenile voices, crying out, "Extra Pennsylvanian—Expose of the Know Nothings." It is needless to say that they found a ready sale for their extras, and reaped a rich harvest for themselves.

At half-past 7 o'clock, the Philadelphia Brass Band appeared on the Stand and struck up "Hail Columbia," followed by the "Star Spangled Banner." By this time the Square was two-thirds full, though not a single one of the Ward Associations had yet appeared on the ground.

The utmost enthusiasm prevailed among the assembled masses long before the meeting organized, showing that the Democratic fire now burns as brightly as it did in the days of JACKSON.

The lower Stand was illuminated with variagated lamps, and during the interval between the speeches, was entertained by a band of music.

The meeting organized at 20 minutes before 8 o'clock, amidst the wildest enthusiasm.

At ten minutes past 8 o'clock, JACKSON's little mortar and a brilliant rocket announced the arrival of the first of the Ward Associations (the Seventh) on the ground. The most vociferous cheering followed.

The different Ward Associations then followed each other in rapid succession. Each Association was accompanied by a Band of Music, and banners and lanterns almost without number, each having the various devices and emblems of the party.

As the Ninth Ward Association was entering the yard, the beautiful piece of fireworks in front of the main stand, the "Sun of Freedom," accidentally took fire. The utmost consternation prevailed for a few minutes, and a number of persons fled precipitately from the stand, but a slight "scare" was the only damage done. The "Sun of Freedom" was bound to shine, and it did shine most brilliantly, amidst the plaudits of the assembled multitude.

During the evening reports were heard from the little mortar, and fireworks were burning in various parts of the yard, which, with the thousands of brilliantly illuminated lanterns, and inspiring and patriotic music from the various bands, made it a scene of wonder and bewilderment.

From the Hollidaysburg Standard.

FUSION.

We this day place at the head of our columns the fusion ticket formed by the Whig and Democratic parties of Blair county. They are worthy of the support of all honorable men who love light rather than darkness.

It is true, we find ourselves for the time being, in strange company, but it is equally true that the exigency of the times demanded liberal concessions on the part of the parties thus fused, to secure the overthrow of a despicable set of demagogues, who, not content with monopolizing the "intensely American feeling," without claim or ability, are attempting to monopolize all the offices.

The fusion between Democrats and old line Whigs is an honorable one, because it is only on local issues. Each party preserves its National organization—its old and long cherished principles, and only aids in exterminating an anti-republican and dangerous institution, founded in corruption, and kept alive only by hypocricy and deception.

Let the intelligent voter look to the fusion of the old office hunters, where Whigs and Democrats have banded together, not in such a manner as to leave them free to act and think for themselves, but by oaths, blindly to follow the behests of the fungi that has clung for years to the old parties. This is Know Nothingism—more patriotically speaking, "*Americanism*."—"Poverty makes strange bed-fellows," saith the old adage, and it never was better exemplified than in the fusion of the old office paupers, who, under a specious cry of "Down with Foreigners and the Pope," boasted that they would destroy both parties. The rankest and most intolerant Whigs, going hand in hand with ultra, but broken down Democrats, is a phenomenon that probably could not exist if not cemented by oaths and seasoned by profuse promises of loaves and fishes.

The ticket at the head of our paper contains the names of five whigs. They were nominated in open day, by delegates chosen by that party and not voted for in the secret councils of the Know Nothings. The honorable Whigs, who do not wander after every false god that makes its appearance in the political arena, will support them, and those who are on the ticket with them. The Democrats of Blair County will do the same, and there is not a shadow of doubt but that the ticket, so harmoniously picked upon, will be most triumphantly elected. Who can doubt the issue, when it is a fusion of honorable men, openly formed to elect men to offices qualified to fill them, against a cabal of political renegades whose aspirations to fill office are not warranted by *honesty*, qualifications, or natural abilities?

Secret Political Parties.

In a late letter on the subject of Know-Nothingism, Gen. RUSK, United States Senator from Texas, says:

"The secrecy is highly objectionable. No party can safely be trusted with power who do not openly and distinctly avow their principles. The oaths which it is understood they take are illegal, tyrannical and at open war with the fundamental principles of our government—that personal liberty and individual responsibility which is the very ground work of our free institutions. It is the highest privilege as well as the sacred duty of every American citizen to vote for measures and men under the guidance of his own best judgment. How can he surrender that right to a midnight council, and bind himself by oath to carry out what they may dictate, and fulfil his obligations to himself, his country and his God as a freemen? The thing is absurd! He must, in the very nature of things, frequently go against either his judgment or his oath; and that too were the most vital interests of his country may be involved."

This is well and forcibly put. If there were no other objection to Know-Kothingism, this one of secrecy would be sufficient to secure our earnest and zealous opposition. Its characteristics are slavery and proscription—slavery of its members and proscription of all others. A man does not even become a member by his own free choice, but must be admitted at the will of others who, having got in themselves, have the power of keeping others out. If a person chooses to unite with any open political party, he has only to consult his own inclinations and opinions! No one has a right to, or can keep him out, or prevent his enjoyment of all the rights and privileges of a freeman and a party man. But if a citizen wishes to unite with one of these secret parties he must be admitted by the votes of others sitting in secret, where his character is canvassed without any opportunity of defence or reply. He is not admitted, either, by a majority. The revelations published in the Chambersburg Whig showed that it only took five blackballs to nullify five hundred votes, thus giving to a few personal enemies, or persons interested in keeping another out, a power unknown to the whole spirit and nature of our government. Thus is the very entrance to the secret party rendered humiliating to the last degree to a man of spirit and self-respect.

If he gets in he is in no better condidtion.—He is required to take an oath to keep secrets, before he knows what he will have to keep, and is rendered amenable to a code of laws or rules, irksome and offensive and wholly useless to enable him to discharge his duties as a citizen. Until lately he was not permitted to acknowledge his membership in the Order, or the place of its meeting, or admit even its very existence. If he was an upright man this led to continual difficulties and disagreeable evasions, as disagreeable as disgraceful. That it led to a widespread and systematic course of falsehood and deception cannot be denied. Even now a member is not permitted to tell who else are members, even when the question is directly put. His only resort is in silence or evasion.

In fact, in every aspect in which it can be surveyed, a member of a secret political party such as the Know-Nothings is in a state of constraint near akin to moral and mental slavery on the subject of politics, which to an American citizen, should be the freest of all other subjects. We cannot see how any voter possessed of proper self-respect can subject himself to such intolerable constraint, which controls his whole political conduct, and even compels him to vote for certain individuals however, obnoxious, or not vote at all, and all this too, under the responsibilities of an extra-judicial oath. It is utterly impossible that such a party can long exist.—PITTSBURG (WHIG) GAZETTE.

The Liquor Law.

The following is a brief synopisis of the K. N. Liquor Law which goes into operation on the first day of October, 1855. We lay it before the public so that the Freemen of Bedford County may pass their judgment upon its provisions on the second Tuesday of October. They are to be the Judges, and, as they decide, so let it be:

THE ACT TO RESTRAIN THE SALE, &c.

1. *All Drinking Houses Prohibited*, and a fine not exceeding $50, with imprisonment not exceeding one month, for selling, and affording a place, inducement, or any other convenience, where intoxicating liquor may be sold and drank. For the second offence $100, and not exceeding three months imprisonment. The same penalties when two or more persons combine, the one to sell, and the other to furnish a place for drinking, or for *aiding or abetting*.

2. All sales in less measure than a quart, are prohibited. Courts of Quarter Session may—grant licenses to citizens of the United States, provided they be of temperate habits, and give bond, with two good securities, in the sum of $1000, conditioned for the faithful observance of *all* laws relating to the sale of said liquors, to be filed in Court; on which bond, fines and costs may be collected, upon the conviction of the principal. The applicant for license must present his petition, have it lawfully advertised, and the Court shall fix a time when objections may be heard.

3. No hotel, tavern, eating house, oyster house or theatre, nor any other place of refreshment or amusement, can receive license to sell *by any measure whatever*, and no *unnaturalized* person, under any circumstances.

4. Druggists are prohibited from selling intoxicating beverages, except when *mixed with other medicines*.

5. Clerks of Quarter Sessions cannot issue a license until the bond has been filed, fees paid, and the certificate furnished. Fees for license, *three* times the present amount; but no license granted for less than $30.

6. Persons licensed to sell by the quart, and greater measure, must frame their license, and place it conspicuously in their chief place of business, or forfeit it, and all sales contrary to this act, punished according to the second section.

7. Constables, for wilfully failing to return places. kept in violation, of this act, fined and three months.

8. Importers may sell in the original package, without appraisement and license; commissioned auctioneers are also exempted; domestic producers, brewers and distillers, may sell liquor *made by them*, in quantities not less than *five gallons*.

Powder in Railroad Cars.

On the afternoon of the 7th instant, as a freight train was on its way from Boston to Albany, on the Western railroad, when about a mile from Greenbush, one of the cars took fire. There being no water near, and the car being filled with merchandise, the engineer hastened to Greenbush, where the flames were extinguished, after having burned the entire roof of the car off and so curiously had the fire burned round all the corners, that the sides fell out bodily, though, with the exception of the edges, they were scarcely scorched. After unloading the freight, several cases marked "Dry Goods," in order to prevent their contents being further damaged, were broken open, but instead of being found to contain what they were taken for, they were filled, with the exception of just enough dry goods to prevent the kegs from rattling, with gun powder! There were some fifty persons assisting on the occasion, and it can be easily imagined what was their indignation and alarm at this disclosure. With sparks and smoking cinders all around them, and with some hundreds of pounds of powder in close vicinity, no wonder that curses, not loud but deep, should have been vented upon the scoundrels who had resorted to such means of deception, and thus jeopardized numerous lives.

When the fire was extinguished, it had reached within three or four inches of the powder, and some of the boxes being slightly scorched, under these circumstances, had the train been compelled to run three miles instead of one the result must have been fearful. There are words that can fairly express the feelings of indignation which should arrive against the perators of such an outrage. Of course there can be no blame attached to the railroad company, as it is one of their rules that no powder shall be transported over the road, This rule is strictly adhered to, and they honestly took freight as it was marked, "Dry Goods," and which it had every appearance. But it is on the shippers of these casses that the crimes. For the purpose of saving a few pence and gaining a little time, they resorted to a low cheat—they became, in reality, accomplices before the fact to a wholesale murder, and as such they should be exposed and severely punished.—*Boston Times.*

TRAGEDY IN NEW YORK CITY.—Two Germans, named Stein, who, with a little boy, the son of one of them, had been living in one room of a dwelling house in the Bowery, New York, in great distress, were found on Thursday last in their room, where they had locked themselves in, poisoned the little boy with prussic acid, and then committed suicide with the same drug. Nothing was seen of them since Tuesday, when as a disagreeable smell arose from their room the door was forced open. The three bodies were found lying on the floor. They supported themselves by working at the manufacture of straw bonnets, but were thrown out of employment by the failure of the firm they worked for, and after struggling along with great difficulty finally committed the above dreadful deed.

Extensive Larceny.

Four Hundred Tons of Railroad Iron Stolen.—Several days ago a second-hand iron dealer of Allegheny, named Nicholas, had a difficulty with his uncle, a drayman, in regard to the amount of drayage to which the latter was entitled. Nicholas made his bill ten dollars less than the drayman alleged he was entitled to, and, by way of retaliation, gave information to Esquire Simms, of Birmingham, to the effect that the said iron dealer was engaged in receiving and selling stolen property. About the same time a letter was received by Mayor Adams' police, to the same effect. Warrants were issued for John Lythe and Henry Nicholas, both second-hand dealers of Allegheny, and they were arrested on Friday, and committed to jail on Saturday, for a further hearing before Mayor Adams, on Thursday next.

In the meantime officer Hague received information of the matter, and consulted with one of the Canal Board, who advised him to proceed immediately to the line of the Portage Road, from whence the iron had been stolen, and, if possible, arrest the parties. He did so—and in Cambria county succeeded in arresting twenty-six men who are supposed to have been concerned in the larceny. They are now lodged in the county jail. The parties were all in the employ of the State, and were engaged on the Portage Railroad. The iron was cut up and shipped in barrels to various points in the West. Thirteen barrels have been recovered in this city.

Another lot consisting of thirty-four barrels, which is supposed to be a part of the stolen metal, will likely be recovered also. The police are busily engaged in ferreting out those concerned in the transaction. Some shipments have been made to Cincinnati, and to other points on the Ohio river. There is no doubt but that the greater portion of the iron will be found. It is worth about two cents per pound, and was sold for old iron. The total value of the amount alleged to have been stolen would be $16,000.

It is supposed that these men have been engaged in this infamous business for some months past, and that there are many more implicated who will yet be arrested.—*Pittsburg Union, 10th.*

AN INCIDENT OF THE BURLINGTON ACCIDENT.—The Trenton *Gazette*, of the 31st, has the following: "Mr. Joseph O. Johnson and wife [illegible] Mr. Johnson had left her in the train, intending himself to go to Mount Holly; but before leaving she desired to change her seat to the opposite side. A strange lady also joined Mrs. Johnson and took a seat with her. When Mr. J. heard of the accident he was yet at Burlington. Of course he started immediately for the scene. He first found that the car in which he left his wife was nearly all dashed to pieces. On that side of the car where the ladies had been sitting previous to their changing at Burlington, there was not a single seat that had not been destroyed—a few seats were whole on the side on which he left his wife. This circumstance gave Mr. J. some faint hope, although he was unable to find his wife. He found under the car the book she had been reading with spots of blood upon it. He also found a piece of a dress, but felt satisfied it was not of his wife's. After examining the dead bodies for a long time, and with feelings which no man can describe, he found his wife and the lady who sat with her, in an adjoining field, where they had taken refuge from the hot sun.

BACKING ITS FRIENDS.—The following resolution was adopted by the Whig Convention on Wednesday last. We would call this backing their friends with a vengence:

Resolved, That the present State Administration has forfeited our confidence; that a majority of the last Legislature, by its corruptions, follies and meanness, its disregard of the known will of the majority of the people, and its repeated violations of public and private right, betrayed the people and disgraced the character of Pennsylvania, and that the places of its retiring members should be carefully supplied with pure, upright and honorable men.

Buckwheat.

In the memory of man, the State of Pennsylvania has never seen so vast a crop of buckwheat as now whitens the fields with its rich blossoms, and fills the air with fragrant perfume. Not alone the rich valleys, but the rough hill countries, appear to have every available spot whitened with this delicate plant. At this season, when fruits take the place of flowers, the buckwheat blossom adds peculiar grace to the landscape. Never did this grain give greater promise of heavy return; and if no frosts occur for three weeks, the crop is safe. Though the uses of buckwheat are few in our cities, in the country the grain is available for cattle and poultry, especially for mixing, and thus the crop becomes important, in releasing its full weight of the farmer's wheat and corn for the general market.

Buckwheat cakes! One buckwheat cake is different from another yet not one in a thousand is made right. Yet of all things it is the easiest to cook, if the meal is made rightly.—To every three bushels of buckwheat add one of good heavy oats; grind them together, as if there was only buckwheat; thus will you have cakes always light and always brown; to say nothing of the greater digestibility, and the lightening of spirits, which are equally certain. He who feeds on buckwheat may be grum and lethargic, while he of the oatmeal will have exhilaration of brain and contentment of spirit.—*Ledger.*

"When I am Dead!"

In the dim crypts of the heart, where despair abideth, these words seem written. A strange meaning—a solemn intimation unfolds itself at their utterance. Four simple little monosyllables—how much of gloom ye convey. How ye speak in funeral tones of the extinguishment of earthly hope—of the spirit that has struggled in vain, and is painfully quiet now!

"When I am dead!" is uttered calmly; but what a calm!—such as the tornado leaves when silence broods over desolation. The voice pronouncing that despairing phrase, has not all its mournfulness from itself. The listening ears hear nothing more; for from those words the groans of high asperations quenched, and hopes pale and bleeding upon the sharp rocks of adversity, come up, phantom-like, amid the ghastly scenes of the buried past.

"When I am dead!" We have heard it often, like the pealing bell that tolls the body of the departed to its final rest. The last word "dead" lingers strangely and echoes sadly in the ear, and through the portals of the sympathizing soul. Dead—dead—dead—and the world grows grey, and the heart stills, and the eye moistens, to that mysterious sound. The spirit trembles before the rushing flood of conflicting emotions which follow the dark echo, and essay to glance through its import. But the echo fades amidst encircling mist, and the spirit turns back confused with blindness.—Even the echo of death cannot be penetrated. The few feet of mould that composed the grave are wider than the globe, higher than the stars. Not the mind's eye, not the anxious soul, can glance through the barrier—the boundary between Time and Eternity.

"When I am Dead!" more or less signifies resignation, or dependent wo, a fulfilment of nature, or a perversion of its end, may these words express, though sad they are at best.—When the aged man, whose steps have grown feeble in the walks of goodness, and whose hand tremble with the fruits of his oft given charity, utters these words, they fall from the lips as a prayer to heaven. In them his will harmonizes with his destiny, and the tear that starts for a superior soul about to leave its clay, glistens in the light of happiness gleams out of the heart at the prospective reward of the future. The lips, too, that never pressed the rim of the fount of Nature's Poesy, may murmur "When I am dead!" but death to such a one, is better, perhaps, than life. His heart holds no music, chiming in cadences to weal or wo; his inward existence is void, and the rough surface of his being, checkered though not brightened by the half stray thoughts, darkens but little with the panoply of the tomb. How different when youth, glowing with beauty of soul and heart, rich with the treasures of mind, and warm with sympathy for all of loveliness, sighs, like the south wind, "When I am dead!" A spirit seems to wail its anthem, and an eclipse of the noontide sun to fall upon the picture of a high nature checked in its purpose—turned from dulcet waves upon a coral reef, against the rocks of a destructive shore.

"When I am dead!" It is as mournful as the plaint of a ghost on the tempest and midnight wind. But we must all say it some time; for the grave lies at hand, yawning through a bed of thorns or gleaming like a white avenue of hope leaning against the stars.

"When I am dead!" Strange and fearful import hath it to the utterer, but it is a weak phrase to others, the great world. Who speaks it? may think the single going forth of a soul will move none—all will be as before. When he, and you, and we, gentle reader, are folded in our shrouds, friends dearest and those who loved us best, will dry their tears ere they have all begun to flow. The heart that beats with rapture against our own will freeze above our memory in a brief time—briefer than woman's trust or man's period of goodness.

But it is well thus: 'tis the world's custom and nature's law. We weep not for the dead but while they die. We shall soon be with them; and it may be good to go early to their narrow homes.

NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY.—The Democratic Convention of Northumberland met on Monday last, and nominated a full ticket. S. H. Zimmerman was nominated for Assembly, and D. B. Montgomery appointed Delegate to the Democratic State Convention.

☞In New Orleans, lately, a man named Hunter was sentenced to pay a fine of $1,000, undergo an imprisonment of six months, and forfeit certain slaves whom he illegally sold in such a manner as to separate the mother from her children, contrary to the laws of Louisiana.

☞A lady sent for doctor, in great tronble to say she had a frightful dream, and had seen her grandmother.

"What did you eat for supper?"

"A mince pie."

"Had you eaten two, madam, you would have seen your grandfather also. Good morning."

"Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?"

"Certainly—anything is a means of grace that breaks up pride and leads to repentance."

Scene closes with a broom handle.

"It is very sickly here," said a son of the Emerald Isle the other day to another.

"Yes," replied his companion, "a great many have died this year who never died before."

BAD FOR PRESERVING.—Just at the season when plums, peaches, and other fruits are ready for preserving, sugar has jumped up, owing to rumored short crops in Cuba and Louisiana.—Last year when fruits were scarce, sugar was low. We cannot make things come out right, something is always dear or scarce.